Encounter

August 1977 80p

Leszek Kolakowski

Euro-Communist Illusions

V. S. Pritchett

Short Story

Friedrich A. Hayek

My Cousin, Ludwig Wittgenstein

Michael Young, John Vaizey
Daniel Bell

Anthony Crosland

Walter Laqueur

Heinzen, Godfather of "Terrorism"

F. S. Manor

Will Canada Break Up?

W. Treharne Jones

Wolfgang Harich, "Heretic"

Laurence Lerner

Georg Lukács

Edited by Melvin J Lasky & Anthony Thwaite

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Encounter

AUGUST 1977
VOL. XLIX NO. 2

Edited by MELVIN J. LASKY *and* ANTHONY THWAITE
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Per copy: UK 80p: USA & Canada $2.00. Back numbers £1.00 ($2.50).
Annual Subscriptions: UK & Europe £8.75: USA & Canada $21.00 surface, $26.00 by air: Elsewhere £10.00.
Binder for six copies: £2.00 ($4.00).
Address for all Departments: Encounter Ltd., 59 St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS (01-836 4194).
US news-stand distribution by Gordon & Gotch (USA) Inc., P.O. Box 1425, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.
Authorised as Second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.
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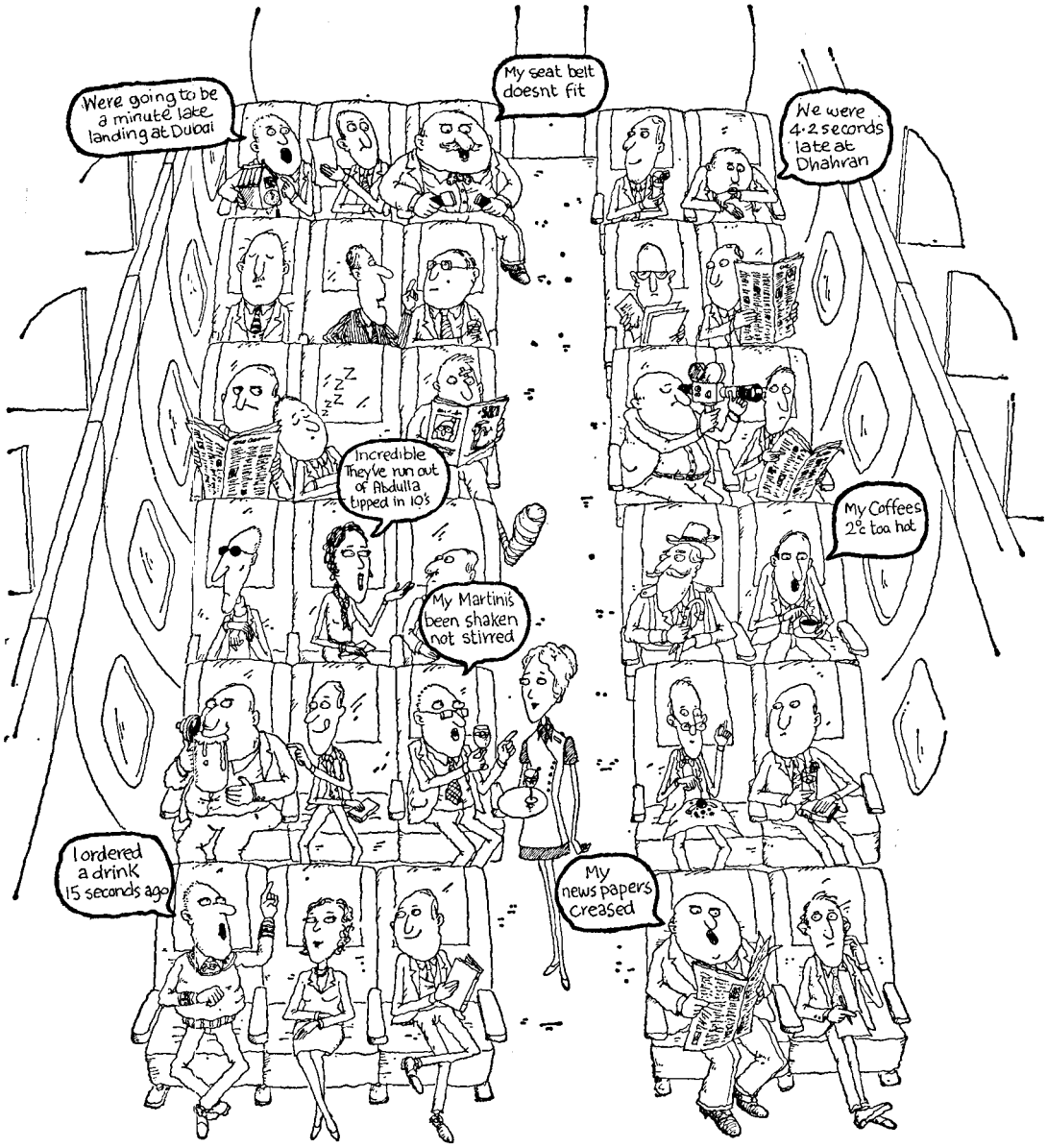
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V. S. Pritchett

The Worshippers

EELES WORSHIPPED Lavender, Lavender worshipped Eeles but worshipped Gibbs absolutely—what is worship? It is not love. To worship is to be put in a trance by an image. There is not much time for this commodity in the rag trade in that district of London that lies infested by anxiety between the north side of Oxford Street and the Middlesex Hospital.

At 8.15 every morning Lavender is sulking like a middle-aged schoolboy, head down, under his bowler hat, as he walks towards his office building. He affects a hump on his shoulders but when he gets there, or rather when he "comes alongside" or smartly "up to moorings"—as he still says after his time in the Navy years and years ago—he lowers his shoulders and gives a sway as he turns, feeling the roll of *Ripper*, the destroyer he was in, mostly in the Channel, or the French gunboat in which he served on the Yangtze. He is wearing an expensive suit and carrying a correctly rolled umbrella. Five seconds later, Eeles who has been standing in another doorway reading a newspaper and on the look-out for his boss, slips the paper in his pocket and follows Lavender up five flights of dirty stone stairs and joins him just as he is putting his key in a door lettered Lavender & Cook in black on the frosted glass, and follows him into the inner office. There Gibbs, Lavender's great-uncle, is waiting for them. Gibbs has been there all night, hanging on the wall, done in oils and heavily encrusted in a gold frame, three feet three by two foot nine, first shown publicly at the Royal Academy in 1882.

Eeles, short, going bald and getting plump, but much younger than Lavender and nothing like as well-dressed, stands at attention as at an inspection of armoured cars in which he served in the war, while Lavender glances at Gibbs to see whether he is hanging straight. Then both men go to their desks.

"He's much better in this room than he was when we were in the front of the building", Lavender has said more than once.

Once or twice Eeles has said "Much better now he's been cleaned up."

Gibbs, in his eighties perhaps, is sitting with the difficulty of very stout men, at a desk. His white hair sticks up short like pig's bristles, his cheeks, chins and the roll of fat round his neck are as pink as a baby's, his little blue eyes are bright and gluttonous. Below the neck the body rests like three balloons at bursting point, the last one resting on his legs. A watch-chain travels across his waistcoat like a caravan of annual profits. The whole figure has the modesty and the anonymity of pork, for—as Lavender has many times told Eeles and others—Great Uncle Gibbs had made a quarter of a million in the bacon trade and contained, even consumed, the firm of Drake, Feldström, Gibbs and Schmidt (London, Colchester, Hamburg and Copenhagen, Ltd.) and was the best judge of claret south of the Wash.

Eeles's worship of Lavender had begun when he first saw the portrait. The picture might be terrible, old Gibbs might be vulgar, but in him Lavender had an ancestor. Lavender was, therefore, a gentleman. Eeles decently agreed that to be a gentleman was an asset, though as one who could offer nothing like it in return, he privately thought the condition might not be worth the candle and could even be tragic. What was good for bacon was not necessarily good for the rag trade.

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As for the credit side of the account, Eeles would never forget Lavender's handling of Cook, for the title of the firm had become a commercial fantasy. Cook had been a non-worshipping man, a Haben Sie? fellow, hand outstretched, as Lavender said, drawing on the three or four words of German he had picked up in the firm's connections with Frankfurt, who had suddenly cleared out two years ago taking customers with him and starting up in competition. Lavender's manner during this row reminded Eeles of Lavender's version of what happened to the officer commanding *Ripper* who, having scraped the hull of that destroyer against the wall of a Dutch harbour as a stick of bombs fell on it while getting a Royal person out safe and sound, got an engraved document from the Admiralty expressing "Their Lordships' displeasure." Lavender was a master of being as displeased as a lord, if the occasion arose.

Eeles said "I wanted to kick the bugger downstairs."

This so pleased Lavender that his worship of Eeles began.

"S's'so", said Lavender who stammered a little but mastered it by pulling a face and giving an attractive twist to his neck, "S'so did I."

AFTER COOK saw the red light and cut his losses, money was tight for Lavender and Eeles and the firm moved into two smaller and cheaper office rooms at the back of the building. They looked over an alley where the light was dimmer but they could at any rate open a window and let what passed for air into the place. The two men cleaned up the place one Sunday. Operation Removal began. Lavender stripped to his underpants as he often had to do when he was Ordinary Seaman 0267 etc. before he got a ring of gold braid and his commission. The dandy was surprisingly strong, hairless and in good condition, no sign of fat on him except in the jowl and with his long lashes and thick dark hair he looked like a youth. He had been a pretty child. Eeles, who was much younger but was putting on weight, took off only his shirt and jacket and was sandy-haired and very pink—as pink as Gibbs, Lavender noticed. They swept down the dirty cream walls of the two rooms with brooms, Lavender being finicky about dust, then washed them. It was Lavender who, saying he had of course scrubbed decks and cleaned grease off propeller shafts, went down on his knees and scrubbed the lino left by the previous tenant, calling out that it was "coming up" green as grass. Eeles protested at the sight of an older man like Lavender getting down on his knees—an officer too—but he remembered his major in the war who screamed like bloody hell if there was a speck of dirt on a tank. Lavender got up with his pail of filthy water from time to time and looked out of the window. He said it was a pity the street below was not the English Channel or the Yangtze. Eeles was nervous about this but controlled himself.

Then they moved the furniture. This Sunday was the most enjoyable day in the history of the firm: they talked often about it afterwards.

"Back a bit", said Eeles as they heaved the two desks from the front of the building to the back.

"Mind the bloody door handles", said Lavender, not concerned with Eeles's knuckles but with possible scratches on the wood. He was touchy about scratches. While they were lifting the metal filing cabinet two of the drawers slid open, letters and invoices showered on the floor. The two men put the thing down and picked up the papers.

"Good God, here's one from dear old Hauser", said Lavender, picking it up. In more prosperous days they had had the Hauser agency for Swiss lace but had lost it when Hauser died. The letter was written in French and Lavender started reading it aloud. Lavender had spent two years in a French silk factory, learning the trade, when he was young. Eeles did not understand French, had never met Hauser, but stood more or less at attention respectfully because Lavender's eyes were glistening with worship.

"After he died I stood outside Le Coq au Vin where we had dinner every time I was in Lausanne and I cried like a child."

He had worshipped Hauser, Hauser's wife, Hauser's daughters and their husbands.

Eeles nodded his head and said to break the emotional moment: "Now we come to the big stuff."

There were heavy rolls of lace, brocades and so on, eight feet long. To heave this dead

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weight down the corridor from the old office was like lifting dead bodies. There was nothing to grip. One had to cuddle the damn things. Lavender put his hand to his back. When he was a boy, a Gibbs cousin of his, he said, had pushed him off a tree and he had nearly broken his back: he often got twinges there even now. Still, he did his part. After four in the afternoon the job was done except for the most important thing: hanging the picture of Great Uncle Gibbs.

It was disturbing when you thought about it, Lavender said, that an old man who must have weighed 18 stone in life should weigh so little in a portrait, even allowing for the frame. A relief—as Eeles said. But to get at the right height on the wall above Lavender's desk called for ruler and pencil marking, agonies of judgment about the exact spot, Eeles holding the picture up for Lavender to consider and Lavender holding it up for Eeles, who said eventually, as his arms ached, that the old man had come to life and was making his weight felt. An hour passed before the wall was plugged and the picture was hung.

When they had washed and dressed they came back to the room and considered the picture again.

"It gives the room a glow", Lavender said. "Lights up the place."

It sometimes irritated him in the old office when the lights came on in the afternoon in the shops opposite, especially the neon lights, that they made the old man jumpy as if he were on the razzle.

"It made him look tired", he added.

"He'll be quieter in here", said Eeles.

Lavender smiled defensively. If a client came to the place and cracked a joke like "It must have been years since the old boy saw his fly", Lavender would close his eyes, offended. A man, Eeles understood, could call his ancestors bastards if he liked, but strangers ought to keep their mouths shut, but he did venture a small joke.

"Pity he can't answer the phone."

He and Lavender were usually out on their calls half the day.

"Yes", said Lavender with a short laugh, "It would save us quite a bit on the answering service."

Then he became serious and intimate. When he got back from Brussels, Frankfurt or Belfast, he said, "I always drop in here to look at him before I go on to the club. I don't know why."

"Well", said Eeles at last, "I suppose I'd better get home to the wife and kids."

"Yes", said Lavender. "Thanks for coming. You won't have a quick one round the corner?"

Eeles excused himself and Lavender said, looking doggish:

"D'you really mean that?"

"Yes", said Eeles.

"Pity", said Lavender. "Oh well—gin and women, always my trouble, as the fellow said."

TWO MONTHS AFTER the move, Lavender went on business to Hamburg and when he got back Eeles said:

"There's a letter from the Bank."

"Damned impudence", said Lavender when he read it. "They're all the same, afraid of Head Office. I'll go round in the morning. I'll tell him where he gets off."

Eeles gaped.

"He's rung up three times. What are you going to say?" Eeles asked.

"Chop, chop, move the account", said Lavender. That is what Eeles admired: Lavender's nerve.

"Anything else?"

"Mrs Baum rang", said Eeles.

After Eeles left that evening and when Lavender was unpacking his samples, a soft but mannish voice called from the door of the outer room. Lavender was raking up an old row he had had with his father and for the moment thought it must be he, although he had died years before. Then he recognised the voice of Mrs Baum (Prunella Gowns. Wholesale Only). He had been as nervous of a visit from her as he used to be of his father when he was a boy: she was an old business friend and he had not told her that he had moved the office.

"B", she said—he hated to be called Bertrand: hell at school, "effing B-B-Burlington Bertie", when he was in the Navy. Bloody sissy name, weak.

"Those stairs! Eeles told me you'd moved."

She opened her fur coat to get her breath back. Her face looked wolfish in a good-natured way and made her look older than

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she was: but her eyes were dark and alive and sparkled like her rings.

"Sit down, sit down, I'll take your coat", said Lavender.

"I'll keep it", she said.

She was very much a woman, but her voice brought the pleasant chords of men's voices to Lavender's head—Eeles, for example, old Hauser, Alfie, her husband—a long procession going back to "displeasure" Stamford of *Ripper* and Law who "opened his heart" to him when they were in hospital in Bombay, Monnier in Saigon, Jack Gibbs, Porter the racing driver who had lost a leg and who had secretly taught him to drive when he was sixteen which had led to that God-awful row with his father—all worshipped and worshipping. So that when Alfie Baum turned out to be a swine and left Jess Baum for a model at a Trade Show in Manchester and "broke Jess's heart", she took Alfie's place in the male procession. He felt like marrying her himself in a kind of way: the difficulty was that by that time he was already married to Phyllis whom Alfie and Jess, as worshippers, had warned him against.

"How is Eeles getting on?" said Mrs Baum.

"Hard working. Loyal. Straight as a die", said Lavender.

"What did I tell you?" she said possessively. "If you had listened to me you would have got rid of Cook years ago."

"Mauvais type", said Lavender. Mrs Baum made him feel Continental.

She ignored this and looked shrewdly at the bleak office.

"Who on earth's that?" she said pointing to the picture.

"You've seen it before", he said.

"Never."

"Never? That's funny. It was in the old office. Great Uncle Gibbs", said Lavender.

"What's it doing here?"

"Phyllis won't have it in the house, her sister doesn't like it."

Lavender gave the twist to his neck. For him the picture was the great test: by their response to it one knew who saw life as one saw it oneself. Neither Phyllis nor her sister did.

Mrs Baum sighed. Alfie had told the young Lavender "Never marry a girl from the same office, as bad as the girl next door."

Then her eyes looked greedy and her face softened:

"You'd have to pay a fortune for a frame like that, B. It's Victorian. They don't even make them now. All that gold work in it", she said. "You can see", she added, "it's a likeness. You told me about him I know, but I never *pictured* him."

A WHOLE GROUP of fat commercial men, bursting at the waist, came into her suddenly affectionate mind—Alfie, of course, then a cousin of his who was a theatrical agent; and, on her side of the family, men whose knees she had sat on when she was a child. Her feeling was for the comforts and the sadness of the flesh. She was on the stout side herself.

"I don't see any of you in him", she said. "Not your figure, not your eyes. Not your father's side of the family. I don't see any Lavender in him, B."

"Best judge of claret south of the Wash", said Lavender. "Left his money to the Lord's Day Observance Society." And added: "Gin and women, always my trouble. Negative father."

Mrs Baum nodded. Baffled by this word the first time she had heard Lavender use it, she was proud now of knowing the code. Alfie had told her that it came from the days when ships used flag signals and ran up a flag with an X on it to signal: "Cancel last message."

"Not your father's side. Your mother's, I suppose."

"N'no, no, no, no", said Lavender softly as if conjuring up spirits. "Frankly", he said. "Sort of. Let me see, grandmother's, sister's husband—what have you?"

Mrs Baum was a hard-headed woman but she loved his soft "No. No. No. No. No"; they enveloped him in a mist. The vagueness of Lavender had always attracted her: she seemed to glide with him towards the unknowable. A wave of comforting sadness washed over her: her rings sparkled with sentiments and her lips loosened with appetite. She remembered large foggy photographs (but cocoa coloured), in her home as a girl and people looking like jellies in coloured snaps; but there was nothing as bold, bright, "as large as life and twice as natural", as her mother used to say, like a portrait framed in gold. Her heart—as she grew up—worshipped

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the sight of old men, pink as babies. They made her feel younger.

"You shouldn't keep a valuable picture like that here", she said restlessly. "Any burglar would lift it for the frame alone."

"Phyllis hates it", he said.

"How is Phyllis?" she asked, without interest.

"Comme ci, comme ça", said Lavender. "Plus ça change. . . ."

She liked his bits of French. They made her think she had just come back from Paris. As Alfie used to say, "Maurice Chevalier come to life."

"No", added Lavender, and to get off the subject of his wife he changed his face and manner. He became "One"—she admired that too. Not only he, but his truly beautiful suits, seemed to be speaking.

"One gets off the boat train late at night, after a couple of double gins, drops the luggage in at the office. There he is, waiting", he said. He waved a hand towards the picture. "The longer one lives, the more one values someone to come back to."

Mrs Baum felt a short ugly stab in the heart. She knew what he felt. Often she would leave her flat, she said, and go back to the showroom in the evening when the girls had gone and it was closed.

"And yet, B, you never *knew* him. I mean he was dead before you were born. Life is funny the way it takes you. . . ."

She gazed at the portrait.

"There is more in life than one thinks", said Lavender.

"You're right, B", said Mrs Baum. "A picture like that can take you back."

"Frankly", he said. "Yes and no."

Mrs Baum understood this. In her business-like way she thought that her life began when she was a very young woman and she really did look lovely: you knew it wouldn't last and you packed all you could into it: but men were different. A man like B—like Alfie, too—never got beyond the time when they were boys and, damn them, it kept them young. It came to her as a revelation: B did not see Gibbs when he looked at the picture: he was seeing his childhood.

This was the boring side of men and the damn thing was that they played on your feelings: she could feel this happening to her now. She kept quiet about this and changed the subject.

"How's business?" said Mrs Baum. "I'll tell you what I came about. My niece, Zita, is getting married and of all things she wants to get married in Irish lace. . . . I thought I'd pop round to see if you had any."

"Foolish virgin", said Lavender. "Come in here." And she followed him into the outer room. "There you are." And he pointed to the long rolls packed in oiled paper stacked against the walls. "Take your pick. As the American said, 'Brother, you want lace, we've got it'." And he dropped into his Irish turn as he looked at the labels and tried to lift the top parcel off.

"We're on strike, God help us, don't mind the broken windows but t'anks to the blessed Virgin there's a darling piece for the dear child, me brother won't put a bomb under the place till after the wedding."

Lavender tried to lift one more of the parcels.

Mrs Baum looked about the room. It was small and stacks of samples rose half way up the window so that there was scarcely any light. Against one wall there was a small typing desk and a chair.

"Look at that", she said sentimentally, "I had one like that when Alfie and I started up."

The table, he said, was for a German secretary he sometimes had, one of the Haben Sies.

"Don't bother now", she said.

"There's yards of it here, I know", said Lavender, looking at the dust on his hands. "Eeles has just been in Belfast. I'll get him to find some."

"Yes", she said. "Don't spoil that beautiful suit. Look at your hands. Let's go and have a drink."

"Will do", he said, relieved. "This stuff weighs a ton, it gets you in the back. I'll wash this off."

SHE LIKED the distress he showed when he looked at his blackened hands. He went off to wash them at a basin in the alcove in his own office and while she waited she went up to the portrait of Great Uncle Gibbs and put a finger out and, superstitiously, touched it. Ever since she was a child she had liked to

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put her mark on things, to show that they were becoming part of her. Lavender returned and, seeing her near the picture, straightened it and then put his blotter straight on his desk, saw that the telephone books were in the right order on Eeles's desk. Then he got his coat from the coat stand, remarking that Eeles had only one bad habit: he often used Lavender's peg by mistake.

"Small things", he said, "irritate."

Mrs Baum liked a man who fussed about small things. Alfie had fussed about his shirts.

Lavender gave one last look at the picture before they left.

"You can call it sentimental or what you like, but if I was down to my last penny I wouldn't sell Great Uncle Gibbs", he said.

"What's wrong with sentiment?" she said, taking his arm. He locked up and they walked to the stairs of the silent, empty building.

"Let's go to Giuseppe's."

Giuseppe's was a bar in a large hotel a hundred yards round the corner and, still holding his arm, Mrs Baum felt what she always liked about Lavender. Cook had called him a snob and a fool, Alfie had told him to grow up, but Lavender was a gentleman who took your mind off things: he was like a whole crowd of men yet blessed with a loneliness like her own. The street outside was empty at this time of the evening except for an occasional couple like themselves. Their footsteps echoed off the wall of the closed offices and the windows of closed sandwich bars, and were suddenly silent as they passed an empty grave-like doorway.

They found themselves on the huge carpet of the hotel on which thousands of pairs of shoes without people in them might now be treading. The place was empty but notable for packed Trade Shows where she and Alfie and B had often met. The lounge immediately inside was remarkable for a row of tall bronze dancers standing on marble pillars and each holding a tray or a brass tambourine over her head, presumably to cheer the models who arrived. Mrs Baum remembered sitting at a table there and Alfie telling her to give up her job in Birmingham and start up his business with him: she had often mentioned this to Lavender. They went past this now empty hall, done in what Alfie had said was in the Moorish style, into the enormous panelled bar, also empty, where the barman was reading a paper.

"Il ne marche pas", said Lavender.

"It's dead", she said. "No trade since Giuseppe left."

"Negative Giuseppe", said Lavender, swinging her back to the doors.

"Let's go round to the flat", she said, scornfully, to the empty bar.

"Hard to starboard", he said, leading her out.

They arrived at her block of flats, built in white tiles suited to plumbing on a vast scale. He knew the place well.

There was always something wrong in his cottage in the country when he got home on Saturday mornings. "Poor Phyllis", he said, always would put his piles of *Punch* in the wrong order; had never learned to draw a pair of curtains properly and never put things away in the kitchen. After the Navy it drove him mad. She had a peculiar habit of standing behind him when he was reading which he could not cure her of and it brought on the pain in his back because it reminded him of the time when Flo Gibbs, the sister of the superb Jack—much older than himself—whom he worshipped, had pushed him off the tree. He ought to have married Flo but she was much too rich; or one of dear old Hauser's Swiss daughters, any one of them. They could run a house and old Hauser would have been in and out. He would have had a son whom he could have put into the Navy. A man's life, not like the rag trade.

Mrs Baum's three rooms, kitchen and bathroom, were spotless and would have passed an Admiral's inspection. He liked the white curtains with their large tomato-like spots, the spongy leather sofa that slumped like the perfect substitute for Alfie in the room, suggesting that Mrs Baum had no intention, indeed no need of marrying again. He liked that: an ideal. He liked its rival, the blue, yellow and white Chinese carpet, although the glass-topped dining table upset him. One could see other people's feet. The place was so much fresher than it had been in Alfie's cigar-smoking time.

HOW OFTEN he and Mrs Baum had sat there talking of this and that. The sofa was made for going over the past.

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"You go and get the drinks, B", called Mrs Baum from her bedroom. "You know where they are."

"Gin and women. . . . ", Lavender began. And when she came back and as they raised their glasses, he said "Happy nights."

"And no regrets", she said.

"So you're flying to Frankfurt again", she said.

"Negative aircraft", he said. "By sea."

She knew that, of course.

"No", he said and told her what he had told her a dozen times before. She liked her flat to have someone else's voice saying the same things again and again.

"No", he said, holding up his hand and closing his eyes for a second or two so that his blank eyelids made him look as if he were going into a trance and that he was telling her not to interrupt him in a sacred matter. "When Jack Gibbs retired he took a house in France for the winter and he always got a cabin on one of the Queens as far as Cherbourg. 'Only way to travel: see the Channel.' Jack was right. I always go by Cherbourg."

"Last time I went an American said to me", Lavender went on, " 'Brother, if you're heading for Frankfurt you're on the wrong ship.' 'Saves time', I said and told him. 'Well, I'll be darned', he said."

"No", said Lavender, defying reason in a way that gave Mrs Baum one more twinge of worship. "One picks up the Queen at Southampton. Go straight to old Frank at the bar, pink gin, double of course. 'Nice to see you again, sir. Blowy tonight.' 'Glad to hear it.' 'Bad for the bar, sir.' 'Only thing I miss, she doesn't roll. *Ripper* bucked like a horse. One misses that.' 'Not me, sir, I was in mine sweepers.' A few more double gins and in six hours one is at Cherbourg, wakey, wakey, Paris train waiting for you, cut across Paris in time for a bottle of Chablis at the Café de la Paix. 'La sole meunière comme toujours monsieur Lavandaire', taxi to the Gare de l'Est and you're in Frankfurt eleven o'clock. Haben Sies all round you. It's the only way. One can argue that it takes longer and costs more. . . . "

"Well, B, it does", said Mrs Baum. "It only takes an hour by air."

"But people *know* one", said Lavender, shutting his eyes again. "You know where you are. Dear old Hauser, he wouldn't fly either. I was thinking of him. Swiss have no Navy. Had to take the train from Zurich, but crossed Dover-Calais. Kept him young. And. . . . "

"Help yourself to another", said Mrs Baum. "Nothing for me."

"Great Uncle Gibbs always took the boat to Copenhagen or the Hook even when he was turned eighty", said Lavender pouring himself a drink.

"Flying hadn't been invented. Alfie was never near a boat in his life", said Mrs Baum.

"That's what was wrong with him", said Lavender.

Mrs Baum switched on the television.

"Oh dear", she said. "Look at that. Another bomb in Belfast. I hope Eeles is all right."

She switched it off.

"I can't stand it", she said. "You get your shop burned down—what for?"

"Eeles?" said Lavender. "He's back. Nothing can touch Eeles."

"No", he went on. "Up and down the Channel, bringing in a convoy at night with the fireworks going—Alfie would have enjoyed it. One thinks of it when one goes to Cherbourg. One goes on deck and a flash of summer lightning brings it back, the sea lit up like an ice rink and some silly sod says 'Where's the cat?' when the stuff comes over. Cat hated gunfire. Sunrise, all quiet, and the cat comes back and the signal comes through: 'Thank you, *Ripper*, rather a nice party, I think." Stamford was always sloshed to the eyeballs when he went up to the bridge at Dover, stone sober when he got outside."

Mrs Baum had heard this story very often and said pleasantly "Alfie always took our accounts down to the shelter if anything happened. We moved the office to Bury St Edmunds. Wasn't that near your Uncle's place?"

"Bury. . . . ", Lavender began, but stopped because the telephone rang.

Mrs Baum answered it.

"Who?" said Mrs Baum. "No. I can't. I have people here." And banged down the telephone in a sudden temper.

"What's that?" said Lavender.

"That's the trouble with this place, B", she said. "It's not what it was. They've let a different class of people in, you don't know who they are. When you're on your own you

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feel nervous. I never used to feel like that. It is a man called Williams on the tenth floor. He keeps pestering me. He knocked on the door three nights ago. I keep the chain on now."

Lavender tried to rise from the sofa.

"What's his number? I'll tell him where to get off", he said and knocked his glass over.

"Stay where you are", said Mrs Baum. "Don't move till I get a cloth."

"On your carpet", said Lavender, getting up at last and following her and when she came out of the kitchen he tried to pull the cloth from her.

"I'll do it", she said. And got down on her knees and rubbed.

LAVENDER ADMIRED this. She was stout but looked very neat on her knees and her hair kept its shape. When she stood up, Lavender took the cloth from her and went down on his knees too and continued to rub. He even moved the sofa in case any of the drink had gone under it. "Careful of your back", Mrs Baum said. "Don't spoil your suit."

"Negative suit", he said.

She fetched a clothes-brush. She was impressed by his brushing: a fastidious man.

"Give yourself another drink", she said.

Lavender got himself another large one and stood it carefully on the table, but did not drink. It stood there, still as an idol. Her friendly voice suddenly had a note of accusation.

"I rang the club the other day and they said you weren't living there any more."

Lavender's talking face became still and he stared at her a long time and then his voice took on the general, indignant noise of men grumbling at a bar.

"The food's gone off. Usual story. New chef. They put the prices up."

"You resigned?" she said, shocked and insinuating.

"Yes and no. Sort of."

He looked ashamed.

He had taken her to dinner there more than once on Ladies' Night. He must be doing well to belong to a club like this, she thought. Paintings of inhumanly tall Field Marshals, Admirals, Viceroys in splendid frames and with killing eyes, hung in the vast Dining Room. The effect of all this glorious manliness was girlish. It was like a dress show for men, a sunrise of hermaphrodites, it excited her. She admired especially the sapphire sash which one of those eminences was wearing across his breast—not this season's colour for women, too pale—but she found herself thinking more than once that a sash like that would have suited Lavender and that she could easily get one of the girls in the workroom to make him one. Blue, she had day-dreamed, was the colour of Uncle Gibbs eyes—*Great* Uncle Gibbs, why did she always make that mistake and call him Uncle? She used to put on something fashionable, not in the shops yet, but, in spite of the imperial splash on the walls, most of the tables were empty: only a few old people were there and the women looked proud of being dowdy in their biscuit-coloured cardigans. The room was cold and the waiters were negligent: all foreigners, she supposed, who couldn't understand Lavender's English, fetched one who was baffled by his French. "All Haben Sies", he said. The good thing was the sight of Lavender blinking at the wine list as if it were sacred and then hearing him say "Châteauneuf du Pape—old Hauser drank nothing else." But Gibbs was a claret man. So was Jack.

Now as they sat on the sofa in her flat, she said.

"They want to put my rent up. I haven't made up my mind. What were we talking about when that prowler Williams rang?"

For it struck her that Lavender was not touching his drink: giving up his room at the club, moving into a pokey office at the back of the building. Something wrong?

"Drink up", she said gently. He drank.

"Bury, that was it", he said. "You mentioned Bury."

"When Alfie and I were in Bury we drove out to a posh hotel in the country, with long crinkly chimneys. On a hill", she said.

"Nor' West of Bury?" Lavender asked.

"I never know which is South, East or West", she laughed. "The name will come to me. . . ."

Lavender ran off a list of small towns and villages: Flaxton, Pyke Market, Market Plympton, Bush Vale, Lord Beverley's place with the long grey wall which Lavender had

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climbed over to see the deer when he was a boy.

"Something Manor", she said. "Littlestone?" she said.

"Lytestone", he corrected her.

HE SLIPPED into his tragic Saint Bernard look: his youthfulness vanished and he put his hand over his forehead.

"Don't go on", he said. "The Gibbs place."

"That's what Alfie said. We had a lovely room", she said, leading him on. (With all that Gibbs money behind him why did he resign from the club?) "With a balcony. The car park was packed. People coming and going all night. They couldn't complain of business. Fancy that belonging to your Uncle. We wondered which room you had when you lived there. We were talking about you."

Lavender watched the red spots on Mrs Baum's curtains arrange themselves in vertical lines and begin to move upwards, reach the rail and descend in a shower and then slowly move up again.

"*Great* Uncle", Lavender corrected her. "What room?"

"When you stayed; when you visited."

He stared at her. The red tomato like spots on the curtain began to rise faster like a reel unwinding.

"When you were a boy", she said.

Lavender stared at Mrs Baum and his reddened face turned as pale as veined stone. His stare was concentrated and if a minute before he was drunkish, he was now sober. He was accusing her, examining her, suspecting her, searching her with an intensity that made her uncomfortable. He waved a hand, waving her away, but she was still there. She wished she had not spoken.

"My room?" he said.

"Yes", she teased. "I bet they put you next door to your cousin Jack."

"Flo", he said sharply.

"Flo", she said. "I knew it. The one who pushed you off the tree? I can see it all. You've been a lucky devil, B. Fancy being brought up in that lovely place. The staircase! There was an old gardener who had been there when the family had it. You'd know him. He showed us round the garden. Have you ever been back? You ought to do that. It's interesting."

Lavender looked away from her, but he put out his hand and gripped her by the wrist. His hand was large and strong and hurt her.

"What was his name?" he said.

"I don't remember—but he said he remembered you."

"He's a bloody liar", he said.

"You're hurting me, B. That's what he said. You ought to go and see it—you ought to see where I was brought up, Stepney! Alfie and I had to laugh. Well, the servants they must have had to run a place like that. We asked which room you had."

He let go of her hand and turned to face her. He said in a jeering voice, hurrying over the words:

"Over the stables at the back. Sixteen months, Mother's cousin was cook there. I was ten."

"You never told me that, B", said Mrs Baum who loved exciting news. "Alfie and I thought you were brought up there."

"A fellow called Law, the best friend a man ever had, when we were in hospital in Bombay, he opened his heart to me. He came from Stepney. I told him. His mother was a cook. We used to go for walks and talk of this and that, private things", he said, shutting his eyes.

"Well", said Mrs Baum taking a big breath. "We've come a long way, B. I wasn't prying into your private affairs."

He got up and got himself another drink.

"You know your trouble, B. You've got a soft heart", she said.

"No, no, no, no, no", he said cheering up as he created what she called his mist. And suddenly he said loudly:

"Lytestone taught me something. I made a vow. . . ."

BUT THE RED TOMATO-LIKE spots of the curtains started once more to stream upwards and he lost what he was going to say. He had a confused feeling that she might be Law. He wanted to tell her things he had told Law, but all he could remember was Jack Gibbs's playroom with a whole fleet of little lead models of ships set out on the floor. Not to be moved unless Jack said so, and he was older. Battle of Jutland. Then

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Jack letting him move one, then two, shouting to his sister Flo to clear out. That was why she pushed him off the tree, bang on his back, afterwards. Unconscious. Doctor. That's why they had to let him stay all that time.

He struggled to explain this to Mrs Baum (or was she Law?), that he worshipped Jack; he tried to stop them all becoming spots on the curtains. Only one thing was certain:

"Chop, chop", he said. "All gone. House sold. Auction."

"B", she said. "Sit down. I'll get us some coffee."

"Wait", he commanded. "Bought the picture. Fifty pence. Damn shame. No one left in the family would touch it", he said.

She was hurrying to the kitchen.

"Negative coffee", he shouted to her. "I made a vow. . . ."

She looked back.

"I can hear, B", she said.

"To look after the poor old bastard", he muttered to himself. He got up and made a wild swing towards the bottles and then wheeled back and flopped on to the sofa astonished. She turned off the stove, but by the time she got to him he had passed out. For a while she considered him. Once he seemed to speak.

"Gin and women. Chop. Chop", he said.

She waited anxiously but he said nothing else. She cautiously got a chair and put it near his feet and she lifted them on to it. She opened the door to the bathroom and was in and out of the kitchen, eating a bun, watching him. His breathing became louder. There was a kind of happiness in seeing him there. It was like having Alfie back. After two hours she understood he was there for the night. She took off his shoes and got a rug to put over him. She turned down all lights except one, went to her own room and left her door ajar in case he stirred. For the first time since Alfie left her she felt safe for the night and slept deeply.

In the morning she heard him in the bathroom. She put on one of her gaudier dressing-gowns and came in when he was dressed. He looked heavy in the face and flinched at the brilliant red and yellow garment, but said:

"Very sorry about last night. Something went wrong with the steering. Did I say anything?"

"That's all right—you never stopped", she laughed. He had folded the blanket neatly, straightened the sofa.

"Feeling better?"

She brought him a cup of coffee.

"Now", she said firmly, "When did you give up the club?"

"Two months ago", he said.

"I don't mean that", she said. "Where have you been staying? At the cottage?"

"No, no, no, no, no", he said quickly. "Fares have gone up. Negative cottage."

"Where, B? With your sister?"

"Yes and no", he said. "At the office."

"What!" she shouted.

"I've got a sleeping bag. By the way, don't tell Eeles. I put it away every morning before he comes. I walk up the street. Turn round. He's always there on time."

"On the floor—with your back! What is wrong?" she said. "Is it Eeles?"

MRS BAUM WAS perplexed by him and by herself: there was an expression of disaster concealed in Lavender's face which made her feel masterly and grand. She was prosperous: energy had flowed out of her after Alfie has left her, but she missed the sense of gamble that always seemed to hang about Alfie. It struck her as being rather fine that B had rescued the picture of that ugly old man who was no connection of his—it was silly but it showed a sort of decency—and that his mother's cousin had been a cook in that house.

"You haven't sacked Eeles, have you?" she said suspiciously.

"No", said Lavender. "He's settled the strike, I told you."

Well, she thought, that's not what's on his mind.

"*Has* he settled it?"

"Yes and no. It settled itself. Depends which way you look at it. They pinched the looms out of the factory and two of the machines and put a bomb in it. Negative workshop. Bloody funny really. They're all on social security—except Eeles and me."

"Why didn't you tell me last night?" she said to him. "Was Eeles all right?"

"Oh yes", said Lavender. "Sergeant. Ex-armoured cars. Straight as a die. You're all right there. You walk down the middle of

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the street with a bottle of whiskey sticking out of your coat pocket. Like going up the Yangtze in the war—we always kept to the middle of the river. By the way, he'll have got the lace. He probably found the fellow who pinched it."

"Well, thank you, but I can't spend the morning talking about the Yangtze", Mrs Baum said. "I've got to get to the showroom. When are you coming back from Frankfurt? None of this Cherbourg nonsense: take the plane. Cook left you holding the baby with that Irish business. You've lost a lot of money. Stick to Frankfurt. When are you coming back? Wednesday? Are you going home?"

"No, no, no, no, no", said Lavender. "Negative home."

That negative froze her but she shook off her pain.

"I sometimes feel sorry for your wife, B", she said. "But you can't sleep on the floor in that office. I won't have it. You'd better come here. That will keep Williams quiet. And we've got to have a talk. You've got to cut down your expenses."

They left the flats. The Commissionaire gave a sort of salute and Mrs Baum held her chin up and looked very grand and very respectable. They parted at the street corner.

"What did you pay at the club?" she asked.

"One way and another, if you reckon it up. . . ." he began.

"Tell me on Wednesday", she said. "You could bring Great Uncle Gibbs."

And at that afterthought she sighed with a coaxing greed.

"I don't think Eeles would like that", he said sternly.

"Anyway. . . ." she said and went away saying to herself "I'm a kid."

Outside the office, Eeles was reading his paper and though surprised to see Lavender coming up the street instead of coming down it, he followed him up the stairs into the office.

A Professor Faintly Remembering

A hyena coprolite for a doorstep, to stop the banging;
Microliths from Beer Head; a model of Spinster's Rock,
A megalithic tomb; a shard from Keats' Corner
Where the calcined scallop-shells were found, meaning
A species of near-man cooking in skin tents
Coquilles St.-Jacques. Gentle archaeology of old buffers:
Now the fresh-tented men in leather jackets come
Whose leader has a theory that the tombs
Would not be rotting that near the dwellings
So they skeletonised them first, the dead, so this Doctor
Shoots his dog and lowers it in a cesspit
To test filleting by midden, near to home,
Like an offering to the bog-goddess. A leather-jacketed
Bag of bones came dripping in the abominable basket
And he writes his paper, waste not want not,
The midden is good fertiliser, and the dead come up
In waving corn, leaving their solid bones
Untransformed for respect, like solid footprints,
And hence you say, for the good part, *Bueno*,
Out of which, leaving a corridor of skeletons
Like footprints in lava, a Professor was reborn,
Faintly to remember, before they locked him up,
Among dry middens of interlarded deaths,
On dusty hill-sites in Spain like rubbed-down castles.

Peter Redgrove

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Leszek Kolakowski

The Euro-Communist Schism

TO TRY TO ANSWER the question whether there are "varieties of communism"—Euro-Communism, Asian Communism—I make three assumptions:

FIRST: *Despotism is not a "degeneration" of communism.* So far, we haven't seen any communism in power except in Leninist-Stalinist, totalitarian versions. There is no exception to the rule that wherever communism has come to power, no matter in which way (internal forces or foreign domination), not only were civil liberties and democratic institutions done away with, but a totalitarian form of social organisation was imposed. (Not everywhere, it is fair to add, was it imposed with the same efficacity.)

Not every variety of despotism is totalitarian. The latter consists in the constant tendency to destroy all the existing social ties and all spontaneous crystallisations of social life and to replace them with state-imposed organisations. In the perfect totalitarian society no form of human activity—economic, intellectual, political—is allowed unless planned or permitted by the state, and human individuals are considered the nationalised property of the state. One of the salient features of this social form is the abrogation of Law—not necessarily in the sense of rules or procedures in public matters but in the sense of a device which mediates between individual and the state, and thus limits the state's power in dealing with individual human beings.

The principle of totalitarianism can achieve perfection only where "the means of production" are entirely state-owned, otherwise some forms of economic activity remain in the hands of individuals and some segments of the society keep a certain measure of independence. Although the absolutely perfect totalitarian system (including the state control of all types of human private relationships) has nowhere been quite achieved, the Communist form of ruling has always had the strong and persistent tendency to reach this perfection and to nationalise all aspects of life. The so-called de-Stalinisation, forced upon Communist states by various economic and political necessities, has not suspended the totalitarian principle. In Communist countries at the moment we are not dealing with "liberalised" or "democratised" variants of communism but essentially with an ailing Stalinism.

SECOND: *Communism functions according to its own principles.* The sources in history and ideology are various. Whatever may be right in various interpretations emphasising the importance of specifically Russian traditions in shaping the "Asiato-communism" (*i.e.* the Soviet type, the only known form of Communist power), its original Leninist ideology was perfectly adapted to its needs. It implied—openly, not implicitly—a dictatorship governed not by Law but by sheer violence only. It implied the abrogation of a balanced division of governmental powers and the end of democratically-controlled institutions. It implied that the "abolition of private property" equals the "abolition of classes", and with the end of "classes" the abolition of conflicts of interests and the establishment of the unity of society. This entirely conformed to the Marxist doctrine which assumed that in "the final analysis" all the important social conflicts were rooted in class divisions and that such class

LESZEK KOLAKOWSKI, *who as a young Marxist played an important role in the Polish "revisionist" movement of the 1950s–60s, was expelled from the Communist Party in 1966 and subsequently deprived of his post as Professor of Philosophy at Warsaw University. He is at present a Fellow of All Soul's College, Oxford, and is just completing a volume history of Marxism.*
During Adam Michnik's recent visit to the West, where he tried to obtain support for the "Human Rights movement", Kolakowski accompanied Michnik to Rome to see leaders of the Italian Socialist Party and of "Euro-Communism" and then went to Bonn to meet Willy Brandt and enlist the help of German Social Democrats.
On his return to Poland (see Bernard Levin's box, pp. 16–17, and the letter from Russian dissidents, p. 18), Adam Michnik was arrested and imprisoned.

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division would cease to exist once state or "public" ownership of the means of production is effected.

It thus assumed that since "negative" freedom (*i.e.* freedom defined by the sphere of decisions left to the individuals by the social organisations) implied conflicting interests, it would lose all meaning in the classless and thus (by definition) unified society. It assumed that when the state would take centralised control of all means of production then "government over people" would be replaced by the "administration of things." Since, however, the centralised administration of all the productive processes includes the administration of the human labour force, *i.e.* all of the People—Marxist communism, so conceived, could only become a labour camp. And it is far from true that mere historical contingencies were responsible for the actual process leading from doctrine to its Leninist-Stalinist embodiment. That is to say, the doctrine was innocent or became "distorted" as result of a whim of History which offered only an improper testing-ground for the experiment. That Marxist communism would mean, once applied, the state-ownership of human persons and an extreme despotic form of government, this had been clearly perceived by many anarchist writers of the 19th century, long before History made its allegedly unfortunate choice of terrain to apply the new idea.

THIRD: *The ideology is dead, yet indispensable.* In European Communist countries the communist ideology is practically dead in the sense that nobody, either the rulers or the ruled, takes it seriously any more. It still remains absolutely indispensable to the ruling party, for it remains (in the absence of democratic forms of representation) the only basis for the legitimacy of a one-party tyranny. The end of the Communist faith was the end of the so-called Revisionist movement, which believed for a while that both democratic principles of social life and intellectual and moral standards could be restored within both the Communist idea and its system.

But Communism is a matter of power, not of intellectual discussion. Demands for human rights, civil liberties, for freedom of speech of education, freedom of trade unions (*etc.*) are less and less being made in the name of a better Communism. People think in terms of representative democracy, of national values, of religious ideas, of material well-being—not at all in terms of return to "genuine Marxism", let alone "true Leninism." Since both in the Soviet Union and in its East European dependencies the ruling parties, aware of their ideological defeat, try to find some contact with the people by means of nationalist slogans (Great-Power-glory in Russia, fear-of-Russia in Soviet protectorates), they themselves reinforce the disintegration of the entire system. Nationalist hostilities are the most powerful factor of the decay of the Soviet sphere of domination. In spite of all efforts the Soviet Union failed to impose strictly its patterns in dominated countries. Each of them has developed some specific forms of economic and social administration. These differences are tolerated, to a certain extent, as long as the One-party despotism is not threatened and Soviet domination remains unquestioned. Curiously enough East Europe's colonised countries might have more room for economic manoeuvres because the local Communist authority there has the ultimate fall-back guarantee in the form of Soviet tanks; but the Soviet Union has no such outside guarantee and it risks more in case of a deep crisis.

FOURTH: *Euro-Communism may emerge but so far it has not.* I take it for granted that so-called Euro-Communism is a significant phenomenon in the decomposition of Communism, and certainly not some devilish Moscow plot. I believe, however, that the question of the "sincerity" of Italian Communist leaders is not of great importance in assessing the prospects of this movement. There is little reason to deny that these people mean what they say. Many politicians mean what they say and, at the same time, fail to realise that their ideas, taken as a whole, might be incoherent or self-contradictory. It is plausible to believe that Lenin meant what he wrote in *State and Revolution* a few weeks before October 1917; and if, on the morrow of October, his semi-anarchist vision was seen to be what it had always been—sheer fantasy—this was not because he had lied but because this vision was utterly impracticable. There will never be a democracy for workers when human and democratic rights are denied to society as a whole.

As to the Euro-Communist leaders, their position is ambiguous as much by their utterances as by their silences. After having made all the well-known declarations about democracy, after having abandoned the slogan of the "dictatorship of the proletariat" (*i.e.* despotism of the party apparatus), after having proclaimed the principle of the independence of Communist parties and thus denied Soviet rule over the "movement" and, at last, after having rejected Soviet standpoints on a few important issues (in particular, the 1968 invasion of Dubcek's Czechoslovakia), they still remain within "the movement" as defined by the overwhelming preponderance of the Soviet

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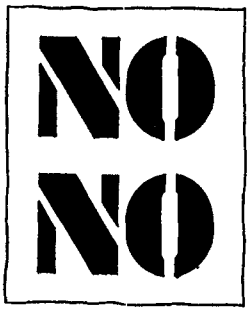
imperialistic state. Thus, granted all their schismatic tendencies, they still seem to answer affirmatively on the following crucial questions.

1. Is there such a thing as an international communist movement of which the *PCI* is a segment and the *CPSU* another?

2. Is the Soviet Union, despite some "errors" and mistaken moves, a "higher" form of social organisation when compared to Western democracies, and does it deserve support in any conflict with the West?

3. Are the Leninist principles of Party life valid? If the answer of Italy's Communist leaders is indeed affirmative, there is no reason to expect that Communist rule in Italy (not to speak of France) would not tend toward the Soviet-type despotism, no matter how Signor Berlinguer explains that representative democracy is a "strategic" and not a "tactical" principle.

Polish Resistance



THE POLES *are at it again. Or rather: the Poles are at it again, of course. Or, better still: the Poles are at it again, of course, thank God. And indeed I must pause there to ask: what would we do without Poland? What would we do, that is, without a standard measurement of courage and indomitability, against which we can test claims on our respect, saying "This one falls far short of Poland", or "This one is worthy of the Poles themselves?"*

All the captive nations of the Soviet Empire (that's the one that is never *investigated by the United Nations Sub-Committee on Colonialism) have found their own* modus vivendi, *their own way of passing the time until the filthy thing that has them in thrall is swept into history; and who are we to weigh a Jan Palach against a Pastor Wurmbrand, or Valentin Moroz against an Imre Nagy? And yet when we contemplate Poland there is a real sense in which we recognise a* primus inter pares, *in which we must needs salute the bravest of the brave.*

Nor is this simply a recognition of the particularly cruel fate that Poland has suffered, going from Nazi tyranny to the communist kind without even the brief respite that, say, Czechoslovakia had. The truth is that, alone among the nations of the Soviet Empire, Poland has created a genuine public *opposition, which in many ways is even more remarkable than the twin Soviet forms of resistance represented by the dissident and emigrant movements.*

It finally came to the surface in Poland, after years of gestation, with the wave of protest that broke at the end of 1975 against the proposed amendments to the Polish Constitution which would have formally codified communist tyranny and made explicit Poland's colonial status.

IT WAS FROM *the seeds sown by the resistance to the new colonial constitution that there grew the flower of real revolt in June 1976, when a wave of strikes and demonstrations broke out. What is so extraordinary and heartening about that resistance is that it has not merely survived but grown, and now constitutes one of the gravest problems faced by the puppet government headed by Edward Gierek.*

The Committee for the Defence of the Workers was founded, in the wake of the events of last June, to represent the interests of the strikers and resisters. And the committee has gone about its work with a thoroughness, and efficiency and a realism that have been exceeded only by its courage. From the start, the members of the committee signed with their own names (and—a typically Polish gesture—addresses) their protests, petitions, communiqués and detailed accounts of brutality by Gierek's Gestapo and of corrupt verdicts by his "courts." (I have a bundle of affidavits in which police beatings, including the repeated use of the "gauntlet", are described by the victims.) These documents have not only been circulated in samizdat *and sent abroad; they have been presented to the local rulers of Poland, and the presenters have made it clear that they intend to continue presenting them until their demands—notably for amnesty for the workers imprisoned last year—are granted.*

AND THE DILEMMA *with which this campaign has presented Gierek and his masters is growing more acute. For one thing, it obviously commands very widespread support within the country (and has even established links with the various resistance groups elsewhere in the Soviet Empire). For another, the support is becoming increasingly positive; the Committee for the Defence of the Workers openly appeals for funds, and has received an astonishing sum; the most recent accounts I have seen show that up to the end of last year over a million zlotys had already been disbursed in arranging for the defence of those accused, paying the fines that are imposed on top of terms of imprisonment, and helping the families of victims. (And* all *that money was collected in small sums, within Poland; though the committee has appealed for funds to those outside, they had not yet touched any of the money thus received.)*

But the Quisling government of Poland has a far more acute problem than that posed by its inability

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(This last statement could mean that democratic rules would be valid for a longer, not a shorter, time, under Communist rule; or it could mean that they will last until the next "historical stage" which is inevitably bound to come when the moment is "ripe.")

FOR THE TIME BEING, Euro-Communists are unable—no matter for what reasons: the fear of split in the Party, the belief that the schism will be better effected if made step-by-step, various forms of dependence on the Soviets, ideological considerations—to recognise openly the Soviet state for what it is: not only a class society with an extremely rigid hierarchy of privileges, but a despotic, totalitarian and imperialist system, highly oppressive in all domains of social life, political, economic, national, religious, and intellectual. Are the bureaucrats of the Soviet political, military and police machine (an

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to stop the public opposition growing in strength and breadth. For Gierek and his colleagues know what ultimate sanction will be used against them if the situation in Poland gets out of hand, and they know also that that sanction, a Soviet invasion, will be met by armed resistance on the part of the people on a scale which will dwarf even that of the Hungarian revolution.

Yet at the same time they know that every attempt to screw down the lid only increases the explosive pressure building up beneath it. It is noteworthy that Poland's local rulers feel sufficiently unsure of themselves to offer genuine concessions to a population united in hatred of them and the foreign masters they serve; the concessions are limited ones, and they are betrayed whenever possible, but in themselves they are real. (The price rises that set off the June riots a year ago were *cancelled, a limited amnesty for a few of the régime's victims* has *been announced, the Supreme Court* has *been instructed to reduce a number of sentences on appeal.) For the risk of an explosion is very great; when a prominent student supporter of the committee, Stanislas Pylas, was beaten to death after signing a demand for an investigation of earlier police brutality, the tension was such that the courageous and skilful Cardinal Wyszynski voluntarily cancelled a Warsaw memorial service arranged for him, in understandable fear that it might lead to a general uprising and the inevitable consequences. (As it was, tens of thousands of mourners paraded in his home town, Cracow, though many others who tried to travel from elsewhere in Poland to pay their tribute were turned back on the road.)*

NOW, HOWEVER, *the régime has been compelled to risk a further rise in resistance and a further extension of the danger it produces. A huge campaign of vilification against the committee (including the use of forged documents linking its members with the neo-Nazi* Nationalzeitung *in Federal Germany) having failed to prevent the growth of support for it, they have now begun to arrest its members and supporters.*

Among those now held is a young activist named Adam Michnik who, recently allowed out of Poland, wrote and spoke publicly and freely in the West against the tyranny in his native land, while never wavering in his intention to return to it to continue the struggle there. And his arrest, together with that of a number of his colleagues, is particularly significant since it comes on the eve of the Belgrade talks, and would therefore never have been authorized if it had not been thought absolutely necessary.

Before he returned to Poland and arrest a few weeks ago, Adam Michnik addressed an appeal to the West, asking that public opinion should make its voice heard against the repression in his country (and the most recent communiqué of the committee that I have reports that the terror is "reminiscent of the worst Stalinist period"). There can be no doubt at all in the minds of anyone who follows these matters that Western opinion is *taken into account in Poland, and that the chief hope of the latest victims lies in their cases being widely publicised outside.*

In the circumstances, I can hardly do better than conclude with some words spoken in Oxford last December by Adam Michnik himself:

> *"What has characterised the situation in Poland over the past year is not so much the country's grave economic crisis as the increasingly clear manifestations of the resistance of society against the rule arbitrarily imposed on it. Having arisen and developed from different roots, this resistance is gradually taking on the forms of a genuine opposition movement. . . . In a situation where all groups and strata of society—the workers, the intelligentsia, the peasants, the Church—not only have no political or professional representation, but are not even given an opportunity to voice their aspirations and demands, normal channels of communication, dialogue, negotiation and settlement cease to exist. It has repeatedly been shown that the authorities give way only to direct, desperate action. Such a situation is fraught with dangers. Lack of freedom, economic inefficiency, manipulation of culture and lack of national independence are all intensely felt in Poland, and this has given rise to a state of crisis which could result in an uncontrolled explosion, and this—if it occurs—may in turn bring about a Soviet invasion."*

Bernard Levin
in *The Times* (London)

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unprecedented concentration of power in modern history) "class brothers" in the eyes of *PCI* leaders? And what do they think about the remarks of M. Marchais who offers East-European "People's Democracies" as models of a multi-party system?

THE POINT IS that as long as the schism is not completely consummated in political and ideological terms, it does not depend on Italian Communists whether they will be able to keep their independence from the Soviet Union once in power. If some of the leaders prove still to be

Adam Michnik's Arrest

THE following letter on behalf of Adam Michnik, recently arrested and imprisoned in Warsaw after a visit abroad where he tried to gather help for the Polish "Workers' Defence Committee", was written by three prominent Russian dissidents. Vladimir Bukovsky recently arrived in the West after years of incarceration in Soviet jails; Natalia Gorbanevskaya is a well-known Moscow poet; Vladimir Maximov has had several of his novels translated and published and is at present the editor of "Kontinent", the Russian-language cultural review, which Solzhenitsyn helped to launch.

★

THE latest wave of repression which has swept from Moscow to the Ukraine, Georgia and Czechoslovakia, is now engulfing Poland. The government has not yet fulfilled its vague half-promises to release from prison the participants in last year's strikes and demonstrations when a new series of arrests hit those who have been trying to defend the victims and to help their families—namely, those members of "the Workers' Defence Committee" who have been keeping the outside world informed. The gangster-like murder of the student Stanislaw Pyjas has revealed that the State Security Police will shrink from no measure of oppression and terror. In the weeks following Pyjas' burial there has been constant police harassment of opposition circles (house searches, arrests, etc.*), and a number of men and women of the resistance have been put in prison.*

Adam Michnik was the first to be arrested. We had just got to know him and to admire him—he spent eight months with us here in the West, in safety. He did not have to return home. In fact when he received his Polish exit permit from the Warsaw authorities they were reckoning with his permanent departure. "Do you intend to return?" they had asked him. He replied, "My passport is valid until 2 May, but if my friends in Warsaw call and tell me that I am needed, then I will be returning forthwith. . . ."

He could indeed have kept quiet and wandered pleasantly through the lovely old streets of Western Europe. But instead he chose to speak out—at meetings, seminars, press conferences, on radio and television. He knocked on the doors of trade-unionists, political party leaders, civic groups. He found much sympathy, and also some indifference.

On 1 May he arrived at the Warsaw Airport. He had said, "I fear that I will be arrested as soon as I land. . . ." But he had no fears of prison—he was more worried that he would not be able to find and talk to his friends, to report on what had been achieved in the West on behalf of the cause of the Human Rights movement. He was afraid that he would no longer have an opportunity to be active again—this was the worst that could happen. Every time we met with him over those eight months in the West we had the feeling that he would be breaking off in the middle of a sentence—to rush off to yet another meeting, in another city, in another country, to explain what it was truly all about and what must be done to help. Now he can move only four steps forward and three steps sideways—where can he rush off to?

He wasn't arrested at the airport; they gave him a few weeks' time. We still had a chance to talk with him and to laugh about the worries about being picked up on the tarmac, as if our jokes could help hold off the forces that were already closing in on him.

ADAM MICHNIK, *you see, was something special for us Russians—he was the personal and living embodiment of the proof that the so-called "hereditary enmity" between Poland and Russia could be transcended. He told us, "I once studied Russian for twelve years in school and retained nothing of it. But I learned my Russian from the dissidents. It was a matter of honour for me to read The* Gulag Archipelago *in the Russian original. . . ." If there was ever to be a liberation it could only be, he felt, on the basis of ending the century-old enmities among Russians, Ukrainians, and Poles.*

This is the third time round in jail for Adam Michnik, and the second time behind the bars of People's Poland for Jacek Kuron, Seweryn Blumstein, Jan Litynski. Still imprisoned is Jan Josef Lipski, a resistance fighter since 1939 [released in June]. *We support the appeal of the Committee for the Defence of the Workers to end political repression in Poland. And we want to express our solidarity with the associations of free Poles: the Workers' Defence Committee, the just-established Student Solidarity Committee, and the Committee for Human Rights. We can only hope that the winds of freedom will help normalise the atmosphere in Poland and throughout Eastern Europe—indeed in our own unhappy land as well.*

Natalia Gorbanevskaya, Vladimir Bukovsky, Vladimir Maximov

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reluctant to accept this dependence, they will be simply replaced by others, who are more reliable. To be sure, the Italian Communists have no illusions as to what the Soviet system really is. Nor do I doubt that it is not exactly the aspiration of Berlinguer to share the lot of Dubcek. This, alas, will not help them, if they happened to get power in existing international circumstances, in a position slightly heretical and slightly rebellious, yet essentially as members of the same Communist fraternity. (What this fraternal love implied so far among Communists, everybody knows, including the Euro-Communists; but this will not help them either.)

Briefly, then, neither the heresy nor the schism has been consummated. As long as they are not, the question of which version of Communism will prevail in the case of Communists coming to power in Italy is a matter of strength. Otherwise, in the case of a complete and irrevocable split (which is possible, yet by no means certain), one should ask what the word "Communism" would mean as opposed to social democracy (provided that the schismatics remain faithful to their promises). Words themselves are not important. After all most of the basic words in our political vocabulary have changed meaning so as to become unrecognisable (this includes such words as "socialism", "liberalism", "democracy", "equality", "freedom", "justice", *etc.*). However, since the word has been monopolised by the Soviet system of power, those who want to use it with a significantly different meaning, have to make a complete revision of their ideological principles. Otherwise their cautions and gentle critiques will remain artificial and unconvincing. So far, we lack empirical proofs that a democratic communism is at all possible, and all the existing proofs are to the contrary. Still, we cannot exclude that a new variant of regenerated Social-Democracy could ultimately emerge out of the Communist schism.

NEVERTHELESS, IT APPEARS that the schism in its present, very moderate form could exert a certain influence on the disintegration of the Communist bloc.

The attitudes of the ruling élites in Soviet-dominated lands seem to be ambiguous. On the one hand, their power hinges obviously on Soviet backing, and they cannot possibly wish national sovereignty for their countries; for they can survive only as vassals. On the other hand, they prefer less, and not more, Soviet interference in their internal affairs and they can, therefore, sympathise to a certain degree with the tendencies toward autonomy among the Western Communist parties. Yet they can nourish this sympathy only in the depths of their hearts, and it means little in practical terms. As to the people who are outside the power system and do not take part in the squabbles of political cliques, I believe that they naturally sympathise with these tendencies, not because they share a specific Communist creed but because they welcome everything that undermines the all-embracing Soviet hegemony. Except for a small percentage of the population with vested interests in the present régime, all strata of the society prefer a less rigid rather than a more rigid communism; and Dubcek-type leaders, if and when they appear in exceptional circumstances, may count on a very large popular support, which however does not imply that their supporters are Communists of yet another brand, but simply that they want more freedom. (The mass support given to the military coup in Portugal in 1974 did not mean that most Portuguese shared specific political ideas of General Spinola, only that they wanted to get rid of the old system. . . .)

WHAT GOOD AND SUFFICIENT REASONS are there for those who do accept the values of a democratic socialist ideal to lend credence to the professions of the Euro-Communists? The Euro-Communist position remains roughly this: "We are for representative democracy and for freedom, yet we believe that the Soviet system is the highest form of society achieved so far by mankind, even though not entirely perfect and not quite free from mistakes. . . ." Let "Euro-Communists" first prove that they really distrust and detest despotism and would resist despotism and imperialism where despotism and imperialism are strongest.

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Friedrich A. Hayek

Remembering My Cousin, Ludwig Wittgenstein

BETWEEN THE RAILS and the building of the railway station of Bad Ischl there used to be ample space where, sixty years ago, in the season, a regular promenade used to develop before the departure of the night train to Vienna.

I believe it was on the last day of August 1918 that here, among a boisterous crowd of young officers returning to the front after visiting their families on furlough in the Salzkammergut district, two artillery ensigns became vaguely aware that they ought to know one another. I am not sure whether it was a resemblance to other members of our families or because we had actually met before that led us to ask the other, "Aren't you a Wittgenstein?" (or, perhaps, "Aren't you a Hayek?"). At any rate it led to our travelling together through the night to Vienna, and even though most of the time we naturally tried to sleep we did manage to converse a little.

Some parts of this conversation made a strong impression on me. He was not only much irritated by the high spirits of the noisy and probably half-drunk party of fellow-officers with which we shared the carriage without in the least concealing his contempt for mankind in general, but he also took it for granted that any relation of his no matter how distantly connected must have the same standards as himself. He was not so very wrong! I was then very young and inexperienced, barely nineteen and the product of what would now be called a puritanical education: the kind in which the ice-cold bath my father took every morning was the much admired (though rarely imitated) standard of discipline for body and mind. And Ludwig Wittgenstein was just ten years my senior.

What struck me most in this conversation was a radical passion for truthfulness in everything (which I came to know as a characteristic vogue among the young Viennese intellectuals of the generation immediately preceding mine only in the following university years). This truthfulness became almost a fashion in that border group between the purely Jewish and the purely Gentile parts of the intelligentsia in which I came so much to move. It meant much more than truth in speech. One had to "live" truth and not tolerate any pretence in oneself or others. It sometimes produced outright rudeness and, certainly, unpleasantness. Every convention was dissected and every conventional form exposed as fraud. Wittgenstein merely carried this further in applying it to himself. I sometimes felt that he took a perverse pleasure in discovering falsehood in his own feelings and that he was constantly trying to purge himself of all fraud.

THAT HE WAS VERY highly strung even at that time cannot be doubted. Among the remoter relatives he was thought of (though hardly known by them) as the maddest member of a rather extraordinary family, all of whom were exceptionally gifted and both ready and in a position to live for what they most cared for. Before 1914 I had heard much of (though being too young to attend) their famous musical *soirées* at the "Palais Wittgenstein", which ceased to be a social centre after 1914. For many years the name meant to me chiefly the kind old lady who, when I was six years old, had taken me for my first car-ride—in an open electromobile round the Ringstrasse.

Apart from an even earlier memory of being taken to the luxurious apartment of an extremely old lady and being made to understand that she was the sister of my maternal great-grandfather—and, as I now know, Ludwig Wittgenstein's maternal grandmother—I have no direct knowledge of the Wittgenstein family at the height of their social position at Vienna. The tragedy of the three elder sons apparently all ending their lives by suicide had attenuated it even more than the death of the great industrialist at its head would otherwise have done. I am afraid that my

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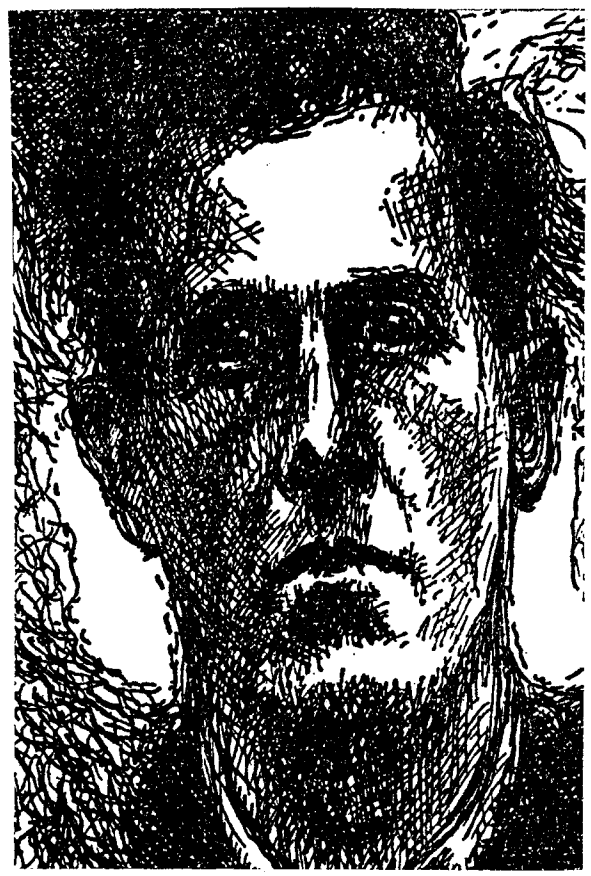
earliest recollection of the name of Wittgenstein is connected with the shocked account of one of my Styrian maiden great-aunts, surely inspired by envy rather than malice, that their grandfather "sold his daughter to a rich Jewish banker. . . ." This was the kind old lady I still remember—just.

I DID NOT MEET Ludwig Wittgenstein again for ten years; but I heard from him from time to time through his eldest sister who was a second cousin, an exact contemporary and a close friend of my mother. The regular visiting had made "Aunt Minning" a familiar figure to me (actually, she spelt her name, which is an abbreviation of Hermine, with a single "*n*", but this would sound odd to English ears), and she remained a frequent visitor. Her youngest brother's problems evidently occupied her much, and though she deprecated all talk about the "*Sonderling*", the crank, and strongly defended him when occasional and undoubtedly often much-distorted accounts of his doings circulated, we did soon learn of them. The public eye did not take notice of him while his brother Paul Wittgenstein, a one-armed pianist, became a well-known figure.



But I did, through these connections, become probably one of the first readers of *Tractatus* when it appeared in 1922. Since, like most philosophically interested people of our generation I was, like Wittgenstein, much influenced by Ernst Mach, it made a great impression on me.

The next time I met Ludwig Wittgenstein was in the spring of 1928 when the economist Dennis Robertson, who was taking me for a walk through the Fellows' Gardens of Trinity College, Cambridge, suddenly decided to change course because on the top of a little rise he perceived the form of the philosopher draped over a deck-chair. He evidently stood rather in awe of him, and he did not wish to disturb him. Naturally, I walked up to him, was greeted with surprising friendliness, and we engaged in a pleasant but uninteresting conversation (in German) about home and family to which Robertson soon left us. Before long Wittgenstein's interest flagged, and evident signs of his not knowing what to do with me made me leave him after a while.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN almost twelve years later that the first of the only real series of meetings I had with him took place. When I went to Cambridge in 1939 with the London School of Economics I soon learned that he was away working at some war hospital. But a year or two later I encountered him most unexpectedly. John Maynard Keynes had arranged for me to have rooms in the Gibbs building of King's College, and after a while I was asked by Richard Braithwaite to take part in the meetings of the Moral Science Club (I think that was the name) which took place in his rooms just below those I occupied.

It was at the end of one of these meetings that Wittgenstein quite suddenly and rather dramatically emerged. It concerned a paper which had not particularly interested me and of the subject of which I have no recollection. Suddenly Wittgenstein leapt to his feet, poker in hand, indignant in the highest degree, and he proceeded to demonstrate with the implement how simple and

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obvious *Matter* really was. Seeing this rampant man in the middle of the room swinging a poker was certainly rather alarming, and one felt inclined to escape into a safe corner. Frankly, my impression at that time was that he had gone mad!

It was some time later, probably a year or two, that I took courage to go and see him, after having learnt that he was again in Cambridge. He then lived (as always, I think) in rooms several flights up in a building outside the College. The bare room with the iron stove, to which he had to bring a chair for me from his bedroom, has often been described. We talked pleasantly on a variety of topics outside philosophy and politics (we knew that we disagreed politically), and he seemed to like the very fact that I strictly avoided "talking shop", not unlike one or two other curious figures I have met in Cambridge. But, though these visits were quite pleasant and he seemed to encourage their repetition, they were also rather uninteresting and I went along only two or three times more.

After the end of the War, when I had already returned to London, a new kind of contact by letter began when the possibility arose, first to send food parcels, and later to visit our relatives in Vienna. This involved all kinds of complicated contacts with bureaucratic organisations about which, he rightly assumed, I had found out details before he did. In this he showed a curious combination of impracticability and meticulous attention to detail which must have made all contacts with the ordinary business of life highly unsettling for him. However, he did manage to get to Vienna fairly soon after me (I had succeeded for the first time in 1946), and I believe he went there once or twice again.

I THINK IT WAS in the course of his return from his last visit to Vienna that we met for the last time. He had gone to see his dying sister Minning once more, and he was (though I did not know it) himself already mortally ill. I had interrupted the usual railway journey from Vienna *via* Switzerland and France at Basel and had boarded there the sleeping-car at midnight the next day. Since my fellow occupant of the compartment seemed to be already asleep I undressed in semi-darkness. As I prepared to mount to the upper berth a tousled head shot out from the lower one and almost shouted at me, "You are Professor Hayek!" Before I had recovered sufficiently to realise that it was Wittgenstein and to register my assent, he had turned to the wall again.

When I woke up next morning he had disappeared, presumably to the restaurant car. When I returned I found him deeply engrossed in a detective story and apparently unwilling to talk. This lasted only until he had finished his paperback. He then engaged me in the most lively conversation, beginning with his impressions of the Russians at Vienna, an experience which evidently had shaken him to his depth and destroyed certain long-cherished illusions. Gradually we were led to more general questions of moral philosophy, but just as it was getting really exciting we arrived at the port (in Boulogne, I believe). Wittgenstein seemed very anxious to continue our discussion, and indeed he said that we must do so on board ship.

But I simply could not find him. Whether he regretted having become so deeply engaged, or had discovered that, after all, I was just another philistine, I do not know. At any rate, I never saw him again.

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Karl Heinzen

The Origins of Modern Terrorism—By WALTER LAQUEUR

KARL HEINZEN is no longer remembered today except perhaps by the few experts exploring the highways and by-ways of certain minute German left-wing sects in the 1840s, and by the even smaller number of historians specialising in German-American politics in the third quarter of the last century.

Heinzen figures marginally in most Karl Marx biographies because of his contacts with the founder of "scientific socialism" in the period between 1844 and 1847. (He wrote for Marx's *Rheinische Zeitung*.) Later on he bitterly quarrelled with Marx and Engels who attacked him in a series of articles and a brochure.[1] These are pieces which (unlike, for instance, the *Anti-Dühring*) are read these days, if at all, by professional Marxologists only. A little book by C. H. Huber on Heinzen's political thought was published in Switzerland in 1932, and a full-length study in the United States by Carl Wittke (*Against the Current*, 1945) who is also the author of a Weitling biography.[2] Neither deals with the one aspect of Heinzen's thought which is, in retrospect, the most interesting by far—that of his role as the first ideologist—and great visionary—of modern terrorism.

My interest in Heinzen arose while engaged in research on guerrilla warfare and terrorism,[3] and I soon saw it was a tradition which could, of course, be traced far back into history. But its doctrinal foundations were laid only in the early 19th century. Men like Chrzanowski and Stolzman, Carlo Bianco and Budini are even less known today than Karl Heinzen, but it is precisely in works of these forgotten Polish and Italian radical democrats of the 1830s and 1840s that guerrilla theory with most of its military and political implications was first described and analysed in quite surprising detail—one hundred years before Mao Tse-tung. Most of these men were personally known to each other, meeting as they did in one or another of Mazzini's pan-European "secret societies." Their writings were forgotten for the simple reason that they were never tried out in practice. Italy was eventually united and Poland became independent, but it was not as the result of guerrilla warfare.

BAKUNIN AND NECHAYEV are commonly regarded nowadays as the pioneers of the concept of systematic terrorism. Bakunin's pamphlets of 1869 and the famous *Catechism* are reprinted to this day all over the globe. ("I no longer adhere to all of Nechayev's revolutionary catechism", George Jackson reported in the 1960s from San Quentin prison about his Black Power doctrines.) Bakunin and Nechayev strongly influenced later generations of Russian terrorists; and since Russian terrorism had its admirers and imitators in America, India, Western Europe, and elsewhere, their fame spread throughout the world. There is no denying that the impact of the writings of Bakunin and Nechayev was greater than that of all other apostles of terrorism. But there is another earlier tradition of terrorist thought, which antedates it by several decades; it was in many respects more detailed and, in retrospect, more prophetic.

Its best known proponent was Johann (John) Most, the German Social Democratic leader who settled in the United States in the early 1880s. Having been converted to anarchism (and violence) in London, he continued to edit *Freiheit*, the most outspoken and radical anarchist newspaper of the day. He had a devoted group of followers among recent immigrants from Central and Eastern Europe. Johann Most has never been quite forgotten; an *Anarchist Cookbook* published in the militant 1960s is derived from his *Revolutionäre Kriegswissenschaft* of the 1880s, and there has been in recent years in his native Germany a Most revival on a modest

[1] *Die moralisierende Kritik und die kritisierende Moral* (Brussels, 1847).

[2] See Melvin J. Lasky, "Wilhelm Weitling", in ENCOUNTER (March).

[3] See my *Guerrilla* and *Terrorism* (both published by Weidenfeld and Little Brown, 1977), and *The Guerrilla Reader* (New American Library, 1977).

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scale following the New Left's search for ideological roots. But upon closer inspection of Most's writings it appears that he was not really the *fons et origo* of the Western theory of systematic terrorism—many of his ideas on the subject were derived from Karl Heinzen, by four decades his senior. The two never met: Heinzen died in Boston shortly before Most set foot on American soil. But Most acknowledged his intellectual debt to Heinzen, and at least on one occasion Heinzen served as an alibi for him. After the murder of President McKinley (in 1901) *Freiheit* published an unsigned article in justification of the murder of tyrants. When Most was brought to trial, it was the American socialist leader Morris Hillquit who defended him, and he claimed that the article had actually been written by Karl Heinzen fifty years earlier and that it was directed against European monarchs rather than American Presidents.[4] The judge was not, however, impressed and Most had to take enforced residence on Blackwell's Island for about a year.

KARL HEINZEN was born in Grevenbroich, Westphalia in 1809, lost his mother at an early age, and was (according to all accounts) a difficult, irascible child. He did not get along with his teachers, and was thrown out of Bonn University after a year. He then joined the Dutch colonial army, but a few weeks service in the Dutch East Indies sufficed to persuade him that he had made a mistake, and with some difficulty, he succeeded in getting himself released. Upon his return to Germany he became a minor state official. His experiences in the bureaucracy induced him to publish, in the early 1840s, various articles, pamphlets, and books highly critical of the existing order which led to his resignation, and subsequently, in 1844, to his emigration from Germany.

When Heinzen first went to the USA in 1847 he already had the reputation of one of Germany's most extreme republicans. For a while he had been on close personal terms with Karl Marx. The reasons for their ideological dispute, as seen by Heinzen, were given in a little book entitled *The Heroes of German Communism* (*Die Helden des deutschen Communismus*) published in 1848 in Switzerland. For Marx and Engels he was a "ruffian", a "scoundrel", a "wretch", intellectually inferior in every respect—a fool, moron, ass, imbecile, clown. But this, after all, was the usual tenor of polemics between rival groups in the German emigration. There is no denying that Heinzen was not much of a philosopher, and he admitted himself that his knowledge of economics was non-existent. But he had no rival at the time as far as the use of invective was concerned, and no contemporary has written in his autobiography so savagely, indeed so vulgarly if you wish, about Marx's character. Marx could be equally vulgar in his *ad hominem* attacks, but he usually kept the grosser expressions of contempt and displeasure for private correspondence: Heinzen, on the other hand, knew no such inhibitions. But the quarrels between these two are part of another story, and so is Heinzen's role in the revolution of 1848. He immediately returned to Germany when the news of the uprisings in various European capitals had reached America. Once the uprisings had been put down he fled to Switzerland, where his activities as a publicist annoyed and embarrassed the Swiss so much that they offered him an *ex gratia* payment of 1200 francs if only he would leave Swiss soil. He went next to London where he had lodgings near Leicester Square (and later in what is now Westbourne Grove) from September 1849 for about a year.

In November 1849 he wrote two articles in a London German-language newspaper which were subsequently published as a pamphlet. He suggested, *inter alia*, that in the next Revolution a few million reactionaries would have to be killed.[5] This led a writer in *The Times* to demand that individuals disseminating such hellish doctrines should be deported within 24 hours.[6] But the authorities took no notice and Friedrich Engels' letter to the *Northern Star*, dissociating himself from Heinzen, was, in retrospect, quite unnecessary. Engels argued that Heinzen did not belong to the Social Democratic party, that he had never hurt a single countryman, and that it was an insult to the British nation to assume that such a man could conceivably cause any damage to the mighty British Empire.[7] Heinzen left London of his own free will in late 1850 and settled in the United States—editing German-language newspapers in New York, Cincinnati, Louisville and ultimately in Boston ("the only civilised city in the United States").

MY CASE FOR REGARDING Heinzen as the pioneer of modern terrorist doctrine rests on two articles entitled "Der Mord" (published in a small German émigré newspaper in Switzerland, *Die Evolution*, in January and

[4] This argument, repeated in Hillquit's autobiography (*Loose Leaves*, 1934), was actually not quite true. The article published in *Freiheit* was a paraphrase rather that a literal reprint of Heinzen's article of 1849 (on which more below).

[5] *Deutsche Londoner Zeitung*, 9 and 16 November 1848. This newspaper—in which the year before the *Communist Manifesto* had been published—was financed incidentally by Karl, Duke of Brunswick.

[6] "Anti-Socialist", *The Times*, 23 November 1849.

[7] *Northern Star*, 1 December 1849.

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February 1849).[8] *Die Evolution* was published in Biel by August Becker, a fellow-radical who also settled subsequently in the United States; its original title should have been *Die Revolution*, but this was not acceptable to the Swiss authorities; and as a compromise, it was decided to drop the "R". An expanded and rewritten version was published in London in 1850; it first appeared in English (*Murder and Liberty*) in New York in 1853—with the somewhat mysterious by-line, "A Contribution for the 'Peace League' of Geneva." There were subsequent reprints and I shall be quoting in the following from an edition by H. Lieber (Indianapolis, 1881.)

Heinzen's argument runs briefly as follows. The destruction of human life is always unjust and barbarous; humanity absolutely condemns all killing. But precisely because the endeavour is to abolish murder, humanity is compelled to draw the sword and to become the murderers of the murderers: "If one man is permitted to murder, all must be permitted to do so."[9] Murder on the most colossal scale has been, and still is, the chief means of historical development —stupid weakness and sentimental lamentations should not be allowed to obscure this fact. Having surveyed, in some detail, certain instances of mass murder throughout history, Heinzen reaches the conclusion that a Revolution which shuns the responsibility for killing all reactionaries is only committing suicide. The French Revolution was buried by the emigration:

> "Let it be attended to that next time there can be no emigration, unless it can be stowed away in some remote corners of the world."

Since the reactionaries murder to maintain their rule, the revolutionaries must murder to be free. The victor is always right: there is no room for moral scruples.

The greatest of all follies is the belief that it is possible to commit a crime against despots and their accomplices. A "crime" against them is not just a right, it is self-defence; and it is a duty. The road to humanity leads over the summit of cruelty—nothing less than this is the inexorable law of necessity dictated by the reactionary forces. Not to accept this obvious fact is to renounce a better future for mankind: if one wants to accomplish the end, one must not flinch from the means.

Heinzen rejected with contempt the argument of the "genteel revolutionists" who claimed that certain things should be done but not openly proclaimed. This, according to Heinzen was mere cowardice:

> "What you dare not proclaim, you should also not permit to be done. What is right should be proclaimed openly, before all the world."

In his articles written in late 1848 Heinzen stated that "we must become more energetic, more desperate." This led him into speculations about the use of arms of mass destruction; for the greater strength, training, and discipline of the forces of repression could be counterbalanced only by weapons that could be employed by a few people and that would wreak great havoc. These weapons, according to Heinzen, could not on the other hand be used by regular armies against a few individual fighters. He mentioned, in passing, the use of poison gas, of ballistic missiles (Congreve missiles, in 19th-century military parlance), and mines which could destroy whole cities with 100,000 inhabitants.

THE KEY TO THE REVOLUTION was in modern technology, such as new, more powerful explosives and new means of food poisoning. In his brochure, published in 1853, he was already far more specific and provided several scenarios for doing away with the

> "preponderance of the engines of mass destruction by means of the homeopathic use of powerful destructive substances which would cost little to furnish and which might be obtained or prepared with little risk of discovery."

He confessed that he was "neither soldier, nor chemist, nor engineer." Therefore, he left it to "professional men" to "use the following hints for further inventions."

The first hint Heinzen attributed to the *Augsburg General Gazette*:

> "Yesterday afternoon the most terrible, most lamentable event of modern history transpired. When the illustrious crowned heads of Germany, who had assembled at the congress of monarchs at Vienna, made an excursion by railroad, a fearful explosion was heard at a place where the road passes a precipice a hundred feet high. At the same time, the locomotive and the entire train darted over the precipice. All the monarchs broke their necks, and only two mistresses escaped with their lives, so that, at present, Germany is without monarchs. An investigation showed that a revolutionary monster had laid upon the rails a small case of the size of a thimble filled with fulminating silver, which exploded on the first contact with the wheel of the locomotive and hurled the whole train from the track. A similar accident is said to have overtaken the Czar of Russia in the vicinity of Warsaw."

[8] This periodical is now virtually unobtainable; I am obliged to the Swiss State Archives for having provided a copy. Heinzen's original article will appear in English translation in my forthcoming *Terrorism Reader*. The expanded English version has come into my hands only recently.

[9] Some of the more eccentric formulations of the 1849 articles were deleted in the English version. This refers, for instance, to the observation that murder might well be a "physical necessity" inasmuch as the atmosphere or the soil of the earth needed a certain quantity of blood. *Blut und Boden*, indeed!

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The second hint was supposed to derive from the *Vienna Gazette*:

> "The guerrillas of the Baconyan Forest now use the following fearful weapon, which is calculated to render individual men terrible to organised masses. They have guns of double the ordinary thickness. These are first charged with a strong charge of powder, and on top of this with an iron capsule fitting the barrel exactly, about four inches long, and conical at the upper end. Inside this capsule there is another smaller one filled with powder which is closed at the upper point with an easily explosive percussion-cap, and the space between the inner and outer capsule is filled with poisoned iron shot. Whenever this charge is shot against some object, the capsule explodes and scatters a shower of poisoned shot, each grain of which may destroy a human life. In this way a single man, *omnia secum portans*, may become dangerous to a hundred opponents. Lately such a charge was fired from the forest upon a battalion of imperial chasseurs, and wounded sixty men of whom on the next day fifty had died."

From the *Prussian State Gazette* which Heinzen took the trouble to inform us was "now published in Potsdam" came a third hint:

> "Unfortunately General Wrangel failed entirely in reconquering the city of Berlin, which is now wholly in possession of the revolutionists. He was foiled by a desperate mode of defence by which the rebels demoralised the troops completely. At first they fired iron tubes filled with melted lead, which scattered a deathly shower on the advancing battalions. Nevertheless the gallant soldiers, incited by the Prince of Prussia with the prospect of pillaging the city and of executing all the revolutionists on the spot, penetrated into several avenues. But here they were cut down in companies by explosive bombs which suddenly burst forth from the pavement of the street, and which did such terrible execution, that even the most gallant soldiers could not be induced to proceed further, since at every step they had to fear a fresh explosion. It is said that these explosive bombs consist of shells filled with powder and furnished with a percussion hammer, which are buried beneath the pavement in places which the enemy cannot discover, in such a way that the hammer acts as soon as a foot steps on the stone placed over it. It is said the revolutionists have laid in every avenue such a number of similar bombs, that the capture of the city would cost the lives of 100,000 soldiers. It seems that the men of the revolution no longer deem it necessary to imperil their lives in a useless martyrdom, if mere machines can assure their success. A significant sign of the times! As soon as our present mode of warfare is overthrown and disorganised, the army and the monarchs are lost."

The fourth hint came in this passage from the *Milanese Gazette*:

> "The party of despair has now recourse to truly diabolical means. Every one who is of any value for the order and morality of society, must tremble day and night for his life. *Poison* is the universal watchword of the revolutionists, since they are deprived of all other weapons. Cases of poisoning the victuals, the water, the tobacco, etc. for the soldiers, we have previously reported. But the hellish invention has gone farther. Every knife, every dagger, every pin that is drawn against the men of order, is now poisoned. For this purpose they use strychnine, prussic acid, etc, nay, even the blood of corpses.
>
> "With unexampled refinement of cruelty, they use as a poison even the pus of revolutionists who rotted to death in dungeons, and direct the weapons so poisoned against the most sacred lives. Thus the general of the Jesuits and two cardinals were wounded lately in this fashion; they will die within three days; and His Holiness escaped a similar fate only by the cushion of fat in which the arrow lodged.
>
> "For the poisoning of bullets, the revolutionists, who are now everywhere zealously engaged in the study of physics and chemistry, use only poisons that are not too readily volatilised by heat. They also use glass bullets filled with quicksilver and even with prussic acid, which, of course, kill without fail, if their contents come into contact with the blood. In filling hollow metal balls with less refractory poison, they mix these first with wax or tallow, in order to avoid their volatilisation as much as possible.
>
> "From windows, cellars, holes in walls, etc. they usually discharge their poisoned missiles from air-guns, so that no explosion is heard. But since several of these weapons, too, have been discovered, the monsters use simple trunks or pipe-stems, one or two feet long, made of tin or wood, nay, even macaroni-tubes, from which they blow against their victims everywhere, even in churches, peas and small arrows with poisoned barbed points. They need only scratch the skin, in order to produce a deadly effect and the discovery of the perpetrator is rarely possible.
>
> "Our whole art of war and all our cannons are powerless against this homeopathic war of a diabolical party. It is a terrible task in these times to be a man of order. Even loyal men express the doubt that order has been carried too far. But how is it possible to be moderate in order? We must now murder all, or we shall all be murdered. Merciful Providence! do not abandon us!"

As for the fifth hint, Heinzen tells us that a correspondent of *La France* vouched for the following communication:

> "The ingenuity of the men of the revolution in the production of new means of destruction is equalled by the caution practised in the organisation and disposition of their agents. At the head of their assassins, whom they call liberators, is a single person, whose name has not been mentioned yet in the revolutionary world but who, on account of his reliability and astuteness, enjoys the full confidence of the principal leaders. This person continually receives considerable sums of money, without his knowing whence they come. It is his principal task to have new means of destruction invented and manufactured, and to engage reliable agents that use them. These assistants, fanatical men of extreme determination and reliability, exist under all possible characters, do not know each other, and converse singly with their chief who visits them in their residences, and whose domicile they do not know. It is said that in France and Italy alone there are several hundred of these agents. It is so much the more difficult to escape them, since, if an especially important person is the victim, they are

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all directed at the same time against him. If one of these should be discovered and arrested, he could not betray the others, even if he should wish to do so, and these others are at once busy to take his place and to avenge him.

"This organisation of assassins is wholly independent. But besides there is the great revolutionary organisation ready to embrace at once the opportunity for seizing control, if the victim that obstructed its path should have fallen.

"His Majesty has not been able to leave the Tuileries during the past few weeks, because his life was threatened on all sides, although no one knows how and by whom."

Finally, there was this from the *Moniteur*:

"His Majesty the Emperor Louis Napoleon and the palace of the Tuileries are no more. The palace was last night suddenly blown up by a terrible explosion, and buried under its ruins the emperor and the entire court, that was just assembled around him. A fearful *coup d'état*. The explosion was brought about by a few copper balls about the size of a man's head. These balls had been made by some revolutionist and placed in a lower story by a soldier. The greater part of each ball was filled with nitro-glycerine or, as some maintain, with carbonic acid which, as is well known, has by far more explosive power than powder, and which explodes by a simple elevation of temperature. (Its efficiency is greatly increased if the carbonic acid is first liquified by compression.)[10] In order to effect the heating of the gas in the ball, the latter had been furnished with works whose index ignited a small quantity of phosphorus and powder by rapid friction, half an hour after the placing of the balls. In order to avoid the elevation of temperature from the outside and, consequently, a premature explosion, the balls were encased in ice, and, to avoid ignition by some shock on rolling them into the cellar, the whole was covered with a coat of India rubber. Such effective means only the revolutionists could use. But the time for lamenting is over, and a new era begins. The revolution has conquered; and the victor is right. The *Moniteur* always serves the conqueror. *Vae victis*!"

HEINZEN had, in his articles of 1849, envisaged the blowing up "if necessary" of half a continent.[11] But his subsequent career was not devoted to the practical application of his theories. In the United States he became a staunch fighter for Women's Rights, and one of the most extreme spokesmen of the Abolitionists, a collaborator of William Lloyd Garrison, Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips, and many other leading anti Negro slavery radicals of the day. He gave Abraham Lincoln what is known as critical support; and at one time he was the chief advocate for the abolition of the presidency in order to make America more democratic. He continued his polemics against Marx all along in the columns of his *Pionier*—Communism, as he saw it, would merely lead to a new form of slavery. In a Communist America, as Heinzen once wrote, he would not be permitted to travel from Boston to New York to make a speech in favour of Communism without having official permission to do so.

Having moved from New York's Bowery to Boston in 1857, Heinzen became something of an establishment figure in radical circles—"the sage of Roxbury." His seventieth birthday was a major social event and he was serenaded by an assembled choir. He cultivated the German gymnasts (the *Turnerbund*), at the time a force in German-American politics. Heinzen was a staunch opponent of Bismarck, and after 1870, on many occasions castigated the militaristic and chauvinistic tendencies he detected in Imperial Germany. This was not a popular line at the time; and, but for Mrs Heinzen's millinery shop, the *Pionier* would hardly have lasted as long as it did.

Heinzen's style was repetitive and inelegant; the continuous use of the strongest invective he could think of was bound to repel all but his most loyal readers. The most interesting part of the *Pionier* was the literary *feuilleton*: he published *avant-garde* French and Spanish writers; Heinzen's own poems, novels, and plays, on the other hand, were mediocre, to say the least. He had a small but faithful group of admirers all over the United States, and his funeral in 1880 was one of the largest Boston had witnessed for a long time. The speeches made at the graveside were subsequently published in a book to commemorate the event.

ONE DAY LAST SPRING I visited Forest Hill cemetery in South Boston where Karl Heinzen is buried. It is the biggest cemetery I have ever seen, but it is one of the best kept, and Heinzen's grave was not too difficult to find. On a little hill there was a statue with Heinzen's bust, nine feet high. On it there are two inscriptions. One is in German:

Die Freiheit war's die mir den Geist beschwingte,
die Wahrheit war's die mir das Herz verjüngt.
(Freedom inspired my spirit,
Truth rejuvenated my heart.)

And the second is in English:

His Life Work—the Elevation of Mankind.

[10] The explosive properties of nitro-glycerine were already known in the 1850s but it was only in the next decade, following Alfred Nobel's experiments, that it was put to practical use.

[11] Marx commented in a letter to his disciple Wedemeyer in New York: "Heinzen wants to become a martyr by threatening to devour hundreds of thousands of millions of men for breakfast. . . ."

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Paul Groves

A Plea for Uniformity

The heel who writes about Achilles
Gives me the willies;
I couldn't care a monkey's ballocks
For starry Pollux;
And those three Charities or Graces
Can go to blazes.

Yet poets will extol their beauty,
As if by duty,
Invoking that which never lived—
Let alone thrived
On superhuman cosmic powers.
The loss is ours

If hours are spent on learning of
The muse of love,
The god of lyres, or Hecuba. . . .
But Lucifer, the morning star:
How easily the same disclaim
Any attention to his name!

Yale sophomores may write a thesis
Upon Nemesis,
Bestow a quite illicit aura
Upon Pandora,
Or peddle lies designed to wean us
Off the truth, and on to Venus.

But mention ghost or poltergeist:
Each will react as if a heist
Were perpetrated. Mention God:
Disproof will flow like lemonade
– Or, more precisely, Seven Up.
The scholars that send Heaven up

Are just as numerous as those
Who will suppose
Prometheus stole fire from there,
Bringing a vulture from its lair
Across the awesome Stygian river
To peck his liver.

So Goodbye Agamemnon, Santa,
Atalanta,
Mickey Mouse and Rupert Bear:
Nor you, nor elves, nor God is there—
Or else, perhaps,
The whole range of recorded chaps

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From Tantalus to Superman
Run through Arcadian woods with Pan.
And as for Paris . . .
In Twentieth Century folklore, there is
Room for belief that the unholy
Aleister Crowley

Raised the son of Hermes in
That city, ending up insane.
There may be something in it; but
Whether or not the vaults stay shut,
And tales approach or become distant,
For Christ's sake let us be consistent.

Jenny Joseph

An instant on the viaduct

Moving at evening across the viaduct
On the regular train on ordinary business
The sun struck the side of the city before it sank
Leaving it flushed and softened when it had gone
And the bridge in the water fiery in the sunset.

The train stopped on the crossing, full, no doubt,
Of cargo and equipment necessary
To provender the country, everything working
More or less well, wheels turning, people fed.

What if, I thought, I sprang from off this bridge
And floated into that tower that holds the light
Unmeshed by "should" and "next day" and "your health"?

The sky shifted and crept back. The train moved.
I cannot leave it; not for nothing
I am commander of this Capitol.

I dare not leave, and yet I dare not not,
For out there is what feeds the city's power
That building I almost touch across the air
And far beyond the reach of such as I.

The dark curtained us in. I do not act.
I wait. The tower will topple anyway.

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MUSIC

Remembering the Notes

Knowing by Heart

By Martin Cooper

"YOU FORGET YOURSELF" used to be a stern rebuke which nevertheless contained an implicit compliment; for it presupposed a certain standard of behaviour accepted by both parties and only disregarded in a moment of unpardonable forgetfulness. No one would have used such a rebuke to a tramp, because it was not felt possible to presuppose in a tramp a self, or standard of behaviour, that could be either remembered or forgotten. "*You forget yourself*" was in fact the obverse of that more overtly exclusive, Chesterfieldian counsel "*Remember who you are.*" Both have a distinctly old-fashioned air about them today and are among the countless idiomatic élitisms, overt or implicit, of the language, no longer in common use but still no doubt suspiciously well understood.

There is a context, however, in which *to forget oneself* is a counsel of perfection, and who you are—or were—is the only thing that one can be sure of remembering. I heard the performance of Verdi's *Requiem* conducted by Toscanini at the Queen's Hall in 1938; and until I really thought what I meant, I used to say that I remembered it. Now I am more guarded, for what I in fact remember is the effect that it had upon me at the time. If I were asked to identify Toscanini's tempo for the controversial opening bars or the distinguishing characteristics of Kerstin Thorborg's singing of the mezzo-soprano solo part, I could hardly give a firmer answer than someone who had not been present at the concert. In what sense, then, have I forgotten or remembered that experience? I feel convinced that, although I cannot recall to my consciousness any details, Toscanini's interpretation has had a deep influence on my understanding of Verdi's *Requiem* itself, and also more generally on my unconscious standards of interpretation and performance. For these are built up like a coral reef, in minute fragments and beneath the surface, to emerge as resistant to change, as inconveniently sharp and jagged as the coral reef itself.

IN WHAT WAY OTHER THAN THIS can artistic standards be formed? We are no more obliged to remember consciously the details of that formation than we are obliged to remember the food which builds our bodies. Reading offers perhaps clearer examples than listening to music. I first read *Anna Karenina* when I was 18 and had none of the emotional experience needed to appreciate Tolstoy's understanding of the conflicts in Anna herself, of Karenin's pathos or Vronsky's ambiguity. At that first reading these were all subordinate to the immediately winning personality of Levin; and it was only twenty years later that I comprehended the whole web of relationships and the art with which it was spun. Yet at that second reading I became aware how much I had absorbed of the story and how certain scenes, which I could be said to have "forgotten", had in fact coloured my imagination as a boy and no doubt formed particles in that reef of standards which, once formed, acts as a barrier against the pretentious, the second-rate and the *faux bon*.

Premature acquaintance with another, admittedly very different masterpiece, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, was a purely negative experience, for this was something quite beyond my powers of comprehension when I first heard it at the age of 22. I was only conscious of being in contact with a huge explosion of intellectual and emotional energy which often offended my pleasure-loving ears, baffled my musical understanding and my sense of musical propriety, and left me for the time being effectively alienated. Only the experience of many subsequent performances and some hard work outside the concert-hall have gradually enabled me to come (humbly, too, it might be added) to terms with music whose supreme greatness has a Himalayan quality, challenging the brave but warning the rest of us to stick to the plains, or at least to attempt no more than the foothills of aesthetic experience.

If there is no sure method of testing the accuracy of one's memory of a performance except by comparing it with a recording or a tape, the remembering of music itself presents other problems, first among which is the variety of senses in which we use the expression. *To remember* a musical composition may, in ordinary speech, mean anything from being able to conduct a whole opera (or play a whole concerto) by heart to being able to whistle the next two bars of a Schubert song and, perhaps, to identify a wrong note in the vocal line or a wrong harmony in the accompaniment. Remembering a piece of music is generally used to denote something rather less precise than "knowing" it. Whereas we speak of remembering general outlines and characteristics, we say that we "know" such facts as the number and description of a symphony's

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movements and perhaps salient points of orchestration—"that marvellous bit for the horns in the slow movement", or Orsino's "dying fall."

NONE OF THIS VAGUE and essentially passive acquaintance with a work has anything in common with the precise and active memorising essential to the performer. This ability to memorise is one of the many subtle ingredients which together constitute the difference between the true solo-performer and the member of an orchestra or a chorus, neither of whom is asked to commit his part to memory.

There is an implicit reference to this faculty in a linguistic usage common to French and English, but not (I believe) to other European languages. Where the other Romance languages refer plainly to the faculty of recall (*a mente, a memoria, de memoria*)—and German (*auswendig*) and Russian (*naizust*) both stress the exterior, parrot-like element in memorising—French and English both speak of learning "by heart." (It is no doubt a good thing for us that we are not quite alone in this, or we should undoubtedly be accused of a characteristic sentimentality and ignoring of the intellect, from which the French connection saves us.) But how in fact is the "heart" involved?

The medieval division of the soul's faculties, which still provides a good rough guide to their respective functions in determining human activity, casts some light on the subject. Intellect (or understanding), memory (the power of recall) and will (the motor force) all play a part in the memorising of music. The proportions in which they are concerned will vary, both with the individual artist and with the type of music which he has to memorise. The singer and the player of all instruments (except the piano) are concerned with a single line of sound—its rhythm, its contour, the minute variations of colour, dynamics and pace which mark its course, and the precise relationship of that course to the music which surrounds or supports it. The part played by the intellect in a singer's memorising the role of, say, *Tosca* will clearly be very different in both quantity and quality from that in a pianist's memorising Beethoven's *Hammerklavier* sonata.

To commit to memory the fugal finale of the *Hammerklavier* without understanding its structure is, I suppose, theoretically possible, but only to those rare performers who enjoy a power of total recall. Normally an intellectual grasp of the musical structure is absolutely essential in this case. The power of recall in its humbler manifestations is, of course, the raw material of memory and is to some extent involuntary; so that there is a sense in which music may be recalled like any other physical sensation. For the serious performer, however, the power of recall must ideally be reinforced first by understanding the structure and the nature of the work: and then may be further fortified by visual and what may be called generically "tactile" aids. The look of the music on the printed page is probably to most performers a far less potent aid to memory than the feel of it under their fingers, in their throats or on their lips, as the case may be.

In a recent essay on "Memory and Attention in Music"[1] Diana Deutsch also traces a hierarchy, within any existing musical language, of

> "a priori probabilities of occurrence for notes standing in various positions along the scale. In traditional Western diatonic music for example, statistics show that the tonic is most often followed by the subdominant or dominant and then, in decreasing order of probability, by the supertonic and the mediant."

In fact she is recording information instinctively possessed by any musical practitioner and even by any music-lover who, as it were, knows the musical language concerned.

IT IS THE DISAPPOINTMENT of this expectation which has told most strongly with music-lovers against serial music, where they are not instinctively aware of any possibilities or probabilities, and there is therefore no intrinsic ebb and flow in the listener's consciousness. Where there is no generally accepted harmonic norm, it is only possible to achieve the sense of relaxation by alterations of pitch and, most importantly, dynamics. Serial music is for this reason more difficult than diatonic to commit to memory. Arnold Schoenberg was unwilling to recognise this, on the grounds that

> "a musical creator's mind can operate subconsciously with a row of tones, regardless of their direction, regardless of the way in which a mirror might show the mutual relations, which remain a given quantity."

In fact he has been proved right in the sense that many performers today are able to memorise serial music, just as many singers can perform serial works, judged at first to be unsingable. On the other hand, the majority of music-lovers, even those who have had some musical training, still find a major difficulty in appreciating music composed according to a conscious method rather than conceived in an existing, shared language: and this is fundamentally the performer's difficulty in memorising such music.

Every musical performance involves an infinity

[1] *Music and the Brain: Studies in the Neurology of Music*. Edited by MACDONALD CRITCHLEY and R. A. HENSON. Heinemann, £11.50.

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of minute physical gestures differing according to the instrument played, but all dictated by the brain—striking and releasing, increasing and decreasing pressure of hand, arm or breath. Together these produce the infinitesimal variations of tempo, rhythm, colour, touch, attack and release that distinguish one interpretation from another.

Ideally, all these movements should have become instinctive before the performer goes on to the platform, though he will still make minute variations in each performance. In perhaps the majority of performances, however, it is soon clear that the part played by the performer's brain is virtually unconscious, and relates to the correct performance of these physical gestures rather than to re-living the composer's experience. In that case, memory is quasi-automatic and what may be roughly described as emotional.

And this brings us to the third of the faculties identified by the schoolmen—the will, or motor force, without which understanding and the power of recall are useless. However primitive it may be, every musical composition has both a skeleton (*i.e.* a musical structure that can be tabulated) and a living body (*i.e.* an emotional life) which can be roughly plotted on a graph but cannot be expressed in words. To memorise the skeleton is comparatively simple, but to recreate the living entity is comparable only to the actor's re-creation of character on the stage.

Once a solo performer has mastered the technique of his instrument his first task is to acquire a repertory, which means learning by heart works with the great majority of which he is already very familiar. Since performing talent generally shows itself early and includes a large element of mimicry, most young artists come to the works they set out to memorise with a very clear conception, a blend of what their teachers have told them and what they have admired in the performances they have heard in the concert-hall or on record. Most bring at least some contribution of their own to their performances. But perhaps the greatest threat to a young artist's development lies in the temptation to continue into maturity to reproduce, unconsciously and to an increasing degree mechanically, the emotional diagram or stereotype of a work that he accepted as a student. One of the unmistakable hallmarks of a great artist is an ability to re-live at every performance the emotional life of the work which he is playing. The commonest formula for success with the public, on the other hand, is to reproduce on every occasion the conventional stereotype of a work with the maximum of technical brilliance, personal charm, and just the right amount of rhetorical exaggeration needed to make every feature tell.

WHY IS THIS "simulated emotion", this scrupulously observed and skilfully presented stereotype—a package-deal in an attractive wrapping—often more effective with the public than the genuine re-creation, the personal re-living of a work?

I think it is probably because there is always something disturbing, an element of the unexpected (and, to the conventional mind, of the slightly indecent) in the spectacle of birth, even the rebirth of a work of art. A "brilliant" stereotype is guaranteed not to disturb and demands the minimum of attention. Moreover, the conditions of concert-giving today make it increasingly difficult to avoid stereotyped performances except by contradicting the work's nature.

At least ninety-five per cent of the average performing artist's repertory consists of music written between 1700 and 1920, already much performed and very often familiar from recordings by great artists. The great majority of young performers are content to follow in these by now very well-known tracks, while the few who deliberately react against tradition often reveal themselves as wilful rather than original. It is only a very small minority who are willing to accept and, as it were, digest the traditional conception of a work and, fortified by that sustenance, to make their own fresh approach to the music, to re-create and re-live it as a personal experience. This process in fact demands qualities of character and intelligence rare, and perhaps even unnecessary, in the performers of the past, for whom much of this music was all but contemporary. The dazzling virtuoso and the natural charmer will always have their public, as they should. But the originality most characteristic of the latter half of the 20th century is less of personality than of character, more consciously concerned with intellectual and emotional truth than with sensuous beauty.

DOES THIS MEAN IN EFFECT THAT memorising today is less "learning by heart" than it was formerly? Is the role played by the emotions smaller than it was, say, a century or even half-a-century ago?

We have no means of giving any certain answers to these questions. But it seems probable that in this, as in other similar cases, we are not so different from our great-grandfathers as we used to think. Where we are different is in the obsessive analysis of our own processes, in the explanations we feel impelled to give ourselves of our own feelings and actions, that self-consciousness which in its extreme form makes the lives of many intelligent and sophisticated people re-

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semble exercises before a looking-glass, a kind of *ballet aux miroirs*. This self-consciousness can severely restrict and deform, if it does not altogether cripple creative powers. And it partly explains the particular jejune, sterile quality of much that is written, composed, and painted today. A kind of naive intellectual pretentiousness is the commonest fault in all the contemporary arts, and will no doubt be identified by our great-grandchildren as easily (and as contemptuously) as we identified the emotional gluttony and hypertrophy of bad 19th-century art.

The reaction against that hypertrophy was violent and prolonged, and there was a time between the two World Wars when arbiters of intellectual and aesthetic elegance, led by Stravinsky, might well have laughed at "learning by heart." There is a good account of Viennese musical taste in the 1940s in Alfred Brendel's recent book *Musical Thoughts and Afterthoughts*.[2]

> "Piano students played Beethoven as if he had learnt composition from Hindemith. Romanticism was disparaged as something vague, disorderly, dreamy, Utopian. . . . It was identified with pathos, sentimentality, luxuriance, frequent arpeggio chords and the neglect of strict time-keeping. . . .What went unnoticed was that Classicism itself was one of the illusions of the moment. Despite an occasional undercurrent of aggressiveness, and despite its apparent reluctance to take itself seriously, Classicism simulated an order which no longer existed."

In chronicling the signs of reaction against this unnatural austerity Alfred Brendel speaks of the "nostalgic revival" of Schubert's sonatas and Mahler's symphonies. And we should not blink the fact that all such revivals and nostalgias are the hallmarks of an age orientated towards the past rather than the future, and in danger from the mentality of the connoisseur or the museum-director. This has always, with rare exceptions, run counter to contemporary art; and it has often given rise to acute personal enmities between the connoisseur (expert in the art of the past and unable to conceive other criteria in judging the art of his own day) and the creator and his champions.

The two attitudes were perfectly summed up in the persons of Bernard Berenson and Herbert Read. Which of these two men was in the wrong? Neither—or both, in the shared belief that each was in some way engaged upon the same pursuit as the other.

MUSIC DIFFERS FROM the visual arts in the sense that the music of the past can be re-created, by performance, in a way that has no parallel in painting or sculpture. The reaction described by Brendel has certainly recovered for us works that seemed irretrievably dead, such as Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsodies* in his own hands.

And yet there can be no return to the emotional self-indulgence and personality-parading which were once thought part of a musical performance. The quality of an artist's emotional comprehension of the work he has to perform is still the chief determinant of the quality of his performance. But that comprehension is itself qualified and supported, modified in expression and extended in range and depth, by what are basically intellectual factors undreamed of by the instinctive performers of the past. Perhaps the ideal of control—which presupposes a highly developed consciousness—is the most important modern addition to the performer's ideal. This control does not preclude moments of emotional outburst, even violence, nor does it imply a merely safe interpretation. It does, on the other hand, require a knowledge of the work as a living organism—a "knowing by heart" that is much more than a feat of recall and resembles rather a personal relationship, both in the qualities which it demands and in the experience which it communicates.

[2] *Musical Thoughts and Afterthoughts*. By ALFRED BRENDEL. ROBSON BOOKS, £5.25

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NOTES & TOPICS

Unreal Estate

The Wrongs of Copyright—By MICHAEL HOLROYD

AS A DEVICE for turning men of letters into businessmen, the law of copyright has been a convincing failure—and nowhere more so than America. In that most businesslike of countries where, even when life is held cheap, property will be expensive, authors might reasonably expect the protection of a strong national copyright. Instead they have found, from the days of piracy to the modern technological revolution, that many moves aimed at fortifying the law have produced an opposite result. The idiosyncrasies of US copyright became so tedious and were so little understood that writers and publishers were tempted to ignore the law altogether, with results that affected British and other foreign authors whose books were published there. Unable to participate in the international Berne agreement in 1955, American copyright showed signs of drifting back to the knockabout world from which the 1909 copyright provisions had been intended to rescue us all. The law giveth, and the law taketh away. The situation grew so confused that writers were entitled to ask: what has gone wrong?

To begin with, it seems doubtful whether Congress ever understood that copyright is property. As a commodity it is too abstract, too sophisticated, for political digestion. Lawyers and Congressmen treated it more in the nature of a charity or even, in some instances, of a threat to free speech. Because it is invisible they claimed they could not see it, and tended to think more of the owner of an original document (which they could see) than its author. Unlike its twin, patent law, there has never been big money in copyright: so the American mind took a long time to wake up and is not yet fully awake.

In the book world, printers are far stronger than either publishers or authors and it is their interests that, before 1955, were largely reflected in various alterations to the law. Unlike their co-producers, printers take no risks. They are the only party certain to make a profit on every title published and on every issue of a periodical. Publishers have a left and a right hand—the University Presses and the Commercial Houses: and it is a pity that one seldom knows what the other is doing. American writers are distressingly similar to writers in other parts of the world: born anarchists, paranoiacally incapable of mutual cooperation even for their own advantage. Literary agents and booksellers look on and make the best they can of a ramshackle situation. Books are reduced in price so fast that it is almost a free-for-all. There is no organisation in America—comparable to the National Book League in Britain—that represents all these groups in dealing with the government. So little general improvement is likely.

The 1909 copyright law was an engagingly out-of-date contraption even when it was first introduced. Under its provisions you registered a book for twenty-eight years from the date of publication and then, if you had a long memory and some head for mathematics, you registered it again for a further twenty-eight years. Some remembered, others did not. There were, of course, benefits in bad law for some people. They are in no sense crooks who take maximum advantage of legal anomalies. Small publishers, whose trade is mainly with libraries, have been enterprising in the exploitation of cheap unauthorised editions—books that legally or illegally pay no royalties. An amiable muddle congealed the book business and was symbolised by the oddly-named Universal Copyright Convention (*UCC*—an appropriate sound) which had been formed after the Berne agreement.

THE CHANGES so urgently needed have come with a peculiarly democratic style and speed: that is to say, slowly, clumsily, and with massive compromise. During 1960 and 1961, new copyright measures had been codified and printed, and by 1964, ten years after Berne, a draft was introduced to Congress. It was shuttled around, lobbied, altered and talked about for a further ten years. In 1974 a version passed the Senate, but failed with the House of Representatives. The

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following year was taken up with hearings. Then, on 19 February 1976, a Bill passed the Senate, while on 22 September another passed the House. Unfortunately, since the two Bills differed, politicians found they had accomplished nothing conclusive. The situation seemed to call for the orchestration of Gilbert and Sullivan. In desperation a Conference Committee was set up with representatives from the relevant committees in each House of Congress. It was an Ultimate Committee, a committee to end all other committees: and it did so by issuing a compromise Bill (printed in the *Congressional Record* 29 September 1976 section for the House of Representatives pp.H11709 *et seq.*). The Bill was enacted on 30 September and delivered a week later to President Ford who had ten days (excluding Sundays) in which to sign it or exercise his vote. On the last day he signed it.

For works first published after 1 January 1978, the copyright period will be the lifetime of the author plus fifty years. The current extension term has been extended by 19 years to a total of 75 years which Congress considers to be approximately equivalent to 50 posthumous years. In so far as this is simpler it is better. One of the reasons suggested for this extension is that it will bring American law more in line with the general practice elsewhere, at last enabling the United States to join the 65-nation international copyright agreement. At first glance this seems sensible; but there is little evidence that those responsible for these amendments took a second glance.

THE COPYRIGHT LAW in Britain also has a fifty years expiration date following the death of the author. Any extension of the duration of copyright seems like a strengthening of the law: but in practice it must have the reverse effect, benefiting the dead at the expense (for example in terms of fees for quotations) of the living writer. It must also raise the price of certain categories of books, the extra money from library expenditure and from the loyal book-buying public going to increasingly distant relatives of the dead writers. Apart from this remote class of person, only the government itself is likely to receive more revenue, the greater theoretical value of copyright attracting real and larger death duties. Both in America and Britain, copyright is in danger of being turned into a cosmetic for embalming our ancestors. *The Canfield Decision* by Spiro T. Agnew will be encircled by the full majesty of copyright until the middle of the 21st century, long after it has been engulfed in oblivion. Is this the sort of imaginative reform we have been seeking?

Parliament will soon have to consider legislation following the report of the Whitford Committee on copyright. There is an opportunity in Britain for doing something more realistic than has been done in America. I would suggest, for example, a two-stage copyright system: the first stage (roughly as at present) to operate during the author's life; the second (a far more lenient version allowing greater free quotation and reduced royalties for reissuing entire books) to come into force posthumously. Such a measure would be equitable for writers, publishers, book-buyers and libraries. Only the dead would suffer.

THE TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCES in information storage, retrieval, and distribution in the last 25 years made a revision of copyright in all countries imperative. The amendments to American copyright appear dreadfully inadequate. Teachers will be allowed under their new law to make royalty-free copies of a writer's work for what is termed "face-to-face" classroom teaching: they will not be permitted to make more wholesale reproduction. Libraries may make similar copies of articles from scholarly magazines—provided these copies are for private study. And so on. Through the fog of good intentions one can dimly make out a wish to be fair. But without the compass of copyright we are lost. This chart of *do's* and *don'ts* can't lead anywhere. The impedimenta of minor modifications merely get in the way. As a code it can't possibly work because no one can superintend it. It is a schoolmaster's treaty designed for a small closed community of disciplined pupils: in the outside world it is shipwreck. Can anyone seriously doubt that the law has been broken on the first day of its life—and will continue to be broken every day thereafter? This is the essence of bad law.

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY of applying copyright in this age of the copying machine. Each company marketing such machines should be required to pay an annual copyright licence fee—calculated as a percentage of its turnover or on the number of its machines in use. They may, of course, pass on this extra cost to the customer by making xeroxes and other copies more expensive. This money would be paid into a central fund for the benefit of authors, used or distributed in accordance with advice from various writers' organisations. Once Public Lending Right becomes law, the machinery for distributing income will exist. The proliferation of copies cannot be stopped: it must be brought within the law. British writers are now looking to Parliament to recognise in new legislation that they cannot continue to subsidise the modern habit of reprography.

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The Triumph of Scylla

Lukács' Theory of Realism—By LAURENCE LERNER

THE AIM OF THIS ESSAY is at the same time modest and bold. There is a tendency in contemporary Marxist thought to insist on seeing any individual work of Marxist theory as part of a developing system: Lukács on realism can only be understood if it is seen as developing out of Lukács on *History and Class Consciousness*, which in turn must be related to the tension between materialist and dialectical strains in Marxism, to understand which one must begin with Hegel. . . . I had better say at once that I am not a philosopher, am not competent to trace the relationship with Hegel, and do not know Lukács' work well enough to study his literary theory as part of a developing philosophical position. In the eyes of many followers of Lukács this confession will seem not merely modest but incapacitating; and to proceed to write a critique (and a hostile critique at that) of Lukács on realism will be dismissed as presumptuous lunacy.

But the tendency I have described has one great, indeed enormous, defect. To relate a theory so elaborately to its genesis, to place it so thoroughly in a tradition, seems to prevent one from actually using it. I have been very struck, in almost all the discussions of Lukács I have read, by how little they say about actual works of literature.[1] In spelling out the way one work of his led to another, or showing how much more fully we understand him if we understand Hegel, they say a good deal about his theory of the novel, but virtually nothing about novels. Now if literary criticism is treated in this way, it will be swallowed up by philosophy; and since Lukács himself cannot be accused of ignoring actual works of literature, and since I do know and care for many of the novels he discusses, I shall make bold to treat his theory of the realistic novel as just that.

I MUST BEGIN by expounding the theory as I understand it. For this I have relied mainly on the following books, all available in English: *Studies in European Realism, The Meaning of Contemporary Realism, Writer and Critic, The Historical Novel.*[2] Lukács is a prolific but also a repetitive writer, and from the recurrent assertions in these works a general picture of his theoretical position does emerge. This is what it says:

[1] For example: Werner Mittenzwei, the East German critic, describes the development of Lukács' thought in an essay of 100 pages ("Gesichtspunkte: zur Entwicklung der literaturetheoretischen Position Georg Lukács" in *Dialog & Kontroverse mit Georg Lukács*, Reclam, 1975). It is an extremely informative general survey, which mentions in passing the "extraordinarily valuable particular results" of his literary criticism, without feeling any need to specify, let alone defend, any of these. George Lichtheim went further still (*Lukács*, in *Modern Masters*, Fontana, 1970). He considered literary criticism an inferior activity to "conceptual totalisation in the Hegelian-Marxist sense", and so distinguished Lukács' "genuinely theoretical studies" from those which discuss actual works of literature, and are, in comparison, trivial. The gap between that position and the position of this essay is unbridgeable. István Mészáros, Lukács' most distinguished follower in the English-speaking world, shows the centrality in Lukács' thought of the interacting concepts of totality and mediation (*Lukács' Concept of Dialectic*, Merlin Press, 1972), admitting that the theoretical nature of his conception of mediation can lead him to misdescribe historical situations—and, one might add, novels. "Lukács' achievements are outstanding", writes Mészáros, "in those of his works in which the inquiry can legitimately remain at a more abstract level." But can it ever, in literary criticism?

Other discussions of Lukács available in English include: George Steiner, *Language and Silence*, Faber 1967; Fredric Jameson, *Marxism and Form*, Princeton 1971; Diana T. Laurenson and Alan Swingewood, *The Sociology of Literature*, MacGibbon & Kee 1972; Terry Eagleton, *Marxism and Literary Criticism*, Methuen 1976; and the following articles in *New Left Review*: Stanley Mitchell, "Marxism and Art" in no. 23 (January–February 1964); "Lukács on his life and work" (an interview) in no. 68 (July–August 1971); Brecht, "Against George Lukács", with a good anonymous introduction, in no. 84 (March–April 1974); and Michel Löwy, "Lukács and Stalinism" in no. 91 (May–June 1975).

[2] The four books by Lukács discussed in this essay are all published in England by the Merlin Press.

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First, that realism involves social understanding, so that the individual is explained in terms of the social forces behind him. Central to the realistic novel, according to Lukács, is the idea of the *type*, the outstanding individual who is at the same time the representative of significant social forces. "The realism of Balzac rests on a uniformly complete rendering of the particular individual traits of each of his characters on the one hand, and the traits which are typical of them as representatives of a class on the other" (*SER*, Ch. 1). Society must be depicted not simply as a backdrop to essentially individual conflicts, but as the necessary material for understanding these conflicts. "The inner truth of the works of the great realists rests on the fact that they arise from life itself, that their artistic characteristics are reflections of the social structure of the life lived by the artist himself" (*SER*, Ch. 6). "Richness and depth in characterisation depend upon richness and depth in the grasp of the social process" (*W & C*, p. 173). If the social process is grasped in such richness and depth, then meticulous documentation is unnecessary: hence Lukács' constant attack on the piling up of social detail by the naturalists, which he sees as a substitute for the "intensive totality of essential social factors."

We can pause here and ask: what is the opposite of realism? Is this a descriptive theory contrasting realistic with non-realistic modes, or a normative theory contrasting good literature with bad? It is a problem that theories of realism always encounter, because of the constant tendency to claim that there is a higher realism, a truer realism, that embraces the life of dream, of fantasy, of idealisation, which are just as real as (or even more real than) the surface of social behaviour. Dostoevsky saw himself as a realist; I have heard Kafka claimed as a realist. There is an insight here but it does take us to the point where we no longer need the term: for if *all* genuine literary expression is in some wider sense realistic, then there is only one true literary mode. A term like realism seems most useful to distinguish one way of writing from another (equally valid) one, such as fantasy or romance or symbolism.

It is not easy to be sure of Lukács' position on this point. In *The Historical Novel* the contrast is with drama. Certain crises of human life issue naturally in dramatic form. In a play, these are shown as clashes of individuals: for Shakespeare and the classical dramatists, the world of human action is seen as the pure and direct relations of people to one another, and these people will therefore be those at the centre of the action. But the great historical figures who occupy the centre of the stage in a historical drama are only minor characters in the historical novel. The hero of a Scott novel is a middling, unheroic young man, whose personality develops as we watch, whereas the statesmen, generals and religious leaders enter the book, as it were, ready-made. It is not their development as individuals that concerns us, but the crisis in the lives of ordinary people that gives them their social significance. Lukács quotes Balzac to the effect that Scott's plots march towards the appearance of great heroes in the same way that history itself did. In the historical novel, as in the epic which Lukács sees as its origin, the personal crisis of the individual occupies a position in the total processes of life; in tragedy it occupies the centre.

That, then, is an instance of Lukács using his idea of realism descriptively, as one of a number of equally legitimate modes. In his discussion of Theodor Fontane, however (in *Deutsche Realisten des 19 Jahrhunderts*), Lukács distinguishes two ways of depicting marriage in the *Eheroman*, the novel of marriage, and insists that when it is shown in purely individual terms as only personal, accidental, eccentric, even pathological, then we have dropped into mere *belles lettres*. This is certainly normative, and belongs with Lukács' thoroughgoing attack on naturalism and aestheticism as the complementary substitutes that appear when the great days of realism are over. If substitutes for realism are inferior, then the scope of the term "realism" will be enlarged, and in *Writer and Critic* we do find just that: "It is not necessary that the phenomena delineated be derived from daily life, or even from life at all. That is, free play of the creative imagination and unrestrained fantasy are compatible with the Marxist concept of realism. Among the literary achievements Marx especially valued are the fantastic tales of Balzac and E. T. A. Hoffman."

REALISM THEN can be seen as one possible mode (when contrasted with drama) or as the one true mode (when contrasted with naturalism, the *Eheroman*, or modernism). It is the second of these that is central to Lukács' theory, since he uses the norms of realism for his celebrated attacks on modernism. These attacks are the most famous element in Lukács' criticism. The extreme contrasts between different streams that all bear the modern label constitute for Lukács a demonstration of their weakness: naturalism and aestheticism (Hauptmann and Huysmans), montage and fantasy (Dos Passos and Kafka), stream of consciousness (Joyce) and the *Art poétique* of Verlaine—all these are partial, where Scott and Balzac are whole. In the same way decadent bourgeois thought splits into mechanistic determinism on the one hand, idealism on the

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other, whereas dialectical materialism is a unity. There is no doubt about the strength of Lukács' hostility to modernism, which sometimes sounds very like the hostility of the traditionalist, indignant at the reductive cynicism that ignores the nobility of man: "If Joyce had set Napoleon on the toilet of the petit bourgeois Bloom, he would merely have emphasised what was common to both Napoleon and Bloom" (*W & C*, p. 180).

This of course is the point at which Marxist rejection of Lukács strikes. There is now a widespread view, almost an orthodoxy, in the new generation of Marxist critics, that runs like this: The marvellous insight which Lukács brings into the great realists of the last century has, alas, incapacitated him from appreciating modernism. His dismissal of modernism as static and unhistorical is just the kind of rigid Marxist dogma we have at last broken free of. The dismissal of Proust, Kafka and Joyce as decadent reactionaries is a narrowness for which Lukács is partly responsible, and has impeded a truly flexible Marxist literary theory. And so instead of Lukács the fathers of neo-Marxist criticism are Benjamin and Brecht: Benjamin because he is a natural materialist, constantly looking for explanations in terms of substructure, while at the same time subtly responsive to the shifts in sensibility that led to modernism; Brecht because he filled the techniques of expressionism with revolutionary social content, and because he offered modern Marxism another way of looking at tradition. He asked why the "*Restauraltionschriftsteller*" should be preferred to the revolutionary aesthetic of the rising bourgeoisie. Why could not Voltaire, Diderot and Richardson, for instance, represent a better tradition than Scott and Balzac? The Brecht-Lukács debate is now much discussed in both Germanies, and leads to a Marxist alternative to Lukács' aesthetic.

I ought to say that that is not the position of this essay. Though to me Brecht is the greatest modern dramatist, and Benjamin a subtler critic than Lukács, I have much sympathy with Lukács' view of modernism. That Kafka, Eliot and Beckett, by seeing man as isolated, irrational and non-social, have reduced our conception of man, have invited us into rat's alley, is important and needs to be said. It has often been said crudely, and by those totally unable to respond to the genius of these modern writers. Worse still, the practice of saying it is intimately involved with censorship, repression and fulminations against capitalist decadence. Nonetheless, it needs saying, and Lukács' way of saying it can still teach us something.

But the area of Lukács' criticism I want to criticise here is just that area which is regarded as its strongest point: his theory of realism. It is on the 19th century that I want to test Lukács. Before doing so, however, I must continue with the exposition.

THE SOCIAL PROCESS that lies behind the typical figure of realist fiction is to be understood in Marxist terms. What the novelist is depicting is a struggle between classes, and, in the 19th century, the rise of the bourgeoisie. In this process 1848 is a crucial moment: until then, the bourgeoisie are a progressive class and their literary mode—realism—is capable of producing masterpieces. But after 1848 the bourgeois revolution is over, and they are now a reactionary force: this means the end of great realistic fiction. "In a Balzac novel a court of law is not simply an institution with certain social functions, as in the books written after 1848. It is a battlefield of various social struggles, and every interrogation of a suspect, every drawing up of a document, every court sentence is the result of intricate social tugs-of-war whose every phase we are invited to witness" (*SER*, Ch. 6). That states very clearly what Lukács has in mind when he insists on the social forces behind the individual; and the phrase "as in books written after 1848" is no *obiter dictum*, for it is stated over and over again. In *HN* Ch. 3 he lists examples of how the bourgeois ideology of progress, after 1848, becomes a class ideology, no longer appealing to the progressive element in *all* classes. The literary consequences of this were disastrous. "The evolution of bourgeois society after 1848 destroyed the subjective conditions which made a great realism possible" (*SER*, Ch. 6). "What was new after 1848 was not merely that writers used commonplace reality as thematic material but that writers limited themselves exclusively to the aspects and phenomena of everyday existence" (*W. & C.*, p. 164).

Lukács is very careful not to turn his theory into a way of judging writers by their political position. He is concerned with novels, not with the opinions of those who wrote them. So Balzac's reactionary opinions do not prevent his novels from offering insight into the social forces depicted. The Utopian schemes and economic panaceas that Balzac believed in have only the most shadowy and general appearance in his novels; whereas the noble, bourgeois and peasant who battle for power in his fiction are there in all their fullness of social reality. The fact that Balzac criticised capitalism from a feudal, Romantic, reactionary position did not prevent him from showing the brilliance and shrewdness of the capitalists, nor from depicting his beloved nobility as careerists, harlots and fools. This is

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the view of fiction we now know in Lawrence's aphorism, never trust the teller, trust the tale; and the critic who understands that is at any rate preserved from the extremes of political simplification.

Lukács was not the first to see Balzac this way. His whole view of Balzac can be regarded as an elaboration of Engels' famous letter to Margaret Harkness, in which we find the claim that Balzac is "a far greater master of realism than all the Zolas *passés présents et à venir*", and the same distinction, quite clearly drawn, between his reactionary political opinions ("his sympathies are all with the class doomed to extinction") and the penetrating honesty of the social vision conveyed in the novels, the fact that his satire is never keener than when depicting "the very men and women with whom he sympathises most deeply", and that "the only men of whom he always speaks with undisguised admiration are his bitterest political antagonists." The letter in fact is a succinct and vivid summary of Lukács' whole argument and makes one realise what a literary critic we might have had in Engels. And—a small ironic postscript—this view of Balzac had already been propounded (in an essay called *"Les romanciers naturalistes"*, 1881) by no less a person than Zola! Discussing Balzac's political opinions, he remarks on the striking contrast between his support of absolute power and the essentially democratic talent that produced the most revolutionary *oeuvre* we have; and goes on to speculate on the fascinating problem of how a man's genius can run counter to his convictions.

SO MUCH for exposition. In discussing the thesis, and proposing objections to it, I shall take the two parts separately. First, the more literary assertion, that realism must involve an understanding of social change. Can a novelist really understand his characters if he places them in a social situation that is static? Second, the more historical assertion, that since realism is a bourgeois form, its possibilities of greatness are exhausted after 1848. Is this a tenable view of 19th-century history? And is it a fair judgment on 19th-century literature? Since any literary theory must in the end be judged by what it can tell us about actual books, I shall then turn to particulars, and examine what Lukács has to say about a few novels. And finally I shall return to the most general question of all, and ask what criteria Lukács uses when judging literature.

Does the novelist need to show the forces of social change? Is the development of the hero in the *Bildungsroman* fully comprehensible only as a manifestation of conflicting social pressures?

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In the case of some novelists, the answer is clearly yes. Julien Sorel is the *petit paysan*, and the weakness of French society lies in the very fact that it needs the infusion of talent such upstarts provide, while at the same time being ready to despise them simply because they are upstarts. Balzac's concern with new money and old money, with the battle over property (*qui terre a guerre a*) and with rising and falling fortunes, is obviously central to his work. But Lukács is not simply saying that realism *can* tell us about social change, he is saying that it *must*; so it is necessary to ask if any of the major novelists fail to do so. Like any theory, it must be tested on examples that don't seem to fit. Who are the novelists who offer us the growth and conflicts of the individual without locating that as part of the growth of society as the conflict of social forces? I can think of two: Jane Austen, whom Lukács does not discuss, and Fontane, whom he does.

THE CENTRAL SITUATION of a Jane Austen novel shows us the immature but delightful heroine learning to know herself, and so finding her place in society. The lessons she has to learn, and the place she has to fit into, are already there: it is she who has to change, not the situation. We can see this from the titles: what we are shown is the encounter of timeless passions like pride and prejudice, or the contrast between psychological types, like sense and sensibility; when the moral norm is socially embodied it is in the unchanging institution of the country house, like Mansfield Park. Jane Austen's whole literary method is traditional: fixed moral qualities and humour-figures lurk beneath the surface of her sparkling realism. Lately, this has become a less fashionable view of Jane Austen and critics have tended to tell us that she is well aware of the forces of change in her society. As an example of this newer fashion we can take David Daiches, writing in a book that takes its starting point from Lukács (*Aspects of History and Class Consciousness*, edited by István Mészáros). He attributes to Jane Austen "a modified aristocratic position moralised under bourgeois influence", and makes out a strong case: but such a description is the critic's explanation of attitudes that Jane Austen herself saw in terms of fixed personal morality. "It is an aristocratic trait in Jane Austen that she should be frank about money", says Daiches. I am sure that Jane Austen did not see it as aristocratic but as comic: her motives were artistic, however ingeniously the socially-aware critic may relate them to social groupings. As an illustration of Jane Austen's awareness of "the economic foundations of the society in which she lived", Daiches cites the marriage of Charlotte Lucas, desperate with spinsterhood, to the pompous and ridiculous Collins. But this is not the economic but the financial basis we are being shown—*i.e.* the importance of economic constraints on the individual, not their operation in society. What Jane Austen does not give us is an awareness that the institutional structures which have put so many Charlottes in that situation could conceivably be different. That would really be social awareness.

And Fontane? Fontane is a realist to the backbone. There is not the faintest trace in his work of the old Morality-figures that (perhaps) leave a clear imprint in Jane Austen. He is a marvellously perceptive observer of a particular social situation in 19th-century Prussia; but that need not mean that he explains it in terms of social *change*. *Irrungen-Wirrungen* is the story of a man's liaison, with a girl below him in social station, and his marriage, with a girl he is expected to marry, and why the one has to give place to the other. Nothing surprising happens—as so often in Fontane, there is very little plot—and the centre of the book is a long meditation by Botho, the hero, on why he ("an average member of the so-called upper class of society") will not do anything unexpected, much as he longs to. "*Das Herkommen bestimmt unser Tun*" is his conclusion: custom determines our actions. The corresponding moment in *Effi Briest* is Instettin's decision to fight a duel with his wife's seducer. In a long and interesting debate, both with himself and with his friend Wüllersdorf, he asks himself why he has to do this. The affair happened six years ago and he feels no wish for revenge: commonsense as much as compassion urges him to let the matter drop, but he cannot, because his life henceforward will be full of social situations in which he will not know where to look, in which he will glance at Wüllersdorf to see if he is smiling wryly. *Das Herkommen bestimmt sein Tun*: or, to use the corresponding sentence in this novel, "*man gehört einem Ganzen an*"—we are part of a whole.

Now in all this there is one point that is never made, nor even, so far as I can make out, hinted at: that what we have is an old morality against a new. It would have been easy to suggest that Instettin is following an ethos that is not only rigid but also obsolescent, that honour costs him his happiness in a way that (ironically) is ceasing to be necessary. Wüllersdorf, for instance, could have been made the spokesman for another and more utilitarian code; or some such clash of moralities could have entered into the very touching discussion between Effi's parents on whether to take her back. Not only does Fontane

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not do this, but the omission is ironically highlighted by a single word. Very prominent in Instettin's reasoning is the term *Verjahrung*—"going out of date" or, in a legal sense, "limitation." Common sense insists that in affairs of honour there must be a *Verjahrung*, "but where does it begin? Where is the boundary? Ten years require a duel—that's called honour—and after eleven years, or perhaps even after ten and a half, it's called folly. The boundary, the boundary." To the modern reader, the idea of going out of date must surely suggest a social as well as an individual meaning, *i.e.* that the code of honour to which Instettin is a reluctant slave might also go out of date; but no such meaning is intended.

FONTANE HAS A STRONG and subtle awareness of social pressure: and family conflict is actually explained in terms of contrasting social milieux in two of his most delicate novels, *Frau Jenny Treibl* and *Unwiederbringlich*. But the society he presents, though complex, is static. There is hardly any possibility of individuals behaving differently from the way they behave, or feeling differently from the way the norms of their background prescribe. Effi's adultery is felt by her as sin, not as liberation: she has the makings of an Anna Karenina but it is not allowed to develop. Fontane's characteristic effect is a resigned and moving awareness of how great the price of acceptance is, by characters who could never have done anything but accept—less moving when they state their hopelessness than when it suffuses the reader's consciousness, which it so powerfully does in Lene's renunciation and Botho's marriage, or in the account of Effi living in desperate solitude in her flat.

Lukács' essay on Fontane begins with an account of his political opinions, which appear to have moved steadily to the Left as he grew older, and in 1896 (when he was 77, and still writing fiction) he wrote that the truest interest now lay in the Fourth Estate, that "what the working man thinks, says and writes has really overtaken the thinking, saying and writing of the old ruling classes." The figures Fontane most admires in his novels are often from the lower classes, but their superiority, Lukács admits, is not revolutionary; it consists in their not cherishing illusions and self-deceptions, in their accepting contemporary society as it is. Lukács goes on to distinguish the successful from the bad novels according to whether the social situation is fully perceived: sometimes Fontane falls back into *belles lettres* because he doesn't follow through the tough consequences of his insights, but takes refuge in a happy ending or convenient death. The good novels are those that relate the

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quandary of their characters to the particular social situation in Prussia at the time, and which show how "the victory of this social being over the consciousness, over the inclination and the striving of his figures, is anchored in the special conditions of that mode of existence." Sometimes it was only a happy accident that led Fontane to give his story a setting that enabled him to do this. Lukács' actual preferences are orthodox: *Irrungen Wirrungen* and *Effi Briest* are the finest novels (also the novelette *Schach von Wutenow*, which I must confess to finding tedious), and these can be more fully explained in social terms than any of the others.

On all this I offer two comments. First, here is another example of never trust the teller, trust the tale, one that provides a neat contrast to that of Balzac. It is Fontane's explicitly held beliefs—his democratic and even radical sympathies—that will command the assent of Marxist readers; but the novels themselves are pessimistic and resigned. Perhaps I would not expect Lukács to make this point, but I can't help feeling disappointed when he doesn't: what was sauce for the reactionary goose is surely sauce for the progressive gander; and the happy endings that Lukács finds so evasive surely correspond to the melodrama and rhetorical clichés that disfigure Balzac's novels even more, and against which the social insight has to fight. Furthermore, Lukács writes as if there were no happy endings before 1848: his claim that Fontane's unease in the period after 1848 translates itself into a failure to follow through his social insights ignores the problem whether the plot devices he uses are indicative of the same failure when they are used at other periods. The elements of a novel are determined not only by the society in which it was written, but also (and Lukács tends to ignore this) by the literary tradition it derives from.

What is central to Lukács' case is his attempt to assert that the best novels do show a social dynamic: he claims Effi as a figure of great vitality held down by being the slave of a decaying convention—like Anna Karenina. This is pure assertion. The crucial question about both Fontane and Tolstoy is whether they are depicting a conflict between natural passions and the institutional safeguards necessary in any society or a conflict between two social codes, one giving way before the other. Both of them thought they were doing the former; and I have explained why Fontane at any rate does seem to me to have been doing the former in practice.

If by social change we really mean change, then I think Fontane upsets Lukács' case, for his novels, realistic as they are, do not depict it. But there is a more flexible interpretation that could partly save the thesis. If the moral dilemma of the main characters is presented in terms of two moralities, and these in turn are seen as resting each on its own social basis—landed gentry *v.* commercial classes, or protestant piety *v.* aristocratic secularism, or professional *v.* leisured classes—then we have an understanding that can certainly be called social. Even if the novelist displays no interest in which is the rising class or the new morality, the critic can always maintain that such a situation is unstable and shows the seeds of change, and he may claim to know which *is* the rising class and which the declining. In this case there is some sense in saying that like a true realist the novelist explains the individual in social terms, and it is a kind of useful half-truth to say that the social context is dynamic. I am sceptical whether *Effi Briest* can be interpreted in this way, but I think *Irrungen-Wirrungen* and *Frau Jenny Treibel* possibly can, and *Unwiederbringlich* and *Der Stechlin* certainly can.

THERE IS NO DOUBT that Lukács' assertion that the realist will see society dynamically is meant to be normative—*i.e.* it will be a measure of the excellence of the novel. But a view of society is not, in itself, an aesthetic quality. The argument would have to be that the creative energy itself of the great novelist issues in a certain vision of society—he sees beneath the surface of the individual, and this causes the static picture of society to be set in motion. But any social doctrine can be acquired theoretically: it does not have to be won by imaginative insight. Why should there not be superficial and mechanistic novels that see society as changing? Let us not be so theoretical—there *are* such novels, and by a particularly interesting figure, who held the view that society was changing as new classes arose, and wrote novels to show this, with a genius that was theatrical rather than narrative.

No one now reads Shaw's novels but they are lively and intelligent books, full of social perceptions, though the plots creak and the characters are too prone to make Shavian statements about their own lives and opinions. For this discussion the most interesting is *The Irrational Knot*, about a marriage which fails, almost recovers, then doesn't; with a subplot about the liaison of a wealthy man with an actress who shows more independence of spirit than expected (but not, in the end, enough). The plot involves us in several conventional situations, then develops them unconventionally. A father's assumptions on who is or is not a proper person to marry his daughter are not accepted by daughter or suitor not because they are conventionally romantic, but because they realise times have changed;

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the drunkenness of the kept actress is blamed not on moral but on social factors. Shaw has seen quite clearly that certain assumptions about society were made by traditional plots, and may no longer be valid; and in the preface which he wrote for the novel 25 years later, he congratulated himself as he realised, on re-reading, that it was "a fiction of the first order." He then goes on to distinguish between second-order fictions, which accept "ready-made morality" (Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens and Dumas), and those which replace it by original morality (Euripides, Ibsen—and himself). The former may be more readable, the latter may not be more constructive, but "the first order remains the first order and the second the second for all that."

Shaw is making the same point as Lukács: fiction of the first order is that which shows an awareness of social change—and thus of the possibility of a morality becoming superseded. I am sure he is right, and his list of who belongs in which order is quite correct—but I do not see that the distinction is one of aesthetic merit. Shaw's novels are fascinating to the historian of ideas, they are (despite his disclaimer) very readable, but their neglect is not all that much of an injustice. Whereas Ibsen in *The Doll's House* showed true dramatic genius in translating a social insight into dramatic form, so that when Nora rejects her role as wife she destroys the anticipated shape of the action, Shaw merely inserts his insights, often undigested, into the dialogue. The attempt to blame society for Susanna's drunkenness, for instance, consists essentially of an analytic speech made by the hero two pages from the end: the true creative effort, that of telling the story differently so that it will lead up to this conclusion, has hardly been begun.

Perhaps Lukács would accept this point, but it needs saying—and he does not say it. No political or social awareness by an author can be a guarantee of literary excellence. If awareness of social change is a necessary condition of great realistic fiction (I shall return to this), it is certainly not a sufficient condition: it can be used as mechanically as any other insight.

I TURN NOW to the second, more historical part of Lukács' thesis; and here it is impossible to ignore the fact that he writes as a Marxist. It is perfectly possible to believe that the concern of the novel is social change without basing this on Marxism: both Stendhal and Balzac, after all, believed it. This means that in his account of these novelists, Lukács will be measuring their view of society against a theory they did not subscribe to (which is unimportant) and which

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they did not know about (which could be very important). Of course Marxist critics can illuminate non-Marxist novels, but only if they are careful about what they are doing; and I am not sure that Lukács always is careful.

Lukács' central point in his comparison between Balzac and Stendhal concerns their ambivalent attitudes to romanticism; and he defines romanticism, quite simply, as "a deep and spontaneous revolt against rapidly developing capitalism" (*SER*, p. 67). And sure enough, when he looks at their view of society he looks at their view of capitalism. Balzac "puts before us all the grotesque, tragic, comic and tragi-comic types engendered by this capitalist development"; Vautrin tempts the heroes "onto the path of 'reality', or, in other words, the path of capitalist corruption and unprincipled careerism." The central weakness of Stendhal's view of society, for Lukács, lies in his illusion that bourgeois society would by 1880 develop a cultural revival conceived in the spirit of the Enlightenment: he could not see the part the proleta iat was to play in the creation of a new society. And so this great anti-romantic is himself the victim of romanticism: he does not understand the necessary social basis of a serious questioning of bourgeois society.

Now I believe that Stendhal offers, especially in *Le rouge et le noir*, a sophisticated social analysis of a complexity you would never suspect from reading Lukács' account of it. For Stendhal the career of Julien Sorel illustrates three different social contrasts. There is the cultural contrast, between Paris and the Provinces, on which Stendhal himself is deeply ambivalent: the provinces are the home of provinciality, smugness and envy, but also of vitality and sincerity. This contrast is embodied in the two women of the novel, the sophisticated Mathilde and the provincial Mme de Renal, whom Julien finally prefers. Second, there is the social hierarchy, in which Julien is the "*petit paysan*" climbing the ladder, his sexual conquests a form of aggression towards his betters, culminating in his savagely triumphant (indeed Napoleonic) remark on Mathilde "*la voilà donc, cette orgueilleuse, à mes pieds!*" Stendhal thrusts such explanations at us continually, but then he often undercuts them. The most prominent is put into Julien's own mouth, when he tells the jury at his trial that he has not the honour to belong to their class, and describes his own life as that of "*un paysan qui s'est révolté contre la bassesse de sa fortune.*" It is not at all certain that Stendhal himself endorses this account: Julien wants to be found guilty, and is goading the jury; and the shooting of Mme de Renal, for which he is being tried, was after all the most striking abandonment of his constant urge to rise socially. The supreme young role-player is here playing one of his finest roles. It is not possible in this essay even to indicate the complexity of Stendhal's own attitude to seeing the novel in terms of class opposition; and I am not convinced that class is the right concept, since he appears to see the social hierarchy as a continuum rather than as a set of contending groups.

Finally, there is "*le moment*", the chronological contrast that for Stendhal often appears the most important of all. It is stated explicitly in his essay on the novel. There appear to be three Frances—that of the *ancien régime* ("*gaie, amusante, un peu libertine*"), that of Napoleon (when a common man could become a general), and the moral and morose France of the Jesuits and the Bourbons in which the novel is set.

THE INTERACTION of these three axes produces a view of society that is quite clearly not Marxist. This does not mean that it is not susceptible of a Marxist analysis—even an illuminating one—but only, surely, if the critic is prepared to turn Stendhal's concepts into his own, for instance by showing that the second contrast is in practice relied on more thoroughly than the others; or that the first and third are often seen in class terms; or by considering the difference between a continuum of social ordering and class opposition; or by asking if Stendhal's main symbols do correspond to his ideas. In the one essay on Stendhal by Lukács which I am acquainted with (in *SER*) he does none of these, and the ignoring of the author's own social analysis is so blatant that I can only describe it as the imposition of a Marxist strait-jacket.

And 1848? It is a crucial moment for Lukács, primarily for political reasons, and consequently (in the best materialist tradition) for literary reasons too. It was the moment of the successful bourgeois revolution, after which the bourgeoisie are no longer a revolutionary force, and so no longer have an imaginative appeal to the realist. "The really honest and gifted bourgeois writers who lived and wrote in the period following upon the upheavals of 1848 naturally could not experience and share the development of their class with the same true devotion and intensity of feeling as their predecessors" (*SER* p. 141).

Was 1848 the year of the bourgeois revolution? Have we succeeded in identifying that magical moment when the bourgeoisie ceased to rise? I shall not be rash enough even to begin discussing this. Part of the problem is the extreme difficulty of knowing what a revolution is. Even the Marxist definition—the transfer of political power from one class to another—would not necessarily involve all social activity; but Lukács seems to be

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claiming that everything felt different after 1848. The honest writers could no longer feel the same about "the development of their class": to Lukács that phrase will include family relationships, aesthetic activity and political debate. What evidence is there that writers felt differently about these in the 1850s and 1860s? What evidence could there be? In England the great debate between the political economists and the novelists on the "Condition of England Question" preceded 1848; and if some of the debaters had grown more sour by 1860 (as Carlyle clearly had), this may be attributable to their having grown older. It would be easy to produce examples of sensitive men feeling they were "unable to participate in the life of capitalism" from the 1840s—or the 1830s or the 1820s or any decade you care to name. I am prepared to listen to a case that there was a withdrawal from a feeling of social involvement, but only from an historian who has realised how difficult it would be to demonstrate, who looked at the subtlest kind of evidence—diaries, letters, glimpses of social attitudes—and was careful to compare the comparable. I find none of this in Lukács, and conclude that his theory about the quality of thought after 1848 is simply imposed on the material.

Who are the great realists of the later 19th century? I suggest there are four: Dickens, George Eliot, Zola and Tolstoy—and, if we add drama, Ibsen. Does this represent a decline from the age of Scott, Balzac and Stendhal? Dickens is a special and difficult case. His work is so dominated by personal fantasy and by traditional literary devices that he probably should not be called a realist at all; and his later and greater work does reveal a deep alienation from society. All in all, I think it would be possible to make out a Lukács-type case on Dickens. George Eliot as far as I know is never seriously discussed by Lukács, who is not on the whole interested in English literature. Zola is discussed by him at length, in the spirit of Engels' hostile view: he is a naturalist, who shows the surface of social life without the essential deeper forces, so that his great genius was not able to rise to a true social vision. Whereas Balzac and Stendhal took part in the great social movements of their time, Zola represents the new positivist ideal of the writer as solitary observer and critical commentator (the Dreyfus affair does not count because it came so late in his career). Now I do agree that naturalism, with its biological analogies and its determinist view of man, reduces the possibilities of the novel; and the enormous local vitality of Zola's novels is not always matched by a total vision of man's potential as a social being. Yet the passions of which Zola's characters are such inescapable

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victims have much in common with the passions that dominate in the worlds of Shakespeare and Racine; so that this limitation may prevent a certain kind of positive social awareness in Zola without preventing him from being a great writer. As for the reduction of the writer to the observer, it is suggestive to relate this to positivism, but I do not believe Lukács has the facts right. If we set up writers on a scale between detachment (Flaubert, Joyce, Keats) and practical involvement (Fielding, Disraeli, Shaw, Brecht), I do not believe that the latter will turn out to be either the greater artists or less numerous after 1848.

FINALLY, Tolstoy. The reason he was able to achieve the great realism of the earlier period, according to Lukács, is that he represents the revolutionary peasantry, something that was then possible only for a Russian. The point goes back to Lenin (so many of Lukács' best literary insights go back to someone else, Lenin or Engels, Balzac or Scott—though in fairness one must add that he never tries to hide this). "Until this nobleman came along", Lenin said to Gorki, "there was no real peasant in our literature." This is no doubt true, but the fact that Tolstoy creates the peasant as he had never before been created in fiction does not mean that the standpoint of his novels is that of the peasants—still less that the peasant standpoint was revolutionary. The peasantry in *Anna Karenina* are presented as deeply conservative, not just politically but on the deepest level of their life-style. I find them interestingly similar to the farm-labourers of *Middlemarch* who attack the railway surveyors ("this is the big folks's world, this is"), except that Tolstoy goes on to suggest there is an inarticulate wisdom in their prejudices. Lukács admits the reactionary outlook of Tolstoy, but claims that it is bound up with his awareness of the progressive popular movement of which the peasants are the weak point but also the revolutionary potential. I will leave to others the question whether the Russian peasantry were a revolutionary force, and say that the argument about Tolstoy seems based on a logical fiddle. "What Tolstoy expressed was in Lenin's view the feeling of those millions of Russians who had already reached the point of hating their masters, but had not yet reached the stage of entering on a conscious, consistent and merciless struggle against them." Suppose one rewrote this without the crucial assumptions revealed by such wording as "already reached", "not yet reached": then one could abandon the claim that hatred of the masters is a "stage" towards revolutionary struggle, and is therefore progressive. For of course it is nothing of the sort: it is age-old, and Tolstoy sees it as age-old. Remove the contorted argument of the critic and you see Tolstoy for what he is, a great conservative novelist.

I do not believe that realism declined after 1848; and Lukács' claim that it did seems to me to involve disposing of the great realists who upset his case by means of special pleading, misrepresentation and the suggestion that they are a special case. All great novelists, however, are special cases.

THIS NEXT SECTION may be felt as particularly unfair by admirers of Lukács. I have already remarked that he does not seem very interested in English literature or English history; and since this is the literature—and the society—I know about, I have felt handicapped in discussing him. Now I am going to shift attention, without apology, from Lukács' interests to mine: *i.e.* to pick out what he has to say, often rather briefly, about English writers, and ask how helpful it is. I have chosen two examples, Thackeray and Conrad.

Thackeray is discussed in *The Historical Novel* as an example of the tendency to "make history private." Thackeray's famous aim, to show history without her periwig on, is attributed by Lukács to disillusion with the social and political life of his own time. What Thackeray gives us is, in consequence, the cynical underside of the great men, plus the honesty of simple, slightly above average men like Henry Esmond; what he omits is the people. As a result the historical figures who appear—Marlborough, Swift, Addison—are "degraded", and history becomes a matter of "the trivial and the private."

Now it is certain that *Henry Esmond* is not the same kind of historical novel as Scott writes, just as it is clear that Thackeray's novels of contemporary life do not show the common people. *Esmond* is set at a time when "the middle farmers, yeomanry and city plebeians were undergoing economic and moral ruin", and "of this tragedy, which is the real basis of tragi-comedies and comedies occurring 'on top' Thackeray sees nothing." This is surely to give a very mechanical meaning to "basis", assuming the crudest sort of Marxist model of superstructure as directly dependent on base. Does Thackeray misrepresent the life of the Castlewoods because he does not talk about the economic plight of the yeomanry? (This is the exact opposite of Charlotte Brontë's complaint, who thought he should have given us less history since his talent was "to show us human nature at home, as he himself daily sees it.")

It is not that Thackeray did not realise what the gap between rich and poor was like. A powerful paragraph in *The Four Georges* contrasts the

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awful landscape—"wretched wastes, beggardly and plundered; half-burned cottages and trembling peasants, gathering piteous harvests"—with "the enormous, hideous, gilded, monstrous marble palace where the Prince is . . . and the forest where the ragged peasants are beating the game in (it is death to them to touch a feather)." If Lukács is accusing Thackeray of a lack of awareness, he is simply wrong. It would, however, be right to say that Thackeray is not concerned with the economic currents that may have been making this gap wider or narrower; and that however important social awareness may be for him, his profoundest effects spring from the interaction of these with the timeless.

ONE OF THE FEW glimpses of the common people in *Esmond* is the death from smallpox of the blacksmith's daughter Nancy, with whom Esmond had been flirting. The bereaved father receives a visit from Lady Castlewood, "but her visit brought no consolation to the old father, and he showed no softness, or desire to speak. 'The Lord gave and took away', he said; and he knew what His servant's duty was." It is an impressive glimpse of the piety and bitter pride of the lower orders, but of course it is written on the assumption that in their consciousness, deprivation and death come from the Lord. In comparison with this, economic circumstances (perhaps there had been two blacksmiths a generation earlier) would have seemed superficial, both to Thackeray and to the character. The "surly bow" with which he bids Lady Castlewood good morning expresses the contrast between social relationships and the directness of death, and if Thackeray had made his blacksmith mutter something about the ruin of village life, instead of "The Lord gave and took away", his historical understanding would have been worse, not better.

Lukács' brief paragraph on Conrad begins by claiming that the opposition to socialism often causes distortion. "Yet in his best writings a strange phenomenon is observable: his faith in capitalism is such that the narrative does not even touch on its social implications. Conrad's heroes are confronted with exclusively personal, moral conflicts, in which their individual strength or weakness is revealed. Put in more general terms these conflicts might have attained a wider significance; but such generalisation is excluded by the method of narration. This gave Conrad's work its finished, self-sufficient quality, but it also prevents him from portraying the totality of life; he is really a short-story writer rather than a

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A Reconstruction and Critique of "A Theory of Justice"
Since its publication, John Rawls's "A Theory of Justice" has been the subject of lively debate among philosophers, economists, and political scientists. In this book, Robert Paul Wolff provides an interpretation and critique of Rawls's theory that both clarifies it and reveals its basic flaws.
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novelist" (*MCR*, p. 71).

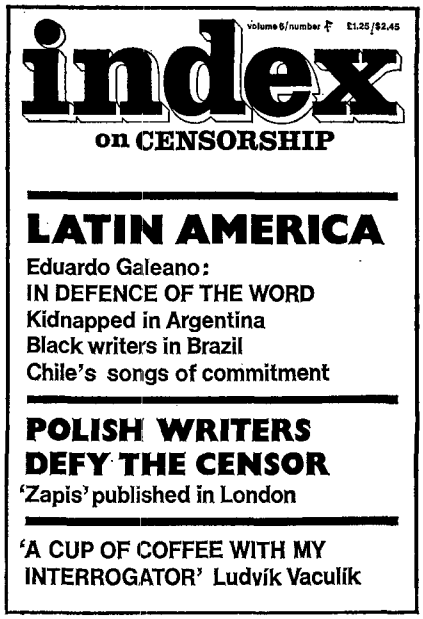
Conrad's faith in capitalism? *Nostromo* does show some confidence in the effect of foreign capitalism on an underdeveloped country, but *Heart of Darkness* emphatically doesn't: the foreign capitalists there are motivated only by greed, and their impact on the native society is disastrous. (Ironically, it is the long novel that fits Lukács' account and the much-admired short story that doesn't: an illustration of how crass is his attempt to move from content to form in the last sentence.) As for the functioning of an advanced capitalist society, we can turn to *The Secret Agent*, that marvellously nihilistic study of how a set of contemptible revolutionaries are plotting to destroy a society that hardly seems worth saving.

The narrative does not touch on social implications? I find this assertion so astonishing I have to ask whether Lukács has read *Nostromo*. The significance of Gould and the San Tomé mine is overwhelmingly social: it brings work, prosperity and peace. "The security which it demands must be shared with an oppressed people." This is the most profound study in all fiction of the connection between capitalism and the institutions of liberty; and its elaborate presentation of the separatist revolution of Sulaco traces the interaction of social forces to produce a successful revolution (military-church-organised workers) in a way I have never seen in another novelist.

Of course Conrad does deal with personal and moral conflicts, and he does find in them an element of the timeless. Lukács has given a correct description of, say, *Lord Jim* and *The Secret Sharer*, though I would not agree with his evaluation of them. But when it comes to *The Secret Agent*, *Heart of Darkness*, *Under Western Eyes* and *Nostromo*, he has not even described correctly.

THE CENTRAL CONCERN of the Marxist critic must be the relation between ideology and form; and not only of the Marxist, but of any critic who sets out to interpret literature in relation to society. For on the one hand there are those for whom social content is the mere inert stuff out of which a formal structure is made: one piece of stuff is as good as another, and what makes art resides in the form alone. On the other hand there are the ideologists, from Plato to Zhdanov, who judge a work of literature by which side it is on. These are Scylla and Charybdis: between them are the attempts to see a particular formal effect arising out of the world view that infuses a work, new human and social content calling for new artistic techniques, which the truly innovatory author then supplies. Lukács belongs —it is why he matters—among the Odysseus-figures who have tried to mark a course that avoids the extremes. We saw in the last sentence of his paragraph on Conrad an example (a very crass one, unfortunately) of his attempt to do this; a more impressive example would be his comparison of the horse-races in *Nana* and in *Anna Karenina*, with its attempts to base narrative differences on the difference between direct involvement and the mere spectator.

For me this is the most exciting kind of criticism: though many of its finest practitioners—Auerbach, Empson, Trilling, Poggioli—are not, as it happens, Marxists. Lukács has stated this critical programme admirably; and it is therefore particularly serious if we find that he has been gobbled up by Scylla after all. I will end with one glimpse of this happening, from his discussion of Balzac's *Les Paysans* (*SER*, p. 35). After describing the attempt of the landowner Montcornet to do away with the traditional rights of the poor, and so assist the move from feudalism to capitalism on the land (a description that certainly misrepresents the novel), Lukács remarks that this "presents in literary form the same essential development of the post-revolutionary smallholding that Marx described in *The Eighteenth Brumaire*." Then comes a quotation, followed by the statement "later Engels stated *more concretely*



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the tragic part played by the peasantry." Then a quotation from Engels, and then: "Naturally Balzac, the pro-aristocratic royalist, could not have had *a correct conception* of this process. But several of his characters ... reflect, *however indistinctly*, a similar evolution." The italics are mine: do they show us what Lukács, in the end, thinks of presentations in literary form? They seem to be measuring Balzac against Marx and Engels, and judging him by how well he attains to their insight. The one belief that is essential to the literary critic—the belief that however true the insights of Marx, there is a further kind of insight that is *only* available through the uneasiness and awareness of the characters in the novel, the insight into what the theory means, in human terms—seems completely missing from this passage. There are moments, we see, when Lukács writes in a way acceptable to the bureaucrats of Marxism.

It is not easy to write a concluding paragraph to this essay; for all the obvious ways of summing up—general remarks on his whole career, accounts of his development, indications of what tradition he belongs in—would be invitations to the other kind of discussion of Lukács, the kind we have so much of, and with which I do not intend to compete. I have been concerned with how much use Lukács is in interpreting 19th-century literature, and how perceptive a literary critic he is. The answer, I suggest, is: not much and not very.

The Place of the Book

Literary Pilgrimages—By ANTHONY THWAITE

THE HOUSES WHERE they were born, the churches where they were married, the properties they acquired or in which they starved, the landscapes they transmuted in their fictions, the places they died and were buried in, with or without a gravestone or plaque (P)—these topographical topoi of over 900 writers' lives are itemised, together with much else, in *The Oxford Literary Guide to the British Isles*.[1] The book

> was originally planned to refer only to those places where something relevant to literature—a house, a school, a garden—could be seen, but so many buildings have been demolished or replaced that it has been necessary to add the word "gone" after the description of an author's home or work-place and leave the rest to the reader's imagination.

"Gone" is the forlorn and bell-like word that sounds throughout the guide, which isn't surprising: the dwellings of literary folk have seldom been splendid examples of preservation-worthy architecture, and even Shakespeare's New Place ("the town's most important house" in 1597 when he bought it, say the editors) was demolished in 1759—though the townspeople were angry about the action. It helps, of course, if the place is very grand to begin with (like Newstead Abbey), or if the author becomes very famous in his own lifetime and continues to be very famous (Wordsworth has done well on these scores), or if the house happens to be a vicarage or other ecclesiastical dwelling (until recently, church authorities have been slower than others to demolish their tied properties). London has been the least fortunate place, in spite of the 65 double-column pages given up to it in this guide: fires, wars and the wreckers have dealt savagely with it. Chaucer's and Milton's birthplaces, Shakespeare's Mitre, Mermaid, Rose, Globe and Blackfriars (two taverns and three theatres), almost everywhere to do with Dickens—these are now localities, not buildings. Occasionally what remains is something where the organisation is so orderly that the *mana* has vanished—Dr Johnson's Gough Square, Keats's house in Hampstead.

But what's this about *mana*? Does a writer really transmit something palpably beyond his writings in the place or places associated with him? Look at the entry for HUGHLEY, Salop:

> *Small village off the B4371, in the valley below the N. end of Wenlock Edge. Those who know A. E. Housman's poem*
>
> *The vane on Hughley steeple*
> *Veers bright, a far-known sign,*
>
> *will look in vain, as did the poet's brother, Laurence, for the steeple and the suicides' graves. A. E. Housman explained that the place he really meant had an ugly name, so he substituted Hughley: "I did not apprehend", he wrote, "that the faithful would be making pilgrimages to these holy places."*

Of course Housman wrote that remark with his customary austere sneer: what brought his poems into being was the ferocious tension between banked-up emotion and dour suppression. Substantially, the Shropshire place-names

[1] *The Oxford Literary Guide to the British Isles.* Edited by DOROTHY EAGLE and HILARY CARNELL, Oxford University Press, £3.95.

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have their own peculiar Housmanesque resonance, without reference to the actual settings: they were places of the mind, or heart. With Hardy, say, the emphasis is rather different: the invented Wessex names, the cartography of the novels, can be matched with "real" places. On the other hand, very few writers' houses have the right feel about them. There are advantages in such places becoming museums (Haworth Parsonage, Rydal Mount), because objects connected with the writers can be conveniently brought together there; but in the process the *genius loci* tends to vanish.

All the obvious places are here, from Abbotsford and Ayot St Lawrence to Zennor—at the latter not only Lawrence and Frieda, who would in any case extensively figure in a literary guide to the *world*, but W. H. Hudson who "stayed here in December and January 1906–7 while gathering material for his book *The Land's End: a naturalist's impressions in West Cornwall* (1908)." If you are bent on more minor figures you can find them: what do you know of Jean Adam, John Aikin, Thomas Aird, Alexander ("Surfaceman") Anderson, Robert Anderson, or Marion Angus, just to start off with the As? Marion Angus (1866–1946) was a poet, born at Arbroath, who lived in Aberdeen, met W. H. Auden at Helensburgh in 1931, died in her birthplace, and her *Selected Poems* were published in 1950. She was new to me. According to the HELENSBURGH entry she "invited Auden to visit her" and wrote to a friend that he read

> yards and yards of his poems, not one line of which I could understand. I thought to myself, is this the new poetry? It sounds like a voice from another planet.

Well, it sounds like a slender reason for finding a niche in a literary guide to the British Isles, but such eccentric lore is I suppose part of the pleasure one gets from browsing through such a book. It also (like some of those other As) indicates what seems to be a strong Scottish bias, perhaps the result of keener cooperation from Scottish librarians and local authorities when approached than Dorothy Eagle and Hilary Carnell got from their colleagues south of the border.

Foreigners, both resident and itinerant, crop up: Verlaine spending a year (1875–6) "teaching French, Latin and drawing on an *au pair* basis" at the Grammar School in Stickney, Lincolnshire; Rimbaud briefly in Soho and Lambeth; Hugo on Guernsey and Jersey; Chateaubriand deciphering early French manuscripts in Beccles and falling in love with the vicar's 15-year-old daughter in Bungay; Conrad's first landfall in England, at the age of 21 in Lowestoft; Poe at school in Irvine, Chelsea, and Stoke Newington. Room is found for the Portuguese novelist Eça de Queiroz (consul in Bristol from 1878–88), but not for the two leading modern Greek poets, Seferis (attached to the Greek mission in London in the early 1930s, in the early 1950s, and finally Ambassador 1957–62) and Cavafy (who lived with his family in London between the ages of nine and fifteen, 1872–79). Eastbourne lacks a reference to Montale's gloomy poem "Eastbourne."

AS WITH AN ANTHOLOGY, the reviewer is bound to play his usual game of spotting omissions. Doing checks at random, I could find no mention of Manresa House, Roehampton, where Gerard Manley Hopkins spent part of his novitiate, or of the fact that Hopkins taught for a time at the Oratory School, Edgbaston (though the Oratory is noted in connection with Newman); Congreve's Irish connections are copiously mentioned, but not his birthplace, Bardsey, between Leeds and Wetherby; Daisy Ashford is here, but the place she lived in—Petersham—while writing *The Young Visiters* is left to Gay and Dickens; and though Edmund Gosse's London house is included, the childhood house which is the setting for so much of *Father and Son* (now the Sandhurst Hotel, Babbacombe) is omitted. Simply taking the county where I live, Norfolk, I looked in vain for Forncett Rectory, which still stands, where Dorothy Wordsworth lived for several years with her uncle, William Cookson, and where brother William spent some time on visits in 1789 and 1791–92 (there was talk of building a cottage for him in the garden); Wisbech in Cambridgeshire is mentioned as the birthplace of William Godwin, but not the fact that he spent most of his boyhood at Guestwick in Norfolk; Thomas Tusser's farm at Cattawade, Suffolk, is in, but not his Abbey Farm at West Dereham; Hunstanton is not only the setting of *The Shrimp and the Anemone* but the birthplace (1564) of Sir Roger Le Strange, the long-lived pamphleteer and opponent of Milton who was the first translator into English of Aesop's Fables; and there is no mention of Middleton Murry's farm near Diss, where he lived for so many years.

The decision to omit any reference to living authors (according to a publisher's hand-out, which has not been included in the book itself) was made to "save them the embarrassment of fans peering into their windows." The danger is probably a real one: a fact ignored by the editors is that Wordsworth had his study on the ground floor of Rydal Mount when he moved there in 1813, but exasperatedly moved it upstairs

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when he discovered how many uninvited worshippers came tramping up the drive to gaze at the desk-bound poet. The publishers are proud that "writers as recently dead as Auden, Tolkien and Toynbee are included", though the Auden references are sparse for someone as landscape-conscious as he was: no Solihull or lead mines, no

my heart has stamped on
The view from Birmingham to Wolverhampton.

Dylan Thomas, MacNeice (though not his house in Cumberland Terrace), Stevie Smith, C. Day Lewis, Roy Campbell are here among fairly recent poets; Forster, Joyce Cary, L. P. Hartley and Evelyn Waugh among the novelists. If anything the editors have been over-generous with their modern representation, with such figures as H. E. Bates, Vera Brittain, Winifred Holtby, Howard Spring and Francis Brett Young included—though the argument would perhaps be that all these were writers of "place." Bertrand Russell is surprisingly absent. So are David Jones, Patrick Kavanagh, Sylvia Plath and Andrew Young, and, from an earlier period, Arthur Symons.

IT'S A PITY in a way that the editors have been adamant about excluding the living, when so many dead writers of minimal achievement or interest are there: some places look insubstantial when their contemporary memorialists are absent. Leicester, for example, has rich associations with a motley crowd: C. P. Snow, William Cooper, Colin Wilson, Philip Larkin, even Jim Dixon and his Margaret (*Lucky Jim*). What about the *Cider with Rosie* country, of Slad and its environs? Or Bradford and its outliers without Priestley and John Braine? In *The Oxford Literary Guide*, Berkhamsted is Cowper's birthplace, not the Greeneland of the headmaster's son toying with his revolver; Nottingham is Henry Kirke White, Philip Bailey, William Howitt, John Drinkwater—and of course D. H. Lawrence—rather than Sillitoe's *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. Such rooted poets as Norman Nicholson and R. S. Thomas have given their acres of land modern memorials. Chichester Cathedral holds the sculpture described in "An Arundel Tomb" (duly noted in the cathedral itself, but not in this book), as well as the monument to William Collins. Pub references are patchy: no London literary ones of the 'thirties, 'forties and 'fifties ("Dylan Thomas drank here"), though the Cheshire Cheese of the 'nineties is in.

But all these objections are about details, not substance. The book has clearly been compiled with devotion and care, involving the editors in much trudging down muddy lanes and following misdirections, as well as assiduous combing of

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the DNB and dozens of biographies. A set of maps at the back makes it possible to use the guide on car journeys: the listing of places is alphabetical (as, of course, is the list of authors). I have not yet tested its use in the field, but suspect that I shall fill up the three blank pages headed "Notes" during the next year or so. Why I should bother to do this, or what sort of person the guide is intended for, I have only the vaguest notion: a liking for literature and for travel with a purpose seems an unsatisfactory answer. Marianne Moore's father, according to her poem, scornfully referred to people who "have to be shown Longfellow's grave"; perhaps he meant they should find it for themselves. Literary critics of the more severe sort, who think that all literature has to do with something called "structure" and nothing at all with where a writer went to school, fell in love, saw a windhover or simply looked out of the window, will have little patience with the labours of Dorothy Eagle and Hilary Carnell. But I can't imagine a time when at least some people, for no very explicable reason, will not want to make literary pilgrimages.

Sad Spells

Collected Poetry—By DOUGLAS DUNN

ECONOMICS WOULD APPEAR to have hit the publishing of poetry less punishingly than was anticipated. Fat compendia of collections and selections are still making their way to the market-place. Prices are up, of course—a swingeing £8.00 for Richard Eberhart, for example, albeit in a handsome volume.[1] But quantity has not slackened off in the way some expected, others couldn't have cared less about, and a few hoped for. Those with a claim on the substantial, omnibus sifting of a life's work are not being denied.

Compilations of "everything the poet wishes to preserve" are traditional, and for the conscientious purchaser of books of verse must, at these prices, be something of a headache. After all, he or she will quite possibly have samples of these poets on the shelves; and there are other ways of looking at this business of preservation than through what a poet has decided on—for the the reader, it means spending money, in order to re-read. The big ones, though, are handy for libraries, which can now consign their spasmodic Eberharts, Abses, Rickwords, Brocks and Wrights to their cobwebby basements—that is, if they had any copies to begin with. For the poets themselves, though, the collected or selected volume must be an event.

The most recent of Edgell Rickword's three previous volumes was published in 1947. He is not consolidating his career so much as allowing his file to be dusted off and brought up from the aforementioned basement, where, I think, they had to look hard to find it. Edwin Brock's selection might recommend a poet whose name has never been high on the list of priorities, having, for some years, been known as Bronk, that classic howler of M. L. Rosenthal—a good job books in that dusty room under the library can be looked up by titles. Both Dannie Abse and David Wright are well enough known. What they might think they need is critical reappraisal instead of resuscitation. The job calls for a bit of both—not their fault, nor mine. From thirty years' work they might be hoping for a new, less familiar weight elicited in articles by bright new critics half their age—an observation or two on the continuity of themes, changes in style, references to their autobiographies (and an awful lot of poets have been writing these), firm, favouring placements in the history of the verse of the last thirty years.

Well, I confess to a certain feeling of fatigue, and confusion. There was pleasure, uplift, all that sort of thing, in reading these books. Eberhart's "A Dream of Viable Women", which I think is from the 1940s when, if I could read, I wasn't reading Richard Eberhart, is a good instance of a poem that surprised me when I thought I'd made up my mind about a poet I'd hardly read much of before. Its wit, lightness of touch, well-managed profundity, were enjoyable. More and more, the impression that I was reading a civilised, well-read American with his heart in English rather than native forms made me a bit suspicious. His refinements of style—craft, rather than artistry—began to impart a sense of something plain and unenthusiastic, of competence and reliability which, if never quite as bad as average, is never quite as good as exciting and original.

Enough is there, square and solid and readable on the page, for the over-exposure of his anthol-

[1] *Collected Poems 1930–1976.* By RICHARD EBERHART. Chatto & Windus, £8.00.

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ogy piece, the justly celebrated "The Fury of Aerial Bombardment", to look like a personal tragedy. A resigned but distant passion in its last verse *is* the best thing he has managed, though you just have to look at the declamatory style of "At the End of War" to realise he has been up to varieties of writing as well as the off-hand stylishness of his four classic lines. By and large, too, it is difficult to escape from the feeling that the sentiments of his poems are too much the victims of a writer's scrupulousness and decency, his fortunate securities.

IN A SHORT INTRODUCTORY NOTE to his *Collected Poems*,[2] Dannie Abse says, "In the making of a poem the right word is the one which is both surprising and just." On a first go there seems nothing to quarrel with there. But how is the right word found? Who knows for certain if it *is* the right word? Does not that sentence try to say more about "the making of a poem" than a sentence about *le mot juste* can possibly undertake? Dr Abse says of earlier poems, written in the 1940s, explaining why he has discarded them—"so easy to write and so hard to read." It's in that attitude to his youthful poems of the 1940s that the answer to his over-simplified credo can be found. No one is so extreme as a convert. Yet I also suspect Dr Abse would admit the imagination to be somewhat more eccentric, less amenable to commonsense understandings of its language (especially in terms of "the right word") than his introductory statements suggest.

There's a lot of poeticised "humanity" in Dr Abse's poems, warm, generous espousing of the common lot—"The Trial", "Emperors of the Island", "Social Revolution in England" are earlier examples. No "neutral tone" preferred in these, certainly; and that has always been what Dr Abse has been liked for in the past as much as his openness, his inclination to be understood and to be seen and heard as someone who *cares*.

It's questionable if poetry can be defined as expressions of a distaste for conformity, as supports for the ordinary man and the good decencies annotated in plain, lyrical writing rooted in "sincerity", "honesty" and consequent faint transmissions of protest. Reading Dr Abse *en masse* I get the impression that too much of his work is founded on these contemporary gestures—gestures of the time rather than of the art of poetry. It is at least understandable that a poet should emphasise the justice of his craft, working as he does in a society shivering before so many threats to happiness. Abse, too, has stuck to his

[2] *Collected Poems 1948–1976*. By DANNIE ABSE. Hutchinson, £4.95, paper £2.50.

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guns, amusingly denying himself, and readers, "nature poetry" and the expectations of poetry-persons. This crops up early on in "As I Was Saying", and in "Florida", one of the new poems here. Having made his choice, Dr Abse might have worked to it with more devotion than is good for his work.

What seems to have happened is a limiting resource of language, too single-minded an exercising of plain forms, plain words, albeit in a reasonably wide range of verse forms. No matter the decency of his humanitarian and sympathetic personality, a parallel, embodying inventiveness of diction, rhythm and images, is not always as primary as, in poems, it should be. We can believe that, and expect it, and still believe and expect those same values most of us share with Dr Abse. Instead, we have occasions and narratives which are obliged to serve the purpose of metaphors, those parts of a poem we *see*, such as the operating theatre in what might become his best known poem, "In the Theatre." "Funland" is an exception, a more radical working of the imagination. Its weird, hysterical humours take more chances and abdicate, if only for the time being, the verse-writing habits of a lifetime.

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VERSE-WRITING *is* habitual. Something human and indolent keeps poets from responding to new expectations with anything like an adequate alertness of mind. Procedures and beliefs are, in poetry, ossified within a few years of discovering them. Too much emphasis has been placed on the significance of writing styles—traditional, or avant-garde, or modern, or experimental, or whatever—with the result that once a poet decides on the *kind* of poet he or she is, half the effort goes into keeping up that identity.

There is, for instance, no sign in Richard Eberhart's considerable output of a poet struggling manfully with the controversies of modern poetic style, let alone the cultural theories that underlie them. And the same is true of Dr Abse. He seems absolutely sure he's on the right ark. For him, poetry is a social and human gesture, undertaken with care and a concern for clarity and effect—hence his manner, which is almost entirely colloquial. Eberhart's tendency to polish his verses with a substance from the can of High Culture is at the opposite extreme—though he too can be chatty. In between is a practice of poetry as an art, which can say that phrase out loud without it sounding mandarin or any other kind of embarrassment, whether aesthetic or political.

OCCASIONALLY, THE HABIT winds down. Its fascinations become as enchanting as brushing your teeth. Whatever caused this in Edgell Rickword's[3] case, is, I'm sure, his business. Part of the answer could be interestingly less personal. In "The Contemporary Muse", written "After reading an Anthology of the work of about three hundred living poets", he talks of himself as poet as "a damned wretch", once enamoured of The Muse—

> *. . . and now*
> *she's milked of favours easily as a cow,*
> *whilst through a turnstile all her lovers wend,*
> *checked by tired critics at the further end.*

Why make it a cause for satire that poets are numerous? In a mass democratic society there *will* be a mass of poets free to write and, if they can manage it, print their verses. Good luck to them—I hope they improve, or at least stop being deplorable. Rickword's irascible literary temper is not as wrong-headed in "The Encounter", his well-known version of Donne's First Satyre which was itself suggested by Horace, *Satires* I.ix. From both of these poems, though, it looks as if Rickword, browned-off with a

[3] *Behind the Eyes: Collected Poems and Translations.* By EDGELL RICKWORD. Carcanet Press, £3.25.

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sloppy literary scene, threw in the towel and was glad of it.

His vision is Swiftian, disgusted, despairing, anguished, dark, and before we reach the end of his book darkening even further into a firm, forceful contempt. For him, poetry was not the instrument of release it has been for others. What is disturbing about his career—and, I think, instructive—is that he appeared unable, with his considerable gifts, to solve the continuing problems of expressing a vision that contained political and literary satire and lyric poetry, and, failing, lapsed into silence. It could be observed that these problems are essentially formal, and Rickword's technical ability is essentially, it seems to me, too traditional, too much a matter of verse instead of true, rounded invention.

AN IDEA OF A POET as a distributor of loathing and hope (see his late poem, "Incompatible Worlds") covers Rickword's practice of verse, perhaps too neatly. Much the same idea could be applied to Edwin Brock, whose selected poems and autobiography appear in tandem.[4] That is, he considers the practice of poetry as essentially social—which it is. Rickword might have failed to embody that idea with his highly developed critical interests—certainly it looks easier to be a straight-down-the-middle social poet-ideologue if you lack a critical or historical turn of mind to keep you worrying about whether what you're doing is the whole of the story.

Where they begin to differ is in how much status, or personal resonance, can be applied to the idea of "being a poet." To Rickword the whole business is infinitely serious, and very grand, but complicated by the preposterousness of who else has got it into their heads that they're in the same great and noble business. ". . . it occurred to me after I'd published several books that I could call myself a poet. But I dismissed the idea—I'd hate to be the kind of shit who gives himself a title like that." Thus Mr Brock, in *Here. Now. Always.* He discovered poetry by chance, so to speak, through the coincidence of his temperament and his reading, as it happened, "Rhapsody on a Windy Night."

Neither Brock nor Abse has been able to wrest his functional, colloquial imagination into a realm of expression which can use the full resources of the language, its music, or the full resources of an imagination. Their poetries make gestures—this-is-an-honest poetry, this-is-a-just-me-writing-and-talking poetry, this-is-not-a-Shakespeare poetry, this-is-not-a-Tennyson-good-God-no poetry, this-is-an-ordinary poetry. In doing so, they sacrifice more of poetry's formality and performance than is good for verse, no matter how good it is for a poet's self-respect for him to feel he is undertaking nothing too presumptuous.

> *A bit like Constable*
> *I chose a favourite tree*
> *the Dulwich duckpond*
> *and put a dry turd*
> *in the foreground. . . .*

Deflating the large with the small or inappropriate, or the sublime with the human, is characteristic of Brock's defiant, brown, no-nonsense sort of mind. Much of his writing has followed these attitudes, working its way into a spare and direct emotionalism, which is often moving and convincing. His feeling is less that of "The Poets" and tends—I think too deliberately—towards a raw, domestic candour larded with a grainy pictorialism, a kitchen-sink lyricism. At the heart of it is a bewildered guilt and depression. He seems unable to understand how he got to where he is, suffering from an English class version of

[4] *Here. Now. Always.* By EDWIN BROCK. Secker & Warburg, £3.90. *Song of the Battery Hen: Selected Poems 1959–1975.* By EDWIN BROCK. Secker & Warburg, £3.50.

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"culture shock", richer and more comfortably established than he could have hoped for—

I do not sleep at night

the miners are burrowing
beneath my bed

the pharmacists
are grinding new pills

I write the spells
for this sad society

the clean and clever lad
who got on

Effective as these statements are, something—something that is of poetry itself—looks missing. In other poems a strange, dislocating kind of rhythm can be heard. Too many others rely on their ability to say the startling thing in ordinary words, and to an extent that dispenses with rhythm altogether.

"I REMEMBER DELIBERATING whether to drop them, or myself, or both together, into the Atlantic chumbling a hundred feet below." This is David Wright, confessing, as did Dannie Abse, that his earlier verses, of the 1940s, were not fit for reprinting.

I met Poetry, an old prostitute walking
Along Piccadilly, one whom no one would buy. . . .

he says in one of his poems. Rickword's Muse was a whore, too—why this detestation of the Muse, who, if she's a bitch, is exclusive about who she sells herself to? *Is* she a whore? I should think the truth of it is she does the buying.

Having been immersed in the companionship of Soho in the 1940s and 1950s—MacBryde, Colquhoun, Heath-Stubbs, *etc.*—Wright by 1965 had moved to the Lake District. He edited *X*, and has edited several anthologies, playing, it would seem, an active part in at least one corner of the literary world. In the last two or three years, that section of the literary life, always curiously without impact, has been re-surfacing in the magazine *Aquarius*.

It formed at least part of the Mavericks, a counter-attack on the Movement. Wright's collected poems[5] give us few signs of what the poetics of the group were. His work is tighter, more literary than most of Abse's, though Wright's attitude to grand symbols, myths, rhetorical language is double-edged. He writes as if wanting that repertoire, yet holds most of his poems to a colloquial plan of action, as if unable to make up his mind.

The godhead is in the instant of being,
The Niagara of our squandered time
Sculpting its form. . . .

Compare the attitudes to poetry and language in these lines from "Rhapsody of a Middle-Aged Man" with these that come in the next verse—

Still one ought to end on a serious note.
I can see a number of attitudes to strike.
The trouble is they all seem fundamentally comic.

The two kinds of writing to be seen in these examples are opposed. And the nature of the opposition—which is extreme—is a large part of the dilemma with which poets of Wright's and Abse's generation have had to contend. More importantly, it is *still* in the predicament of younger poets who, looking over such collections as these, will find very little to help them discover what might be a contemporary way of writing, both functional and capable of showing artistry and performance. Mr Brock has probably taken modern innovations in poetry writing more seriously than either Dr Abse or Mr Wright, despite the critical and anthologising interests of these two, and despite what, from Mr Brock's autobiography, seems as unliterary a background as you can get.

EARLIER IN THIS ARTICLE I confessed to feeling a bit tired and confused. The reason for this was a good deal of exposure to a considerable amount of complacency about the styles, shapes, forms, procedures and beliefs of poetry. When the next generation of "collecteds" appears—Porters, Brownjohns, Thwaites, Tomlinsons, Hugheses, Gunns, Silkins, *et al.* (Davie and Jennings are already out in bulk), we might, I hope, notice a less entrenched, less fixed notion of how poems should be written, and about what. And the generation after that will, I think, surprise you.

[5] *To the Gods the Shades: New and Collected Poems.* By DAVID WRIGHT. Carcanet Press, £3.90.

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An East Berlin Intellectual

The Heresies of Wolfgang Harich

By William Treharne Jones

WOLFGANG HARICH first sprang to international prominence twenty years ago, at a time when the Communist world was still reeling from the upheavals in Hungary and Poland. On 1 December 1956, the East German party newspaper, *Neues Deutschland*, announced that Harich, then a lecturer in philosophy at the Humboldt University in East Berlin, had been arrested along with four others.[1] They were accused of conspiring to "restore capitalism" in the *DDR*. A few months later, most of those arrested were sentenced to imprisonment. Harich, as the supposed leader of the conspiracy, received ten years.

The speed and severity with which the East German party leader, Walter Ulbricht, acted reflected his anxiety that his countrymen might be tempted to follow the example of the Poles and Hungarians. Ulbricht was aware that groups of intellectuals—such as the Petöfi circle in Budapest—had played an important role in precipitating the revolts. Hence his determination that the Harich group, which was composed exclusively of academics, journalists and publishers, should play no comparable role in the *DDR*. The publicity given to the trial of Harich and his associates was a warning to other members of the cultural intelligentsia who also might be harbouring plans for action against the régime.

It could be argued that Ulbricht had exaggerated the threat posed by the Harich group. After all its influence did not extend much beyond the party cell at the publishing house of Aufbau Verlag where leading members of the group were employed as editors. Furthermore, the methods of the conspirators were inept in the extreme. Thus, they naïvely believed that the criticism of Stalin at the 20th Soviet Party Congress meant that the introduction of inner-party democracy in the *SED* was now certain; and that they could, therefore, openly plan to oust Ulbricht without fear of retribution. Harich was also unwise enough to openly seek advice and help from the Social Democrats in West Berlin (there was, at that time, free movement between East and West Berlin), a step which involved him in dealing with the *Ostbüro* of the *SPD*, widely believed to have been the Social Democratic Organisation for the gathering of intelligence in East Germany.

Yet even if the chances of Harich and his friends coming to power were minimal, Ulbricht, having only survived the 16–17 June Workers' Revolt three years previously thanks to Russian military intervention, could afford to take no risks. Indeed we now know that his position in 1956 was even more uncertain than was thought at the time. It was later revealed that he was under considerable pressure from colleagues within the Politburo and the Government (in particular from his deputy, Karl Schirdewan, and the Minister of State Security, Ernst Wollweber). Both men believed that the lesson to be drawn by the *SED* from the 20th Party Congress and the turmoil in Hungary and Poland was the need to replace Ulbricht and introduce some sort of de-Stalinisation. Only this way, they felt, could widespread popular unrest be countered. They also held that Ulbricht's hostility to West Germany was blocking the chances of reunification.

The nationalist and liberalising Communist ideas of Schirdewan and Wollweber were in fact similar to the proposals of the Harich group which, contrary to the judgment of the Supreme Court of the *DDR*, was working not for the "destruction" of East German Communism, but for its improvement and for its renewal. A more attractive *SED* would, Harich hoped, find allies in West Germany for his plans of reunification. It is not known whether there was any contact between the two opposition groups, but they were at least potential allies. A coalition between them could have been very dangerous to Ulbricht, especially if it had won working-class support and—a crucial factor, this—if it had received succour from Moscow.

[1] See the account of the Harich conspiracy in Carola Stern, *Ulbricht—eine politische Biographie*, (Köln, 1964), p. 201 ff, and Karl Wilhelm Fricke, *Warten auf Gerechtigkeit*, Verlag Wissenschaft und Politik (Köln, 1971), pp. 114–5, 239–246.

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WALTER ULBRICHT prevented such an alliance developing by concessions to the working classes and by skilful exploitation of their suspicions of the intelligentsia. He also ensured that Comrades Schirdewan and Wollweber received no help from the Kremlin: not a very difficult task since Khrushchev, after the Hungarian nightmare, shared Ulbricht's view that de-Stalinisation in the *DDR*, far from being the first step towards German reunification (which he regarded as an unrealistic goal anyway), would have encouraged non-Communist groups, in both East and West Germany, to try and overthrow the existing régime.

IN 1956 WOLFGANG HARICH was—despite his political incompetence—quite close to the centre of events. Today, twenty years later, he is merely on the periphery. In the 1950s, before he deluded himself into thinking that he could be a kingmaker in the *SED*, he had devoted his considerable academic abilities to cultural and intellectual matters, in particular to the relationship of culture and politics, or *Kulturpolitik*. Harich had a number of outlets for his great energy and for his undoubted taste for making his influence felt. Besides being a university lecturer, he was also editor of the German *Journal of Philosophy* and an editor at the Aufbau Verlag. Since his release from prison in 1964 (he did not serve his full sentence), Harich's sole regular source of employment has been as literature and philosophy editor at the Akademie Verlag, a post which earns him some 1,500 (East) Marks a month, enough for a simple but comfortable life.

Harich lives with the singer Gisela May on the Huguenot estate of East Berlin. The estate is a reminder of the great economic and cultural role played by the Huguenots in Prussia after they had been granted asylum by the Great Elector in 1685; today the estate is owned by the Protestant Church of the *DDR*. Tucked away behind the noisy and (on account of the exhaust emitted by the two-stroke East German autos) smelly Friedrichstrasse, the estate can only be reached by a narrow approach road which is riddled with potholes. But once there the busy Friedrichstrasse is soon forgotten: the three- and four-storey blocks of flats which make up this estate slumber in shabby seclusion, surrounded by grass, trees, and the high brick walls of neighbouring gardens and buildings. The grass is uncut, the masonry of the old walls is in need of pointing. Yet this atmosphere of neglect is a minor drawback when set against the advantages of living in an area at once so quiet and conveniently located in the heart of East Berlin and close to the city's main theatres; the *Deutsches Theater* and the *Brecht Theater* are both within walking distance. The estate's advantageous location explains, in part, why many prominent members of the cultural community, particularly actors and directors, live there.

The Harich/May home has a slightly dated air about it. There are no antiques or Wilhelminian *bric-à-brac* such as adorn the flats of many younger, and perhaps more fashionable, intellectuals. No, the dated atmosphere is caused, in part, by the heavy polished pine furniture, which has a distinctly 1950s look about it. Equally dated is the housekeeper, who serves up a wholesome *schnitzel* as only an elderly German lady can. Yet although her "no nonsense" manner is a little intimidating, when her master is out of earshot she is not above asking one to bring along a copy of *Stern* or some other West German *Illustrierte*. In case the reader thinks smuggling books and magazines into the *DDR* is reprehensible, let him or her remember that even the most orthodox of Communist intellectuals make similar requests (though their requirements reflect, of course, a more elevated, less *petit-bourgeois* taste). And Herr Harich, what sort of impression does he make? Certainly not that of a man broken by eight years of imprisonment. The slight stoop of his short but well-built frame is the stoop of an academic who has spent many years sitting at a desk, writing. His dress displays an understated elegance which Germans believe to be "typically English." Harich's face—at the age of 56—is the face of a middle-class intellectual (his father was a literary critic): wide, sensitive and sharp, wreathed in longish silver-grey hair, brushed forward with a studied casualness.

AT MY FIRST MEETING WITH Harich, I was struck—as I am sure he intended me to be—by his charm and intelligence. He has a great command of language (in his own words he is "*Ein Mann des Wortes*"), and enunciates with great precision. Harich likes to impress, provoke and amuse with carefully rehearsed epigrams. I remember his rich, almost fruity voice, revelling with pleasure when, during a discussion on the relative mildness of Italian Fascism in comparison with Nazism, he described Mussolini's system as "Fascism with a human face (*Faschismus mit menschlichem Antlitz*). . . ." An example of his more macabre humour came when he was talking about his efforts to get writings by the Marxist philosopher Georg Lukács published in the *DDR* (letters to Kurt Hager, the Central Committee Secretary responsible for Culture). Harich described how a party official called on him to discuss the matter. The latter commented favourably on the arguments in favour of publishing Lukács but he let

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drop a phrase which gave Harich an uneasy feeling. Harich, he said, had made some very useful points (*Sie reden sehr vernünftige Sachen*). Harich's unease on hearing the phrase was because the *Stasi* people (members of the Ministry of State Security) had had the habit of using the selfsame phrase in their earlier dealings with him! He began to wonder: could this official actually be a *Stasi* man . . . ? The tale concluded, Harich beamed—at my amusement and at his own perspicacity.

WESTERN EXPERTS of the *DDR* have always maintained that the principal aim of the Harich group in 1956 was to bring about the reunification of Germany. Harich does not dispute this. Indeed he is still unabashedly nationalist in his views, even though the current *SED* policy (with its emphasis on the separate and diverging development of the two German states, one socialist and one capitalist) ignores the possibility and desirability of reunification.

Once, in a moment of enthusiasm, Harich outlined to me an eight-point plan of Reunification. The aim was a German Confederation, united on a socialist basis. The means would be a Soviet withdrawal from Eastern Europe, made necessary by Chinese pressure on the Siberian flank. Naturally, Harich was against the political unification of Western Europe as it could delay the coming together of the two Germanies. As a nationalist he was not disturbed by the thought that a united Germany would dominate Europe once the Russians were back behind the Pripet Marshes. The compensation for Germany's neighbours?—the beneficial influence of German socialism which would be far more attractive than the crude brand manufactured in Moscow!

If Harich is an unreconstructed nationalist, he denies being a "liberal Communist," either now or in 1956. He admits there was a strongly liberalising component to his group's proposals, but insists that its presence was purely tactical. Given the group's overall aim of a Communist reunification of Germany, it was essential for the *SED* to find allies among the West German working class and the left wing of the *SPD*. This, in turn, required that the *SED* broadened its appeal. Hence the proposals for a "renewal" of the *SED*, involving the introduction of the Yugoslav system of workers' self-administration and the replacement of the "Stalinist" Ulbricht by an East German "Gomulka."[2] However, as Harich maintains, the *SED* would have sported its "liberal Communist" colours only so long as it needed the cooperation of its West German allies (or dupes?). Once power in a united Germany had been achieved, the camouflage would have been discarded and a totalitarian system imposed.

READERS WHO MAY HAVE cause to believe that Harich, despite his protestations, espoused more liberal views than he is prepared to admit now, will find their scepticism confirmed from an unexpected quarter: the Ministry of State Security. Officials there were sufficiently disturbed by Harich's suggestion that the *SED* should seek allies within the *SPD* to ensure that they did not miss an opportunity to show their prisoner how unwise he had been. Their opportunity came in 1959 when the Social Democrats decided at their Bad Godesberg party conference to throw overboard their Marxist rhetoric and to abandon dogma-ridden plans for far-reaching state interference in the economy. The Party now declared its readiness to accept the "social market economy" and to work for reforms which might humanise or improve it, but not replace it.

To make sure that Harich realised the full enormity of the *SPD*'s "betrayal" of what remained of its Marxist principles, *Stasi* officials at Bautzen—where he was in prison—supplied him with a copy of the *SPD*'s Bad Godesberg programme. At the same time Harich was deprived both of his daily walk and of any other reading matter for three days. The *Stasi* were determined that he would have adequate time to reflect on the perfidy of the Social Democrats!

Shortly after, the *SPD* jettisoned another (electorally unpopular) plank of its platform—the proposal for reunification on the basis of neutrality. In June 1960 the deputy chairman of the *SPD*, Herbert Wehner, made an historic speech in the *Bundestag* accepting the government's view that West Germany's political and military integration into the Western Alliance was the prerequisite of any German reunification policy. A copy of the speech duly reached Harich, and the *Stasi* again made sure that he had nothing to distract him from reading it.

Whatever his earlier convictions may have been, Harich makes no bones about his views now. "I am a fanatical Communist of the Stalinist sort", he told me once, with characteristic relish (*"Ich bin ein fanatischer Kommunist der Stalinistischen Richtung"*). He went on to say

[2] The candidate Harich had in mind was the veteran Communist, Paul Merker, who in 1950 had been stripped of his posts and expelled from the party. His fall from grace was part of the *SED*'s, fortunately bloodless, contribution to the purge hysteria which was sweeping Eastern Europe at the time. Yet Merker's expulsion was also a clever move by Ulbricht to rid himself of a rival who—as head of those German Communists who had spent their Wartime exile in the West—had on occasions criticised Soviet policies and was therefore the obvious man to lead moves to rid the *DDR* of Russian tutelage.

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that however terrible the consequences of some of Stalin's policies, the Russian leader was justified "historically." "I agreed with Stalin about everything", he enthused, ". . . except with what he said about Hegel."

Harich believes the authoritarian power structure bequeathed by Stalin is a great boon for the Communist states as they wrestle with the problems caused by pollution and the wasteful use of natural resources. He is convinced that the ecological crisis is the greatest problem facing humanity at the moment, and that it can only be solved by authoritarian methods. He once told a visiting West German journalist: "In view of the ecological crisis, the main task facing us is to make proper use, not of freedom, but of the lack of it. To overcome the crisis, limitations of freedom are unavoidable. . . ." Naturally, Russia and her allies are in a better position to impose the necessary limits to freedom than the West is.

Harich backs up his arguments with a formidable array of quotations, figures and forecasts by both Soviet scientists and the authors of the "Blueprint for Survival" and the "Limits of Growth" studies. He is also an admirer of the futurologist, Robert Jungk, who in his book, *Der Jahrtausendmensch* has called for a new type of human being to cope with the problems facing mankind in the future. Such a man would be a higher being who, though not capable of original and creative work in the arts and sciences, nevertheless could comprehend and synthesise what is going on, both in these fields and in society as a whole. The higher being, the generalist, as he can be called, would use his profound knowledge to change society, not in a utopian direction, but in a way consistent with social reality. Harich claims that Jungk's concept is the same as Jean Paul's "passive genius" (an unintentional similarity as Jean Paul, a German philosopher and author, was quite unknown to Jungk when he wrote his book). In fact few Germans know much about Jean Paul though perhaps Harich's two recent studies on him may do something to redeem this.[3] Robert Jungk's journalism may remind Harich of Jean Paul's metaphysics. But I suspect most readers will be reminded of the élitist tendencies of Harich's views. Harich himself has described "the generalist" as combining the popularity of the German naturalist, Bernard Grzimek; the capacity for theory of the Belgian Trotskyite leader, Ernest Mandel; and the ability to achieve results (*Durchsetzungskraft*) exhibited by Joseph Stalin! . . . Generalism may be too important to be left to such generals.

MANY OF HARICH'S THEORIES crop up in his recent book *Communism without Growth?*, which was published in West Germany.[4] That the book has not appeared in the *DDR* and has little prospect of doing so in the foreseeable future may seem strange at first sight. After all the polity required by Harich to restrict both affluence and population growth bears a rather close resemblance to the existing East German state—and his belief that this ascetic Communist police-state will eventually rule the whole world should appeal to the *Apparatchiki*'s dream of universal domination. But this is not the East German régime's image of itself. Furthermore, in the course of developing his theories Harich breaches a number of taboos sacred to Marxist-Leninist orthodoxy. Thus, the permanent need to restrict economic growth (and so to ensure an equal distribution of the fruits of the world's limited resources) means that Harich's state would be no temporary transitional phenomenon. "Consequently", the author concludes, "any idea that the state may one day wither away is illusion." By the same token, another canon of Marxist orthodoxy, namely that a future Communist society would be one of plenty, of affluence even, is jettisoned. And here Harich touches a particularly raw nerve. Moscow and the Soviet allies are obsessed with economic growth since it alone enables them to improve their people's standard of living (and so make them less dissatisfied). Significantly, this obsession is strongest in the *DDR*, whose rulers feel threatened by the higher living-standards enjoyed by most ordinary West Germans. Thus no leader of the *SED* could ever contemplate any restriction of economic growth. In this sense the very title of Harich's book *Kommunismus ohne Wachstum?* (*Communism without Growth?*) is a provocation.

THAT HARICH IS ALLOWED TO PUBLISH his mild heresies at all can be regarded as an example of the Party's greater tolerance of intellectuals following Ulbricht's retirement six years ago. Such an interpretation also dovetails with the régime's efforts—not always consistent—to improve its image in the West. Yet it is important to emphasise that the Party risks little by letting Harich propagate his views in the West since his deviations from the official line are not in a recognisably liberal or dissenting direction. Consequently there is little chance of the Western media finding material in Harich's utterances with which to criticise the *SED*. He is at worst a lonely casuistical heretic, dreaming of a poor Church.

[3] See especially, Wolfgang Harich, *Jean Pauls Revolutionsdichtung* (Rowohlt, 1974).

[4] *Kommunismus ohne Wachstum? Babeuf und der "Club of Rome."* (Sechs Interviews mit Freimut Duve und Briefe an ihn), Rowohlt Verlag (1975).

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APART FROM *Communism without Growth?*, Harich has published two other works of topical political significance. The first is a criticism of the West German urban guerrillas, the Baader-Meinhof group. It was put out under the title of *A Criticism of Revolutionary Impatience: an Assessment of the Old and New Anarchism*, by an obscure Swiss publisher (edition etcetera), whose address is a post-office box in Basel. Appearing in 1971, when Ulrike Meinhof and her comrades were proclaiming—and practising—the "armed struggle against capitalism", the book is a criticism of all those left-wingers who believe there is some short-cut to Revolution. Harich ticks them off for under-estimating the strength and tenacity of the existing order in West Germany and makes a plea for the more cautious and orthodox methods of achieving power. Many observers saw Harich's criticism of "revolutionary impatience" as a kind of unofficial self-criticism, a rejection of the quick solutions—a "German Gomulka"; then an alliance with the Left in West Germany; then Reunification, which he himself naively advocated in 1956.

Whereas Harich's *Criticism of Revolutionary Impatience* aroused little interest in the West where it was published, a contribution to the leading East German literary journal, *Sinn und Form* (January 1973) caused a sensation, both in his own country and among interested observers abroad. Harich's essay was a powerful and provocative polemic against the adaptation of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* by the *DDR* dramatist, Heiner Müller. The article's title, *Der entlaufene Dingo, das vergessene Floss* ("The Runaway Dingo and the Forgotten Raft"), refers to the aborigines of Australia whose ancestors had reached the continent from South-east Asia by raft. They brought with them a domesticated animal, the dingo. However, with time their civilisation declined; they forgot what a raft was; and the dingoes ran away, went wild. The fate of the aborigines is, Harich explains, an allegory of the situation facing us today, and Müller's *Macbeth* is an example of the forces threatening both his country and the West with cultural relapse. However, as culture and politics are inseparable for Harich, he brands Müller's adaptation as both "slovenly *and* reactionary."

Harich's article came at a time when the East German cultural scene was reviving after the cultural repression which had characterised Ulbricht's last six years. In 1971, Erich Honecker had taken over as party chief and proclaimed that "in his view there need be no taboos in the arts so long as the starting points of the artists were basically socialist." This remark caused much excitement among writers and artists and was accompanied by the appearance of a number of new and controversial works. However it was not clear just how far the process of relaxation would go; and, both within the Party and the artists' organisations, there was much discussion about the taboos which had hindered artistic creation in the past and about the meaning of the words "basically socialist."

Harich's article was his own perverse contribution to this debate. Many East German intellectuals were angry about its tone and contents, claiming that the article was a counter attack on the new more liberal *Kulturpolitik*. Some of them also felt that Harich's choice of Heiner Müller as the target of his attacks was particularly unfortunate (in view of the professional and private difficulties the latter had experienced during the cultural repression of Ulbricht's final years). They felt that criticism of Müller now, at a time when his work was just coming back into favour, was rather like hitting man who was still trying to pick himself off the floor.[5]

HARICH IS A CURIOUS conservative on socialist, literary and aesthetic matters. "The purpose of art" he once remarked, "is not to reflect the world as it is, but to synthesise it in a convincing way." Harich is not against all "adaptations of the classics", but he felt that Müller's *Macbeth* amounted to violation of a traditional masterpiece, and attacked the inaccurate translations, the pseudo-archaic expressions (in bad German) which Müller used to convey the rough environment of 11th-century Scotland. Even more disturbing for Harich were the elements of pornography and gratuitous violence clearly visible in the new version of *Macbeth*. He was outraged by the scene where Lady Macbeth exposes her breasts . . . a superfluous gesture as the scene is patently about the couple's plans to seize the Scottish throne and is not concerned with their sex life. Harich brusquely concluded that Müller only introduced the striptease into the play out of a desire to "ape Western fashion."

As for pornography-cum-violence, one of Banquo's murderers cuts off the penis of the dead man and then presents it to Macbeth with the words: "Every job has its lighter moments." Macbeth hands it back, saying to the murderer: "Give this toy to your children." Harich, after spluttering with indignation at this episode, goes on to accuse Müller of destroying the social commitment of the original play. The principal

[5] Harich's spirit is not strong on compassion or loyalty. One of his stoutest defenders in the West is a former East German colleague, Fritz J. Raddatz, who often helped him to get a sympathetic reception in Rudolf Augstein's *Spiegel*. This did not deter him from writing a relentless (and deeply wounding) critique of Raddatz's Karl Marx biography in *Der Spiegel* (No. 17, 1975).

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theme of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* is, after all, the triumph of Monarchy, as an institution in harmony with God and nature, over the forces of evil and anarchy. Müller presents kingship only in a negative light. Thus Duncan, far from being the prototype of goodness, and perhaps even historic progress, is presented sitting on a throne composed of corpses; and he orders someone to box the ears of the decapitated Cawdor.

What a betrayal! Having deprived *Macbeth* of its original "progressive" content, Müller was shameless enough to deliberately use the sort of bestiality characteristic of such Western films as *Straw Dogs* or *A Clockwork Orange* to convince his public that life, from 11th-century Scotland to the present day, has always been terrible and will remain so. Is Müller trying to suggest that it is not worth fighting for a better future? The preacher of an austere socialism accuses the pessimist of preaching hopelessness.

Wearing his Marxist cap, Harich cannot accept this. Surely there have been improvements in society since the October Revolution! Indeed he insists that, although there have been what he euphemistically describes as "depressing manifestations" during the six decades of Communist power, every one of them was caused either by surviving evils (*unbewältigte Erbübel*) of the old Capitalist or Feudal order, or by the effects of co-existing with Capitalist society (or more usually by the influence of both these factors). There is not a single example, Harich concludes, of any evils *inherent* in the socialist system. If there have been undeniable evils, Harich frees the Communists from responsibility. So do ex-prisoners come to make their peace with the penitentiary system. The conspirator becomes conservative, the heretic becomes orthodox.

IN ALL OF THIS POLEMIC Harich's accusatory and denunciatory language was reminiscent of earlier, darker periods in the *DDR*'s cultural history. Some Party officials assumed that Harich's article was "a signal." Indeed a friend of Müller's told me that the article had had the effect of stopping the production of Müller's plays outside East Berlin. (The slightly more tolerant atmosphere in the capital is explained by the concentration of intellectuals there and the popularity of West Berlin television and radio—two factors which force party officials in the metropolis to be a little more subtle in their approach.)

Subtle, too, are the Berlin explanations for polemical counter-attack. Some believe Harich wrote his article at the bidding of a powerful figure in the Party leadership who is opposed to the recent policy of cultural relaxation: "the reward has been trips to the West and permission to publish in the West."

IN 1972–73 Harich privately criticised the new *Kulturpolitik* for its opportunism. The man of high principle thought it low tactics. He felt a primary aim of the Policy—to win back the support of both the artistic community and the interested public after the sterility of Ulbricht's last six years—lacked real ideological content. What happened was that the attitude of the Honecker authorities switched from the old line of "He-who-is-not-for-us-is-against-us" to "He-who-is-not-against-us-is-with-us." This meant that the authorities were prepared to tolerate any work of art which was not overtly hostile to the state or so controversial as to cause a row which either might mobilise conservative opposition or might spread into other non-cultural fields. This sophisticated if cynical attitude was the result of Honecker's wish to create a feeling of satisfaction among the Cultural Intelligentsia (the "strategy of satisfaction", to use Vance Packard's term) so that the régime could concentrate on its main task of strengthening the Economy. By raising the level of toleration in cultural matters, the Party widened both the themes and modes of expression open to artists and writers. Whether a novel or painting was "basically socialist" or not was to be decided by the artists themselves in the course of discussions within their professional organisations and through the influence of literary criticism. The "creative clash of opinions (*schöpferischer Meinungsstreit*)" was the great slogan. Censorship was not abolished—how could it be as long as the Party claimed for itself "the leading role" in all sections of society—yet those with the power of censorship were, for a time at least, more reluctant than they had been to interfere.

Yet Harich remained a cross-bencher, always tempted to cross the floor. I remember listening to him describe how he had answered a publisher's reader who had reminded him that "We're not a censor's office (*Wir sind keine Zensurbehörde*)" with the words that *he*, Harich, had *nothing* against censorship. He went on to point out that Goethe had found it a worthy and honourable occupation to work as a censor for a German princeling!

"Ideological ripeness was all", Harich once remarked about Kurt Hager, the Politburo member responsible for culture: "He thinks in categories. According to him, artists who were attacked earlier must now receive encouragement. And it would be best, Hager believes, that these artists should not be criticised again as they will only fear that they are about to have their work banned again. . . ." This, for Harich's fastidious Marxist spirit, is a vulgar attitude which is frequently to be found among party officials responsible for cultural matters, particularly at

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local level. Not being used to making up their own minds, anxious (out of opportunism? laziness? stupidity?) not to step out of line, these officials have assumed that what they praised yesterday must now be forgotten and that what they earlier condemned must now be tolerated, even praised. One set of clichés replaces another overnight. As Harich put it:

> "Nothing damages positive cultural developments so much as the replacement of the tyranny of the dogmatists by the tyranny of the anti-dogmatist. What would be the point, for example, of allowing what I believe would be a legitimate and long overdue consideration of the great literary qualities of Kafka [an author not printed in the *DDR*], which went so far that any criticism of Kafka's absurd ideology, be it ever so balanced and cleverly differentiated, was trampled underfoot in a totalitarian way. . . . "

There is, of course, nothing basically wrong with the system: only that anything it tends to do turns out to be totalitarian.

HARICH'S PLEA not to let the policy of relaxation crush the voice of dogmatism struck a responsive chord in conservative and orthodox hearts. During the period 1971–73, dogmatists privately criticised many of the new works reaching printing press, stage and screen—Plenzdorf's *The New Sufferings of Young W*, the life and death of a teenage drop-out. "The Legend of Paul and Paula", a film sharply critical of the new social divisions in the *DDR*; Reiner Kunze's deeply individual poems about personal liberty; Stefan Heym's analysis of the problems of writing history in a totalitarian society in *The King David Report*; and, of course, Müller's *Macbeth*. The dogmatists were also smarting over the way they were being outvoted or ignored during the discussions within the various writers' and artists' organisations.

In June 1973 (at the Ninth Plenum of the Central Committee) Honecker went out of his way to voice the anxieties of the conservatives. His speech appeared to have the effect of ending an exciting, even experimental, period in East German literature and cinema—though it has been argued that what now followed was a phase of "consolidation."[6]

Seen in the light of these events, the question whether Harich was acting as a spokesman for "the conservatives" (or dogmatists) becomes quite irrelevant. The fact is that "objectively", and I use the term in a Marxist sense, Harich's article was a highly articulate statement of the orthodox-repressive position and had served as a warning shot in a campaign which began officially the Ninth Party plenum, some six months later.

Of greater consequence for the artistic community than the plenum was the furore caused by the expulsion of Reiner Kunze from the Writers' Federation and the expatriation of the singer and dissident, Wolf Biermann, last autumn. Both Biermann and Kunze are now in exile in the West. Not surprisingly, Wolfgang Harich supported the authorities. In an interview with the West Berlin broadsheet, *Extra-Dienst*, he went out of his way to praise Biermann's talents as a singer and a poet; but he emphasised that he should not be allowed back into the country until he had come to his senses. Exile would give him the chance to mature politically.

As the Kunze/Biermann affair may—despite the régime's protestations to the contrary—mark the beginning of a phase of cultural restriction, one wonders whether Harich might not feel that the time is now ripe for him to take a more official role in cultural matters. Perhaps a post at the Ministry of Culture could be found for him? In fact, the chances of his accepting such a post—in the unlikely event that one was offered him—are very slim. Quite apart from his frail health, Harich has always rejected suggestions that he should return to any kind of official politics. As he once told me, to be accepted by the Party he would have to be 200% orthodox. Evidently this would be too much of a strain by half. So he remains what he perhaps has always been—the man between. He first burst on the Berlin scene in the post-War years, when he was the Red Army's newspaper's (*Tägliche Rundschau*) most polemical (and only literate) columnist, the guardian of true uncompromising revolutionary values . . . but he lived in West Berlin. He is still a borderer—too orthodox for the intellectuals, too knowledgeable and clever for the dogmatists.

He may yet move one day from the safe task of explicating a witty sentence of Heine or a complexity of Jean Paul or an obscurity of Kafka to more contemporary problems, say, the Orwellian ambiguities of his own society. One can offer him a suitable text: Biermann's immortal remark about his friend Reiner Kunze, whom he tried at once to defend as a human being and to criticise as a dissident. "Yes", he said, "everything he has written is true. But there is a way of telling lies by telling the truth. . . ." Possibly it would please the dialectical spirit of Wolfgang Harich if it could similarly be said of him that he told the truth by telling lies.

[6] Whatever one's interpretation, the fact remains that many of the books and films appearing since 1973 would have been inconceivable during Ulbricht's last years. Some of them, such as the film of *Jacob the Liar*, a tragi-comedy set, of all places, in the Warsaw ghetto, and Volker Braun's short story, *Incomplete Story*, an exposé of the methods of the secret police, were minor sensations.

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CONFERENCE

The Political Theorists

On the Illusions of Participation & Social Contracts

By Kenneth Minogue

IT IS A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION of the ups-and-downs of intellectual fashion that political theorists are now cocks of the walk. It was not always so.

Two decades ago, they were thought to be plying a dying trade, retailers of preferences on the margin of an empirically investigable world of social facts. Even a mere decade ago, they often constituted a despised form of intellectual software when seen alongside the hard mathematical certainties of their brothers in economic theory. But then came the droop of the Phillips Curve, and the appearance of Stagflation. In such matters as wage-levels, the certainties of economics appeared to give way to the vagaries of political negotiation. For a time it looked as if political theory would be drowned in Marxist ideology; but this wave also passed, leaving behind a less sectarian concern with equality and participation. The mountain of facts accumulated by empirical political scientists who hoped to scale the heights of a real and empirically testable hypothesis came to seem not worth the scaling. People are still mostly seen by social scientists as rats in mazes, but they are at least currently regarded as thinking, theorising rats.

Such was the intellectual climate when a couple of hundred European political scientists congregated for an annual meeting, held this year in West Berlin. They belonged to the "European Consortium for Political Research", a kind of academic multinational based on the universities of Europe. They were organised in "workshops", groups of about twenty strong, each member of which had contributed a paper; and during the week they spent together they worked their way steadily through a discussion of each paper. They spoke largely in English, with occasional shifts into French. Of the several workshops unambiguously devoted to political theory, one concerned "Social Contract & Political Community", and its very title taught a more specific lesson on the ups-and-downs of intellectual fashion. For until a few years ago, everybody knew that the social contract theory was a hopelessly unhistorical fiction dreamed up by the bourgeois rationalists of the 17th century. It had long been left for dead by Hume, Hegel, Marx, and their successors.

THE EXPRESSION "SOCIAL CONTRACT" had, of course, become a plaything of British politics early in the 1970s. But much more important from the point of view of political theory was the fact that John Rawls had expounded *A Theory of Justice* (1972) which largely ignored historical and sociological considerations in favour of exploring the logic of moral principles. Soon after, Robert Nozick had written of *Anarchy, State and Utopia* (1975) in the same individualist terms. Although both these writers were concerned with moral values, they could not be described as "normative" political theorists, since their concern was to explain and clarify the logical relations between preferences and principles, not to advocate this-or-that policy. This preoccupation linked their work with decision theory, games theory, and economics, and hence led to a breaking down of some of the conventional disciplinary boundaries of recent work. The Social Contract was evidently back in business. Whatever next? The Divine Right of Kings?

THE SOCIAL CONTRACT WORKSHOP illustrated very well the ecumenical range of "political theory", which is less a simple discipline than a quarrelsome confederation of dissonant parts loosely linked by a political subject-matter and a philosophical method. The idea of the Social Contract assembles a set of components belonging to a kind of analytical Meccano-set with which different kinds of state may be constructed. It is also the name of certain strands of thought in the history of modern Europe. Are these two things the same? Is the social contract of the historian the same thing as the social contract of the theorist?

The strict answer is that it is not, and a growing sophistication (not to mention truculence) among intellectual historians has recently been tending to demand that political theory should cease to make anachronistic references to past political thinkers whose problems were very different from our own. In the happily unsophisticated days earlier in the century, Plato, Hobbes, Rousseau, Marx, and the rest of the canon stood as shorthand expressions for certain common moves in the game of argument. They were

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arenas within which different types of question might be explored. But once intellectual historians really insisted that these thinkers must be seen in the context of their own time, then it was indeed clear that they were actually concerned with problems significantly different from those of the present day. This is, of course, particularly true if we consider the less philosophical writers of the past.

These historical complexities were made clear in the opening discussions. Martin Thompson from Tübingen dissolved the simple model of the classical contract, which textbooks take for granted, into a complicated nexus of problems inextricably linked to the political situation of the writers. In the familiar view, for example, the Contract theory is generally used to challenge the authority of Kings, who in turn respond by recourse to some such theological argument as the divine right of kings. Thompson pointed out that the Social Contract theory could be used (and was in fact sometimes used) to support Royal pretensions. Harro Hopfl from Lancaster traced the intricate steps by which the polemics adopted by the Huguenots of the 16th century to justify their resistance to a Catholic sovereign evolved into the individualistic Contract theory of Thomas Hobbes. The early Contract arguments were pure political convenience, and the moment they had in Henry IV of France a King who suited them, the Huguenots left contractualist thinking to their Catholic opponents. ("They changed their political vocabularies as they changed their hose", as Hopfl put it.) Christopher Berry exhibited the later history of the Contract as a streamlining in which the vulnerable historical element dropped off in favour of greater theoretical sophistication.

But all this historical erudition led the more analytical members of the workshop to an overwhelming question, put by Elias Berg from Stockholm: "*What, then, is the use of all this?*" For if the Social Contract does not (as it claims to do) establish a perennial basis of justice and authority, why should contractarians of times past interest anyone except professional historians? It is indeed a difficult question; and perhaps the best quick reply is to compare the benefits with whatever chess-players get from going over the moves in remote games played by Morphy, Capablanca, Steinitz, and their like.

It is certainly difficult to talk about moral principles and individual rights without making certain moves which irresistibly recall the arguments of Hobbes and Locke; just as, in later stages of the workshop, it was hard to discuss the question of "Participation" without being haunted by Rousseau, Hegel, and Marx. The common way of stating one aspect of this oscillation between human beings conceived either as rational individualists or as members of communities is by recourse to the concepts of Association and Community, of *Gesellschaft* and *Gemeinschaft*. The attack to which Social Contract theorists are vulnerable, and which indeed destroyed the theory for a long period, arises from the charge that there is no such thing as a rational individualist, and that the supposed abstractions of analytical theory are fundamentally a smokescreen for some underlying interest. Social Contract theory is, in Marxist terms, merely an oblique way of justifying the practices of the Capitalist market. The first move in constructing a contractarian theory of society is to abstract from concrete political situations to a bleached world of reason, passion, individual rights, covenants and the rest of the analytical vocabulary. The corresponding destructive move is to argue that the supposedly logical connections cannot be made unless they are underwritten by certain unstated social values, which are those of the *status quo*.

The distinction of John Rawls's work is in part the fact that he has invented at least a new décor for the contractarian "state of nature" (the starting point of rational individualists confronting each other without a government). Rawls imagines men establishing a Just Society behind a "veil of ignorance" which prevents them from knowing whether they themselves in the society-to-come will be rich or poor, clever or stupid, lazy or energetic. Thinking in these terms is assumed to focus their minds upon the position of the least fortunate, since each one of them may come to occupy a less fortunate position. The "veil of ignorance", like its predecessor, the "state of nature", dramatises the process of abstraction by which analytical political theory clears away the lumber of contingent facts in which we live in order to get down to the essentials of the political situation.

BUT WHY SHOULD ONE WISH to clear away this lumber, which is the reality amid which we actually live our lives? The main reason would seem to be that the modern state has come to resemble one of those overloaded gas-guzzling American limousines that can hardly move because of the gadgets and decorations it has taken aboard. Medieval governments provided justice and defence; modern governments have a finger in every pie, and additionally lecture us on our health and our morals. The state has become so ubiquitous that it is almost lost to sight as a distinct entity. The temptation has become irresistible to strip off these manifold excrescences to find out what is really underneath. A similar

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mood which favoured getting down to the essentials of political authority had led to the earlier social contract theory.

WHAT, THEN, IS THE POINT of governments?

Imagine a world of rational individuals living without any government at all. They would be subject to random and unpredictable violence, and they would have possessions rather than secure property rights. As Robert Nozick has persuasively argued, men in this condition would need protective services, and these would very soon become monopolistic. Nozick tends to think that this development would be a process rather than a deliberately rational choice; but Hillel Steiner from Manchester argued that even this most central feature of state power would have to be the outcome of choice rather than the unintended consequences of a process. His paper was entitled "*Can an Invisible Hand Sign a Social Contract?*" and its effect was to insist that every stage in the rational generation of a state requires deliberate decision.

Protection, then, is obviously one fundamental reason why men have created states; enforcement of contracts and stability of property rights are clearly other benefits that calculating rational individualists would value.

In exploring the logic of reasons for setting up a state, political theorists operate on the borderline between politics and economics and have made extensive use of games theory. The celebrated Prisoners' Dilemma as a model of the problem of supplying public goods turns up so frequently in the literature that it has become familiarised simply as "*P.D.*" The two separated Prisoners who suffered this famous dilemma were faced with the choice of adopting a competitive or a cooperative strategy in confessing, or refusing to confess, to their crime. Different pay-offs (*i.e.* lengths of prison sentence) result according to whether one of them confesses, both confess, or neither confesses. Different matrices of pay-offs may be constructed according to different possible strategies that may be adopted. The situation is similar when a cooperative person helps pay the costs of social goods, and incurs a loss which the free rider or the man who cheats may avoid. But that avoidance carries with it a risk (in the form of a measurable probability) of vastly greater losses. The problem of this area of theory (as Hannu Nurmi from Finland described it in a splendidly comprehensive paper) is: how to account for the emergence of the state as if it were the decision of rational individuals?

But what sorts of rational individualists, one wondered (looking out beyond our windows to the Wall), could possibly have constructed the state of East Germany? Each day, the members of the conference fanned out over West Berlin, dining in restaurants around the Kurfürstendamm and paying visits to Dahlem museums. And one thing few of them could resist doing was to make a kind of reverse pilgrimage to East Berlin. Here was a state evidently based in large part on the well-armed guards who could be seen around the Brandenburg Gate, the embodiment of power and not of justice.

Yet the very word "*power*" was not mentioned from the beginning to the end of the workshop.

TO DISCUSS JUSTICE in Berlin is an irony, perhaps even a luxury. Unrealities, of course, are integral to political theory, as they are to any sort of theory. The rational individualists of analytical politics make their choices in terms of clear numerical values arranged in tidy matrices. Real decision-makers have no such clear and precise information available to them. Models are said to illuminate—but do they cast any light upon what we conveniently call reality?

Certainly the relationship is highly oblique. When Hans Daubt from Amsterdam showed in one of the papers presented to the workshop that under certain conditions of voting and party-structure, a Majority vote would necessarily produce what that Majority did not want, he was operating in a Platonic world of abstraction. Yet his argument does seem to bear upon a widespread observation that democratically elected governments often fail to produce what people actually want. Exactly how the abstract argument and the practical observation, the model and "reality" are connected is a difficult and teasing question that reappeared often. In some formulations, of course, it is one of the central questions of philosophy. But it is clear that, while the rationality studied by the decision theorist may not dominate the human world, it does constitute an underlying drag that determines some of the longer-term movements.

It may have been a hope based upon this idea that surfaced at a highly agreeable reception held at the Hotel Berlin. Help us, appealed the President of the Berlin Senate, to solve the problems of our divided city! How many divisions, one wondered, has the International Political Science Association?

ONE OF THE GREAT VIRTUES of analytic political theory is that it makes clear that hard choices have to be made. Nevertheless, this world of alienated hardheads working for the best pay-off is often rejected, partly because it is

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unrealistic, and partly because it is thought to be repellently self-interested.

Many who take this view prefer to discuss "participation" rather than "pay-offs." Their intellectual ancestry goes back to Rousseau, Hegel, and Marx; and what they seek is a genuine community in which everybody has a say in making public decisions. William Lafferty from Oslo tried to infuse the workshop with his own sense of the crisis of "liberalist" states and the urgency of exploring the theory of participation as the only way of avoiding the destructive alienation of our time. Elias Berg sought to elaborate a fully adequate concept of democracy, one of whose principles was that people should be able to participate in making the decisions that affect them. (As he was himself quick to note, this slippery principle entailed that the only real democracy is a *world* government, since people's lives are constantly being affected by decisions made *abroad*.)

The theory of Participation is inevitably less precise and technical than the theory of Contract. But it is weakened by more than that. The very activity of government requires governors who cannot help but be distanced from those they govern. To create a society without such alien governors has been the great dream of political theorists since the 18th century; and most of the work on participation is an indulgence in this dream. Like all dreams, this one runs aground on a nasty reality—in this case the unlovely mechanics of mass manipulation and mob demagogy. It is not entirely cynical to note that the real enthusiasts for Participation are glib, silver-tongued intellectuals who can take for granted the persuasive fluency and political manipulation that are the key to power in large amateur assemblies.

YET PARTICIPATION as an idea has a great and growing magic. In exploring what it means, the conference was merely responding to the common feeling that somehow decisions are always being taken by the wrong people in the wrong place. Local government is too big to satisfy the parish, too small to deal with the region. Nation-states are grand and remote, yet not grand enough to think in terms of the continental issues that effect us all. The dream of Participation caters to that part of contemporary thought which is persuaded that we might be saved by a cunning piece of administrative machinery—were anyone able to devise it—which could ensure that the right decisions were always taken by the right people in the right place. Perhaps this is a dream whose power lies partly in the fact that most people in the world have never served on a committee, and entertain the entirely fanciful belief that if they had, bad decisions would just never have been taken. Each generation has its own favourite way of avoiding reality. Participation appears to be the way of our time.

BUT THERE IS AT LEAST this to be said for such universality of illusion: it helps people to understand each other. I have been at international conferences which illustrated the power of the curse of Babel. Every few minutes, a thinker of some new nationality would spring to the blackboard and elaborate a new conceptual framework which he imagined made everything clear, though it was, alas, barely comprehensible to anyone else. Issues like the Social Contract and Participation are at least sufficiently universal to speak across international boundaries. We at least understood one another, and that was a great pleasure.

Boiled Egg

Ovoid, polar, bald, solidly defunct,
You sit and wait for me to crush your skull.

A sculptor would be lucky to achieve you,
With your texture, balance, economy, truth to material.

I sit here clumsily making a mess of you. But
We are sisters under the shell—

Lost flight and cancelled song,
These make a normal day.

Elma Mitchell

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POINTS OF THE COMPASS

Letter from Winnipeg

Will Canada Break Up?

By F. S. Manor

THE FIRST BLEMishes have appeared on Canada's comely countenance—electoral disaster in Quebec; the largest per capita trade deficit of any Western nation, continued high inflation and declining productivity. And as in a Claudel play, the drama will be protracted; it will take some time before the leprosy that afflicts Canada has consumed her substance. There might even be a miraculous cure, although few miracles have been recorded in this post-industrial age.

The drama, long and often dull, will have all the appropriate elements of a classic tragedy. A looming economic catastrophe richly spiced with an angry confrontation between a newly nationalist Anglophone Canada and a resurgent chauvinist Quebec, where bellicose patriotism may assume all manners of shapes, from an IRA-type rebellion to an Allende-like régime. Whatever its future shape, the government of René Lévesque, the leader of the Parti Québecois, will have one purpose only, to separate Quebec from Canada, a goal that must take precedence over all other considerations that would normally inform a provincial administration. Economics present the greatest danger, but the centre of the stage will be occupied by the posturing of Mr. Lévesque and his disparate band of nationalists.

F. S. MANOR *is chief leader writer of "The Winnipeg Free Press."*

Here, then, is a scenario that lends itself to a proper dramatic treatment.

Yet economics—until the moment of ruin has been reached—is not of the stuff that electrifies headline writers or moves TV commentators to distract viewers from the things that really matter (ice hockey and the iniquities of the United States). It is quite impossible to project dramatically the impact of a $10 billion trade deficit, even if it is the first huge deficit of this trading nation in many years. Two years ago Canada had almost a billion-dollar surplus on her foreign trading account, yet nobody seems to worry about how this $10 billion deficit is to be paid for, other than by a financial crash; or how a near-bankrupt federal Treasury is to cope with Quebec's blackmail if Quebec is to be kept within Canada's Federation.

THE CHANGE OF FORTUNES has been sudden, brought about by an equally swift change in the nation's mood. The industrious Canadian, determined to get ahead in his quiet, polite way—without the Yankee ruthlessness he so often discerned south of the border, and without the flag-waving and national mythology that seemed essential to keep the American pot melting—this Canadian has vanished from public view. Probably he is still around, hiding among the silent majority, but in the market of ideas his place has been usurped by the Redistributors of wealth, by strident Chauvinists busily creating their own false mythology, and by Expectations that never stop rising.

The tragedy of Canada is that she has caught simultaneously the 1976 English disease—my union, right or wrong—and the 1930 European virus of petty hate-filled jingoism, There is something noble in the pride in one's roots, one's community, one's society and one's culture. But one would be hard put to it to find nobility in such shabby measures as closing down the Canadian editions of *Time* and *Reader's Digest*—to provide a protected monopoly for pale nationalist imitations of these magazines, imitations the Canadian public refuses to buy.

Nor is there much nobility in the Soviet-type attempt to jam American TV signals, ostensibly to prevent Canadian advertising from appearing on American programmes transmitted over cable-TV, but in reality to exclude United States television and replace it, by government fiat, with Canadian programming. Canadian book-publishers (and the plethora of minor Canadian writers) stand for ever cap-in-hand in Ottawa, heading the queue of shoe and textile manufacturers, all clamouring for government handouts, and a closed border to protect their native products.

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IT IS AN OLD STORY that reaches back to the Europe of 1848. In his essay on "Nationality and Liberty", Sir Lewis Namier wrote in his *Vanished Supremacies* (1956):

> National feeling was hailed in 1848 as a great and noble force which was to regenerate Europe, and it is denounced today as an obsession which has brought ruin upon her . . . but from the outset it was the expression of social and political maladjustment, and has since been at least as much the vehicle as the source of destructive passions.

The father of nationalism, Giuseppe Mazzini, set the trend by exalting "Young Italy" and detesting Italy's neighbours, France and Austria; very soon nationalism became a glorification of one nation as opposed to others. "It became no more respectable or enlightened than the assertion that one's own family is better than next-door's; and, like that snobbish vanity, easily and perhaps inevitably turned into quarrelsomeness. . . ."[1]

And how quarrelsome we have become! The United States can no longer be blamed for "Viet Nam", but there is no shortage of sticks with which to beat the hapless Americans: American magazines, books and paperbacks; American TV; American films; American investment (or lack of it); the Multinational corporations and even the international trade unions—all are grist to the New Nationalist's hate mills.

In Toronto, the library board has ordered the removal of British and American books from the shelves to make place for Canadian publications. A reputable Ontario newspaper, the *Peterborough Examiner*, has announced that it will review solely books by Canadian authors. Graham Greene, Patrick White, Alexander Solzhenitsyn are accordingly to be ignored (Saul Bellow, however, might squeeze in so long as Quebec remains part of Canada: the Nobel Prize winner happened to be born in Montreal).

In Montreal, Raymond Martin of *Les Editions Fides* recently complained that Canada had no equivalent of *Winnie the Pooh*, of *Tintin* and of the *Cat in the Hat*—Canadian publishers encountered great difficulties when trying to compete with these foreign imports. That genius is rare and its message universal did not seem to occur to M. Martin, determined to have his very own, distinctively Canadian Pooh.

Hugh Faulkner, one of Prime Minister Trudeau's super-nationalist associates, in 1975 journeyed to White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, to hector United States publishers and threaten them with "further Canadianisation of the cultural media" unless Canadian subsidiaries of US publishing houses ceased to be neglectful of Canadian authors; the government would take unspecified measures "to ensure the health of the Canadian publishing industry." Peter Mayer of Avon Books then told the Canadian minister that Canada was following the path of totalitarian countries by trying to "control culture", but this did not faze Mr Faulkner. He went on to threaten Book Clubs that, he said, would be allowed to operate in Canada only if they included a number of Canadian books in their lists. Pressed by the American publishers, Mr Faulkner did admit that the government was subsidising the Canadian publishing industry; and here we encounter a curious conflict of interest.

The leading lights of Canadian Nationalism are either publishers or editors. Mel Hurtig (an Edmonton, Alberta, publisher) is one of the most prominent members of the Committee for Independent Canada. So is Jack McClelland (a Toronto publisher). Peter Newman (the editor of *Maclean's* magazine, which for decades has been trying to replace *Time* and *Newsweek*) is a founder member. The president of the Toronto Library Board that ordered the removal of British and US books from the Toronto public libraries to make place for Canadian books is Dr James Lorrimer, yet another Toronto book publisher. In Quebec, the most strident voice of Federal Nationalism is that of Claude Ryan, a Montreal publisher who has never forgiven Pierre Trudeau for suppressing the incipient terrorist uprising in Quebec in October 1970 (a puerile enterprise but one that cost the life of a Quebec provincial minister strangled by the terrorists, who then were given free passage to Cuba).

The situation is not much better in the Performing Arts. The chairman of the Canadian Actors' Equity has announced that his organisation will try to ban US actors from the Canadian stage; and Canadian film producers are forever demanding the introduction of quotas that would compel Canadian cinemas to show a certain number of Canadian films, whatever the results at the box-office.

THE PROBLEM CAN BE POSED in fairly simple terms. Canada has some 22 million inhabitants, about one-tenth of the population of the USA. This correlation is equivalent to that which exists between the German-speaking part of Switzerland and the Federal Republic of Germany. There are Swiss publications, particularly *Die Weltwoche* and the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, that successfully compete on the large German market. There are no Canadian publications capable of competing in the United States. Nobody in Washington eagerly awaits the arrival of *Maclean's* as *Die Weltwoche* is awaited in Bonn. Nobody in New York supplements his

[1] Raymond Postgate, *Story of a Year: 1848* (1956).

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New York Times diet with the *Globe & Mail* of Toronto, which pretends to be "the national voice of Canada."

With very few exceptions, I am afraid, nothing is produced in Canada that could successfully compete across the border. This is partly due to historical circumstances. Too many gifted people left Canada for greener pastures in the USA, Britain, or Paris (if they were French-Canadian), a migration that greatly impoverished this nation. They left because for many years culture was the Cinderella of Canada's public life. One hesitates to quote Samuel Butler, yet—

> *The Discobolus is put here because he is vulgar,*
> *He has neither vest nor pants with which to cover his limbs;*
> *I, Sir, am a person of most respectable connections—*
> *My Brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon.*
> *O God! O Montreal!*

It remains eminently apt when one thinks of the Winnipeg city father who strenuously objected to any subsidy to the "galloping galoots", his description of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. Canada is still a nation of hockey players rather than readers; Finland with one-fifth of Canada's population reads more books than Canada where the sale of 3,000 copies constitutes a "best-seller."

Our cultural climate has been rapidly improving, but to speed up the process by exchanging the neglect of a century for a new Cultural Nationalism is worse than a quasi-totalitarian crime: it is a blunder. This is how, a century ago, Burckhardt said one should answer nationalists, like those Little Canadians who, by trying to shut us in a cultural ghetto, are cutting us off from the nourishing soil of Western civilisation.

> . . . that culture, which was European, and the community of experiences, interests, and aspirations were a stronger bond . . . and not nationality, but a healthy state was the homeland and lord of the emotions.[2]

Dreamers

London

One in three adults would like to emigrate and Canada, Australia and New Zealand are their top choices. But most are just dreamers, who would like to go but cannot see themselves ever doing so.

Lack of a future, lack of incentives, and the present economic troubles are some of the main reasons cited for wanting to leave Britain in a special Gallup Poll.

For the question "Which country would you settle in if you were to emigrate from Britain?" Canada (27 per cent.) tops the list of choices. Canada is the particular choice of the young (33 per cent. of the 16–24 age group).

DAILY TELEGRAPH

UNFORTUNATELY, THE STATE OF CANADA is not healthy; social and political maladjustment have been further confounded by the separate, and even more vicious, Quebec nationalism. It is the kind of chauvinism in which the provincial ministry of education, rather than the parents, determines what school—English or French—a child will be allowed to attend by submitting the six-year-olds to traumatic language tests. There has been a steady exodus from Montreal of English-language Québecois, who had lived in the province for generations and had made Montreal and the Eastern Townships into North American centres of finance and industry. The middle classes are moving in substantial numbers. In Ottawa (the federal capital which lies in Ontario) housing is at a premium, but there is no shortage of housing available at advantageous prices across the bridge, in Hull, which lies in Quebec. Yet despite the sharp price differential few people are tempted to invest past Ontario's provincial boundary.

The middle classes can move out of Quebec without undue hardship; the poor immigrants (from Italy, Portugal, Greece) are trapped, forced to educate their children in French only, fully aware that this will drastically curtail their future mobility. What chance will a child have on this English-speaking continent when, having Italian, Greek or Portuguese as his mother tongue, he then is forced to learn French?

Bilingualism (which in Trudeau's concept of Canada would forge the indissoluble bond to tie Quebec for ever to English Canada) has degenerated into a bureaucratic nightmare. Middle-aged civil servants permanently stationed in Western Canada are sent, at great expense, to take French "immersion" courses in Quebec. They return at the end of the course to run the tax office in Medicine Hat or Moose Jaw, where the only French they will ever hear will be from a French tourist. Each packet of Corn Flakes sold on supermarket shelves in Canada *has* to have a French text; every article imported from the USA must be re-labelled with bilingual instructions. But the federal government, whose only solution to the pertinent problem of future Anglo-French cooperation has been this bureaucratic chicanery, has been unable to force the universities (largely federally funded) to insist on knowledge of French as a condition of admission; nor has it been able to impress upon Quebec that freedom of choice, in education as in everything else, is the first prerequisite of a healthy democracy.

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[2] Jacob Burckhardt, *Judgments on History and Historians* (1958).

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THE NATIONALISTIC GERM had long been indigenous to Quebec. For a long time the enemy was Britain rather than the United States; the lost war of 1759 could never be forgotten. I have in front of me a speech made in 1913 by Henri Bourassa, Quebec's *ur*-nationalist, then stomping Western Canada to fulminate against "haughty Britain." He was particularly incensed by British demands that Canada provide protection for the Atlantic waters.

Half-a-century later Prime Minister Trudeau made these isolationist principles the cornerstone of Canada's foreign policy. Defence of Canadian sovereignty has become the first priority; defence of the NATO alliance was dropped to penultimate place. Armed forces have been depleted to such an extent that the Department of National Defence was desperately scraping the barrel to provide units for anti-terrorist guard duties at the 1976 Montreal Olympics. Although Canada is responsible, within NATO, for a wide stretch of the submarine-infested Atlantic waters, she has only a minuscule navy and practically no modern air force to patrol the Atlantic. (Only recently did the Defence Department order from Lockheed the grand total of 18 long-range patrol aircraft.) Canada's defence effort is not much bigger than that of Luxembourg, and yet Canada borders on the Soviet Union (which, be it noted, sends regular reconnaissance parties into the Canadian Arctic).

Development of Canadian resources with Canadian capital (as postulated by Bourassa in 1913) has become the cardinal article in the new Nationalist creed. One has to admire the skill with which Trudeau has succeeded in a mere eight years in remaking Canada in his (and in the late Henri Bourassa's) image. Well into the late 1950s the mood of Canada was not very different from what it had been during the Diamond Jubilee of the Canadian Federation, celebrated with great enthusiasm in 1927. Jan Morris, the British travel writer and chronicler of the British Empire, accurately renders this spirit in her essay "On the Confederation Special"[3]:

> "The 20th century, Canadians had been told, would be Canada's, but they did not interpret this prophecy in any bombastic sense. They would be rich, but they would be good. They would be American in vivacity and inventiveness, but British in style and conscience. They would cherish what was worthy in the tradition of the Motherland (as they habitually called it then), and discard what was unfair . . . they would stand as benevolent intermediaries between the races, the continents, the centuries. . . ."

This was still an accurate description of Canada's mood fifteen years after the end of the Second World War: a nation that was stolid and humourless, with no ecstasy, no great passions, no great hatreds. Montreal and Toronto might have been slightly different, but elsewhere there was a remarkable spirit of tolerance. Americans never ceased to admonish newcomers to remain humbly conscious of their good fortune in being allowed to enter God's Own Country, but in Canada—and especially on the Prairies—there was warmth and admiration for people who of their own free will came to share the fortunes and the harsh climate of this underpopulated land.

Even in Quebec, while Bourassa preached isolationism and uncompromising French nationalism, the bulk of the Québecois were happy within the federation.

I COVERED AS A REPORTER IN 1954 a convention of editors of Canadian French-language weeklies, held in Winnipeg and dominated by Quebec editors, all friendly and eager to make friends with their local Anglophone colleagues. When, at the end of the day, the duty-free wine provided by the French consulate ran out, the editors closed the proceedings by standing at attention and singing with gusto *Dieu sauve la reine*. I do not know what they sing today. But then, English-language editors would not sing *God save the Queen* either. Quebec separatism, if it accomplished nothing else, showed English Canada the way towards that very Nationalism of which she has now become the victim.

Trudeau cannot be wholly blamed for the present mess. The spadework was done by Lester B. Pearson, that indefatigable diplomat, the internationalist always in search of a formula, reincarnation of Beneš and Titulescu of the League-of-Nations days. It was Pearson who against fierce opposition from English Canada cut what was left of the old umbilical cord and provided Canada with her own flag, doing away with the Union Jack. Undoubtedly, in these days of the death of empires it had to come, but it is salutary to remember that it was Pearson, and not Trudeau, who did it. It was Pearson who allowed the unionisation of civil servants, with the right to strike—and ever since Canada has not had a reliable postal service. It was Pearson who in 1966 appeased the St Lawrence Seaway personnel by granting them the then unprecedented 30% wage rise, initialling a wage-price spiral that has not yet ended. And it was Pearson who brought into the Liberal Party Trudeau and his friends.

Lester Pearson's young assistant at the department of external affairs was Jean Lesage, a personable lawyer from Quebec who was to become Canada's youngest federal minister. Lesage was an ambitious politician, but it was

[3] Jan Morris, *Travels* (1976).

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not quite clear whether he wanted to become the prime minister of Canada, or aspired to be the first president of an Independent Quebec. A federalist and a centralist in Ottawa, he departed for Quebec where (in 1960) he became converted to the concept of provincial autonomy and launched Quebec's "Quiet Revolution." The corrupt régime of the late Premier Duplessis, who ruled Quebec as if it were an outlying province of Bourbon France, was swept away; and Lesage launched Quebec on its new adventure, secularising education and, to the consternation of his old Ottawa friends, fostering an uncompromising nationalism—*maîtres chez nous* was the slogan he coined.

NOBODY WOULD HAVE PAID MUCH NOTICE if it had been proclaimed by one of the wild men of Quebec. But our Jean Lesage? When *he* said *il faut que ça change* then change it must. Suddenly English Canada became aware that Quebec could no longer be taken for granted. Amidst this agony, amidst the worry how to keep the country united, appeared the saviour, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, half-French, half-Scot, a professor of constitutional law and a brilliant economist, a Québecois who believed in a united Canada. The "Trudeaumania" that swept the country was no artificial product of the media; it reflected the Canadian belief that the most acute problem their country faced—its continued existence—was about to be solved.

TRUDEAU HAD COME to save Canada. All across the country public conscience became exercised over the wrongs done to Quebec. French classes sprang up everywhere; and French irregular verbs were conjugated in a determination to ease Trudeau's task of keeping Canada together. There was admiration for Trudeau, who brought a new style to dull Canadian politics. He was youthful, vigorous, kissed every woman in sight—how different from those stolid yesterdays.

Few paused in their enthusiasm to look deeper into Trudeau's soul. He had been a socialist in his youth, but then who had not? His journey to Mao's China was dismissed as a quest for adventure. The kissing, the scuba-diving, and the mod clothes were taken to be signs of sustained physical vigour rather than of retarded mental development. The first general doubts began to appear when Trudeau attracted attention by sliding down banisters while attending a Commonwealth conference in not-yet-swinging London. It began to dawn on people that sliding down banisters at the age of 50 was not so very different from Trudeau's War-time pranks when he rode a motorcycle through Montreal flaunting Nazi insignia. Didn't both incidents point to a serious flaw in the Prime Minister's mental make-up, a blatant streak of immaturity?

Trudeau's political philosophy appears to be saturated with this lack of maturity and simple common sense. This has led him to adopt the old-fashioned isolationist tenets of Bourassa (remember: Bourassa was as much an intellectual influence in Quebec as Maurice Barrès and Charles Maurras in France) though Trudeau has had to compromise in his foreign policy knowing that those Canadians who had gone through World War II were not willing to embrace the isolationist concept of *Ohne mich*. None the less, Canada is no longer in the forefront of foreign affairs as she was after World War II. There is a strong sympathy with the Third World (although, for domestic purposes, this does not as yet include the Palestinians), but the firm pro-Israel attitude that once existed in the External Affairs department has given way to an "even-handed policy." There is a strong reluctance to do anything much about the Arab boycott, and the American anti-boycott legislation is dismissed as dictated by the powerful "Israel lobby."

Policy has changed; the entire make-up of the civil service has changed. Once bilingualism was introduced in the civil service, youngsters from the Canadian West were at a serious disadvantage. However brilliant in their particular discipline, they could seldom compete against a French-Canadian. Moreover, the civil service has grown to mammoth proportions because Trudeau is a believing Galbraithian and the shared article of faith is state intervention. Such policies require a large bureaucracy which, unskilled in practical economics or business, has proceeded to devour the nation's substance and threatens to wreck Canada's economic future.

PIERRE TRUDEAU has had, of course, many willing helpers among English-speaking Canadians—first and foremost, Canada's socialist party (known as the New Democratic Party), and the labour unions affiliated to it. For two years (1972–74) after the nation's first disenchantment with his policies, Trudeau headed a minority Liberal government that governed with the tacit support of the New Democratic Party; in those years Canada's economic life became as beholden to the trade unions as Britain's. The swollen government bureaucracy had been unionised, and public service unions demanded huge pay increases which were readily granted. Governments are exempt from watching profit-and-loss accounts when budgetary deficits become

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the accepted way of life. Once wages in the public sector were driven to the sky (and even the sky did not seem the limit), the private sector had no choice but to follow suit.

The lumber workers in British Columbia are now the highest paid in the world, but British Columbian lumber no longer builds the world's houses. This year in Victoria (the provincial capital), a contractor employed on the construction of a new government office building found that it was *cheaper* to bring in timber from Seattle, Washington, despite freight charges and customs duties, than to buy B.C. timber from a lumber yard with large stocks right next to the construction site.

Because of these high wages (British Columbia carpenters, too, have the highest pay in the Western world; when they can find work, that is), because of the high interest rates through which the Bank of Canada tries to temper the profligacy of the federal government, and because of unconscionably high taxation, housing in Canada is about one-third more expensive than in the United States. Wages have reached, even overtaken, those paid in the USA. However, productivity has been falling and according to the Economic Council of Canada the individual productivity gap between Canada and the United States exceeds 25%. Canada's climbing wages, declining productivity, and rising unit labour-costs make investment at home unattractive. Even her lucrative agricultural exports have been falling. The government's insistence on "orderly marketing, stabilisation and security" has produced large subsidies and has led to a drop in exports, from a share of 24.4% of the world grain market in 1965 to 14.3% in 1975, although there has been a 20% growth in world grain exports. The farmer has become the bureaucratic manager of a monstrous state farming enterprise with the usual results. With incentive and leadership in grain sales smothered by government bureaucracy, Canada relies almost entirely on the good fortune of bad harvests in the Soviet Union and China. One disastrous harvest on the Canadian Prairies—and Canada, once one of the world's bread-baskets, will have a $2 billion agricultural deficit to add to the $10 billion she has run up thus far.

THE MOST STARTLING DETAIL in this grim picture is the astounding success of the Canadian Nationalists who for so long demanded "an end to foreign investment." Most prominent among them has been Walter Gordon (an executive of a Toronto management consultant firm, who, in the mid-1950s, was chairman of a Royal Commission on Canada's economic prospects). For two years, from 1963 to 1965, Gordon was federal Finance Minister but he resigned from the cabinet at budget time. Gordon has always been a strong advocate of measures to stem foreign investment in Canada, and after leaving the ministry wrote a book called *A Choice for Canada—Independence or Colonial Status*. The federal government of those days rejected Gordon's nationalist vision, in which Canada was to range herself with the newly independent African nations (though they all fiercely rejected "Neo-Colonialism"). Gordon's plans fared better under Trudeau, who set up a board that carefully scrutinises in secret each application to invest foreign capital in Canada. In 1970, when the "Committee for Independent Canada" was formed, foreign capital invested almost $1 billion in this country. Six years of the Committee's efforts have, in the first quarter of 1976, reduced total foreign investment in Canada to the paltry sum of $5 million; there has been a further drop in foreign investment, and Canada will be lucky if in 1976 foreign investment exceeds $15 million.

The bitter fruit of the Nationalists' harvest is appalling unemployment, growing inflation, and the reluctance of foreigners, on Wall Street or in Frankfurt, to go through the tedious, costly process of asking the Ottawa government for gracious permission to risk their own money in Canadian enterprise.

Canada will urgently need natural gas from the Arctic; still under consideration is a US-Canadian venture to bring the gas in a joint pipeline through Canada's Mackenzie Valley to the population centres in Canada and the United States. The cost of the project is estimated at $10 billion; if the United States decides that in the present nationalist climate she cannot risk this enormous capital in Canadian territory under Canadian control, Canada will be left out in the cold—literally. Where is she to find $5 billion or more to build a pure Canadian pipeline? Not on the domestic market, despite the Walter Gordons and their helpers. The narrow population base does not permit creation of large capital, and the federal and provincial governments have been doing their best to make saving and capital formation well-nigh impossible. In the last fifteen years the income of an average Canadian family rose by 141%; spending on shelter rose by 127%; food by 66%; clothing by 64%. Taxes, however, rose by 239%, a figure that applies to families at all income levels.

The increase in taxation derives largely from the welfare philosophy: the State will provide. But in order to provide, it first has to take away. Canada has free universal hospitalisation; free medical care; family allowances for every child, whether the father is a millionaire or on welfare;

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a subsidised university education (with all kinds of built-in gimmicks to provide summer employment for students). And last, but certainly not least, the Moloch that eats up Canada's substance and drains her vitality: unemployment insurance provides the unemployed with almost as much income as an ordinary job of work.

At 65 each Canadian receives an old-age pension and, if he or she has worked or been self-employed, is also entitled to the Canada Pension into which compulsory premiums are paid during working life. The original concept was actuarially sound; but the pension scheme has proved a financial calamity. The federal government, which collects the contributions (except in Quebec which runs its own separate scheme), has been lending money out of this fund to the provinces at a very low rate of interest. The provinces, which seem to regard these loans as windfalls, have used the money to subsidise all kinds of costly experiments in governmental business ventures.

SOCIALISM AND NATIONALISM appear to be twins in Canada as everywhere else. One hears the gospel of the brotherhood of man—as long as the brother keeps the demarcation line. The politicised Canadian unions are xenophobic—in a Canadian context this means anti-American—a sentiment that also informs the New Democratic Party with which they are closely linked. Politicisation of the unions has been one of Canada's major misfortunes, and has led to a strike record second only to that of Italy. Strikes have become a tool not for securing a larger slice of the national pie but for securing power, *i.e.* to achieve ideological ends. A number of union leaders belong to the Marxian Left, and strike to damage "the System" rather than improve workers' conditions.

Perhaps Canada's trade union movement grew too quickly, artificially fostered as it was by federal and provincial legislation. This battery breeding has prevented the evolution of responsible union leaders; we have no George Meany in Canada, no Ernie Bevin. Those who seized power within the unions, often by default, are frequently shop-floor demagogues imbued with ideological bias and wholly oblivious to the economic realities of a vast, sparsely populated country with enormous natural resources that need injections of hefty doses of foreign capital to provide the population with a reasonable living standard.

TWO YEARS AGO I happened to be in Germany when the large trade unions there were negotiating a new contract. I spoke to union executives in the various German industrial centres, and I was struck not only by their educational qualifications—most were graduate economists—but also by their common sense, which reflected the common sense of their members. They did not want "wage packets stuffed with worthless money"; their membership knew all too well the meaning of Inflation. They wanted their employers to show large profits; profits meant more investments and more jobs. I compare my interviews in Germany with the verbiage one hears in Canada, where public-service union bosses in a class-war jargon always refer to "the Employer"—as if he were a bloated capitalist in a top-hat with a heavy golden chain across a bulging belly, rather than the downtrodden taxpayer—and I despair of this country's common sense.

Joe Morris, head of the Canadian Labor Congress (the Canadian equivalent of the AFL-CIO or the TUC), has been pressing the government to set up a tripartite body of representatives of unions, management and government to carry out "all social and economic planning" in Canada. The new board would have the power to channel all investment, both public and private—the public funds to be derived from that much milked milchcow, the taxpayer; from the Canada Pension Plan; and from private pension plans to be looted in the same manner in which the Canada Pension Plan money has been squandered.

There is a strong revulsion among Canadians against this proposal that the nation be run by an unholy Triple Alliance of big labour, big management, and big government. Business representatives would always be in a minority since Trudeau (as he told Canadians in his 1975 Christmas broadcast) believes that free enterprise does not work and that unions should be closely consulted about the nation's future. The unions have about two million members, less than 10% of Canada's population. Union bosses are usually elected by a handful of militants; yet this minority sectional interest would devour the last reserves of Canadian capital and transform this once-thriving country, full of vitality and enterprise, into a dull, grey, egalitarian society where government and unions jointly rule the individual's life. The socialist New Democratic Party, despite its links with the unions, the party's paymasters, has been wary of Mr Morris's proposal—the NDP leadership evidently remembering that a very similar proposal made by the Swedish unions last September cost the Swedish Socialist Party the general election.

THERE IS IN CANADA a sharp Burkean distinction between the political and the moral country.

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Numerous union members recognise a higher duty than that of obedience to their trade-union bosses. Whenever there is a secret ballot, reckless strike proposals by the union executive are usually voted down. Western branches of the Canadian postal workers' union (one of the most militant, ideologically motivated, public service unions) rejected the executive's demands for a pre-Christmas walk-out, saying they had no quarrel with the post-office management. There is little sympathy among the unions' rank-and-file with class-war verbiage, but it is the "political country" that wields power and forces its views down the throats of the "moral country."

The "Committee for Independent Canada" held its 1976 annual meeting in Lunenberg, Nova Scotia. The meeting was attended by 62 members, a measure of the support the Nationalists enjoy in Canada. But the few members are entrenched in key positions—in the government, unions, the media—and their shrill voices drown the majority's common sense. In 1971 the "electronic media" conducted a poll whose result, it was said, indicated that 44% of Canadians were willing to see their standard of living reduced if Canada would rid herself of all American investment. Now that foreign investment no longer flows into Canada, nothing is heard of these people willingly tightening their belts as they courageously sing *"O Canada!"*

To control inflation and arrest the rise of never-ending expectations, Trudeau introduced price-and-wage controls. The programme has had some psychological success, and general expectations have indeed been dampened. However, in a futile attempt to appease the unions, the Anti-Inflation Board (AIB) leaned heavily on business corporations, forcing them to reduce profits. This, in turn, has prevented adequate capital formation, starves industry of much-needed investment, and has further frightened off foreign investors. Moreover, it is by no means certain that the arrest of "the revolution of rising expectations" has been permanent.

None the less, the controls are not as unpopular as the Government likes to pretend. Some months ago, Joseph Kraft, who because of his "radical chic" slant is greatly loved by the Canadian media, published a column based on an interview with Prime Minister Trudeau, whom Kraft called "perhaps the world's most gifted leader." (One wonders where, say, Helmut Schmidt, a leader who has kept his country both prosperous and progressive, fits in on Kraft's political talent scale.) Kraft repeated Trudeau's excuses: it was "bilingualism" (aimed at keeping Canada together) and anti-inflationary measures (aimed at imposing "some kind of restraint, some kind of discipline") which had been responsible for the sharp drop in Trudeau's popularity. But a Gallup Poll, published one week before the column appeared, showed that 44% of Canadians believed the government's anti-inflation programme was a good thing, as against 37% opposed to it; 59% believed the unions "unreasonable" in their opposition to the wage-and-price controls. Significantly—again the distinction between the moral and political nation—54% of those classed as "*labour*" shared this view, as against 29% who believed the union leaders (who in October had organised a Day of National Work Stoppage in protest against the controls) were "reasonable."

The same applies to the issue of bilingualism, which merely offers a convenient emotional outlet through which to vent the accumulated discontent caused by inflation, high taxation, welfarism, and certain foreign and defence policies that may appeal to some Canadian academics and the media, but which do not appeal to the population at large.

NONE THE LESS, THE COUNTRY IS being pushed toward an egalitarianism it does not desire, toward a quasi-socialist *dirigisme* it fears, and into a cultural and political isolationism that irritates the Canadian majority. The spirit of North American enterprise is being broken on the wheel of a naïve welfare attitude that considers all profits evil, "corporate rip-offs" (in the telling phrase of one NDP leader).

The future? Probably the most frightening sign is the result of the 15 November election in Quebec, which points to an inexorable growth of the separatist idea. The main motive of the now distant "Trudeaumania"—that Pierre Trudeau would keep Canada together—has proved a delusion. The expensive bilingual policies have had no impact on Quebec, which suffers from an even worse social and political maladjustment than the rest of Canada, gripped by an anti-historical trend. Some 70 years ago Lord Acton, in an essay on Nationality, called attention to the tendency of states imbued with the spirit of nationalism

> to isolate and shut off their inhabitants, to narrow the horizon of their views, and to dwarf in some degree the proportion of their ideas. Public opinion cannot maintain its liberty and purity in such small dimensions, and the currents that come from larger communities sweep over a contracted territory.[4]

Where are the costly lessons learned by tragic generations in the inter-War period? People used

[4] Lord Acton, *The History of Freedom, and other essays* (1907).

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to kill for the sake of a street name, whether one language should be on top and the other below, or vice versa (German *v.* Czech, Italian *v.* German, Croat *v.* Slovene *v.* Italian), and it all contributed to the holocaust of the Second World War. What can *maîtres chez nous* mean in these days of global interdependence? The economic outlook of an independent Quebec would be bleak, and there is every reason to worry about the nature of those Actonian currents from "larger communities" (today we would call them super-powers) that would sweep over the contracted Quebec territory. The record of labour discipline in English Canada is poor; but it is far worse in Quebec. The Québecois who disparagingly called themselves "White Negroes" (in yet another bit of separatist demagoguery) may yet end up with an Angolan situation.

One reputable Canadian journalist (Ross Munro, publisher of the *Montreal Gazette*, an old-established morning paper of the Anglophone Quebec community) warned on the eve of the Quebec provincial election that a vote for the Separatist party would mean "the Balkanisation of Canada." The Maritime provinces, cut off from the rest of Canada by an Independent Quebec, would seek succour across the US border. Western Canada would fight any attempt at domination by Ontario. British Columbia, which already behaves as an independent power, would try and go it alone. Instead of a strong neighbour to the North, the United States would have to contend with a congeries of small fractious states. There are some who do not exclude the prospect of a Soviet presence on the St Lawrence.

THESE are the depressing items on the current balance sheet of a new nationalism and an old socialism: an enormous foreign trade deficit; an inflation rate far above that of the USA; cultural isolationism; an undisciplined labour force whose productivity is steadily declining; the threat of a Canadian break-up; and a population whose spirit of enterprise has been smothered by taxation aimed (as Trudeau has freely admitted) at "redistribution of wealth."

Can the trend be reversed? Joe Clark, the youthful leader of the Conservative Party, is unlikely to force an about-turn and point Canada back in the direction of "free enterprise." John Diefenbaker, hearing of Clark's election to Conservative leadership, remarked that "Canada did not need three socialist parties. . . ." In Canada, as in so many other countries, the forces of liberty are fragmented, the forces of egalitarianism united. Yet the spirit of free enterprise is still present. Even the farmer prefers the free market with its attendant risks to "orderly marketing" by an inflexible and not very competent bureaucracy.

LET ME END this gloomy catalogue of sins committed against this great country with an anecdote told a year or so ago by Willy Brandt at a small dinner party in Munich. Brandt was asked the reason for the drastic drop in his Social Democratic Party's popularity among Germany's high-school and university students. He blamed the teachers. Twenty years ago, he said, the teachers were largely holdovers from pre-War days, nationalistic, autocratic, right-wing. The students rebelled, adopted opposite views, and from among those rebellious students there has now emerged a new generation of teachers who are Marxist, Trotskyite, Maoist, *Juso* or whatever. "And youth, as is youth's wont, is now rebelling against their left-wing teachers as those teachers rebelled against *their* teachers. . . ." Brandt added ruefully that the left-wing dogmatists were as dull and obnoxious as their right-wing predecessors; he did not blame the students for turning against them.

Much of Canada's distress derives from our ideologised education. The revolt of youth against an ideology that does not work, against the straitjacket that imprisons the free spirit, against the dead hand of an all-pervading bureaucracy must surely be near. Dissidence is on the march.

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SCIENCE

Some Connections of Science & Philosophy

An Unpublished Paper—By JOHN DEWEY

SCIENCE, like the school-master, is abroad. It is dangerous to raise any question of the extent of its ranging, lest one thereby proclaim that one is not one's self abroad, but is living in a retired corner. Yet as philosophy was of old but love of wisdom, not its possession; so it is possible today that philosophy is neither an analysis nor a synthesis of science, but a questioning of its uses—its relations—in life. Not that I mean to raise the jejune question as to whether science is of use and if so what use, but to indicate that whatever science is or is not, and whatever its contents are and are not, living is for man a broader affair than knowing; and that hence it is for life, and not for knowledge, to say what is the place of knowledge in that life; none the less for it to say, even if it cannot tell truly without knowledge.

There has never been a time since philosophy began when it was not defined either as a comprehensive synthesis of all science, or as a criticism, rectification, and extension of the partial and hence distorted conceptions of the special sciences, or as an analysis of these conceptions and of the methods that attend them with a view to discovering the ultimate traits of existence. I shall not here refer to the fact that it is not obvious how a philosophy that professes to be built exclusively upon science is to learn from science itself to which one of these three structures to devote itself. Neither shall I now point out what an elastic and accommodating term science has shown itself through the ages, from the dialectically won insight of Plato, the theology of the Middle Ages, 17th-century astronomy, to the mathematical physics of today.

Such remarks are possibly but carping, and in any case are but symptoms of a more significant matter. The philosophies that purport to be built upon science both take advantage of and repudiate the struggles—the very human struggles—that have gone to the making of science. They prize the jewels of human belief that have been mined, but the efforts involved in the mind and the aims involved in regarding them as jewels are treated as part of the rubbish and débris that has been got rid of in the mining operations. And in making science (like the Moral Will of Kant) a jewel in its own belief, apart from the lives that it illumines, these philosophies also tend to make science (like the Kantian goodness) an empty and a futile thing.

FOR IT WAS MAN AND NOT science that educated man into becoming a scientific man; and it is man, not science, that commends and eulogises science.

It is no part of the business of science to anoint itself with priestly unctions or to issue testimonials to itself. The more the importance of science is insisted upon, the more is implied a context of an experience proceeding from and terminating in irrational life sufferings, struggles, and trials. A philosophy will have enough to learn from science and enough to do with it that frankly takes for its task the business of making as articulate as possible the ties that connect the methods and results of science with blind human effort, defeat, and achievement. It will doubtless be called upon, among other things, to analyse, to synthesise and to criticise various scientific conceptions. But these operations will not be carried on in the interest of science or in the presumptuous expectation of extending or rectifying or supplementing science in its own sense and direction, but with a view to promoting

THIS PREVIOUSLY *unpublished manuscript was found among the posthumous papers of John Dewey (1859–1952) by Professor Jo Ann Boydston, Director of The Center for Dewey Studies of Southern Illinois University (Carbondale, Illinois). It was written in 1902. The theme is of perennial importance and illumines some aspects of Dewey's theory of knowledge as well as his conception of the role of science in civilisation.*

SIDNEY HOOK

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a freer and more facile give-and-take of intercourse between science and a humanity whose chief concern is to make a living that is worth while.

PERHAPS I TRENCH UPON a field from which I have already warned myself away when I say that the very conception of a single, self-enclosed somewhat called Science is largely a superstition. The vitality of this superstition is a tribute at once to the power of words to dominate thinking, and to the capacity of a unified emotional response and interest to insinuate itself into objective facts and speciously confer upon them their own quality of inclusiveness and exclusiveness. It is easier consciously to ridicule Plato than to cease being his unconscious disciples; and I know of no philosophy more certain to be suffused with personal emotional reactions than one which professes itself to be a colourless objectivism—as witness the attitude of adoration, partly pedantic and partly barbaric, of our Neo-Realism to that Platonic entity which they have baptised Science.

I quote from an anthropological authority of the very first rank, a testimony all the more valuable because not made with any philosophic issue in view.

> "I believe it is a mistake to assume that the interpretation made by each civilised individual is a complete logical process. We associate a phenomenon with a number of known facts, the interpretations of which are assumed as known, and we are satisfied with the reduction of a new fact to these previously known facts. For instance, if the average individual hears of the explosion of a previously unknown chemical, he is satisfied to reason that certain materials are known to have the property of exploding under proper conditions, and that consequently the unknown substance has the same quality. On the whole I do not think that we should try to argue still further, and really try to give a full explanation of the causes of the explosion.
>
> "The difference in the mode of thought of primitive man and that of civilised man seems to consist largely in the difference of character of the traditional material with which the new perception associates itself. The instruction given to the child of primitive man is not based on centuries of experimentation, but consists of the crude experience of generations. When a new experience enters the mind of primitive man, the same process which we observe among civilised man brings about an entirely different series of associations, and therefore results in a different type of explanation. A sudden explosion will associate itself in his mind, perhaps, with tales which he has heard in regard to the mythical history of the world, and consequently will be accompanied by superstitious fear. When we recognise that neither among civilised men nor among primitive men the average individual carries to completion the attempt at causal explanation of phenomena, but carries it only as far as to amalgamate it with other previously known facts, we recognise that the result of the whole process depends entirely upon the character of the traditional material.
>
> "In scientific inquiries we should always be clear in our own minds of the fact that we always embody a number of hypotheses and theories in our explanations, and that we do not carry the analysis of any given phenomenon to completion. In fact, if we were to do so, progress would hardly be possible, because every phenomenon would require an endless amount of time for thorough treatment. We are only too apt, however, to forget entirely the general, and for most of us purely traditional, theoretical basis which is the foundation of our reasoning, and to assume that the result of our reasoning is absolute truth. In this we commit the same error that is committed, and has been committed, by all the less civilised peoples."

It would be just neither to Dr Franz Boas, the writer of these lines[1] nor to my own purpose in citing them to give the impression that their object is to create scepticism concerning the value of science, or to suggest that, after all, the differences between our scientific traditions and the myths of early man are insignificant as compared with underlying identity. Professor Boas's motive is to show that the difference between primitive beliefs and those of contemporary civilised man is due not to differences of the inherent mental structure and capacity but to the cultural medium in which individuals think and act. My own purpose is simply to emphasise the fact that there is such a medium, and that science itself, even in its own internal intellectual content, reflects it. In some sense, science is a function of this cultural medium. It reacts upon environing social life, and by this reaction gradually transforms the latter. But the context can no more be excluded and science remain, than a man can lift himself without a physical leverage beyond himself.

HENCE THE ARBITRARY NATURE and the almost arid tendency of the philosophies (or parts of philosophies) that purport to build upon science alone. Take such portions of the philosophies of Aristotle, Descartes, and Spencer as claim to analyse or else to systematise and extend the well established results of science. What do we find? The most valuable and permanent parts of their ideas? Rather material which is exceedingly important as symptomatic of the social spirit and imaginative temper of the day, but material whose intrinsic intellectual value is outworn and trivial compared with remarks these same writers make when they frankly give their interpretation of some attitude of life or their estimate of the value of some standing tendency of human nature.

[1] Franz Boas, "The Mind of Primitive Man", *Journal of American Folk-Lore* 14 (Jan.–Mar. 1901) pp. 202-6.

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Science is science. It is corrected by more science. Equally it is extended and built out by scientific men using scientific methods, not by philosophic syntheses however comprehensive, nor by definitions however acute. The results of such extensions and excavations may not, to be sure, turn out to be science; but neither will they turn out to be philosophy. They will only turn out to be poor science. That a philosopher may make respectable contributions to a science is a likely enough supposition and one which history has given some confirmation. His philosophic antecedents may count as an asset, as well as a liability, in making the contribution. But they operate pedagogically, so to speak, not philosophically; they help or hinder just as part of the intellectual equipment brought into play.

OF COURSE, THE SAME is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of the scientific man turned philosopher. He may try to combine into larger intellectual wholes the results of highly specialised sciences. He may even engage in the more dubious task of arriving at a "completely unified knowledge." But the outcome is either a contribution to one of the special sciences, or to creating a hyphenated science (like astro-physics, physiological-psychology, *etc.*) that springs up to cover the gaps left in a prior conventional divisioning of the field—or else, again, to the mythology of science, an interesting department to which Sir Isaac Newton as well as Plato has paid tribute. And again he may say something of immense importance for philosophy —something that he would not have said without his scientific training. But here, again, his science operates in making him more sensitive to some human predicament, not enclosed within the mesh of a science.

I DO NOT KNOW WHETHER it is necessary to disclaim the intention of minimising the importance of science for philosophy, but it is generally safe to assume misunderstanding, actual or latent, in any discussion in or about philosophy. So I shall point out a number of points of contact and cross-fertilisation of science and philosophy.

In the first place, philosophy can and does render a service of criticism to science. But it is capable of performing this purging service just because there is so much in science that is not scientific in origin and which persists without scientific sanction. It is not difficult to find cases where notions that originated within philosophy have been taken up by some science, and have become influential there. There was the notion, for example, of the fixity of species with its long role in the sciences of life. The notion was familiar, of course, to common sense and had an immense amount of familiar observation to sustain it. But it was definitely formulated within philosophy, explained and justified on general philosophic grounds. Moreover, it was criticised as a piece of philosophic apparatus, in its form of the separation and fixity of conceptions, before it received critical examination in biological science.

I could pick out in contemporary psychologies, psychologies that are ultra-scientific in temper, many survivals of a conception of consciousness, of conscious process and state, that originated within philosophy for the purposes of philosophy. And philosophy today, in some of its representatives at least, is much more critical of these conceptions than the average working scientific psychologist shows much disposition to be.

Some of these ideas persist among the sciences, I believe, simply because they are of so little importance there—because their significance is hardly more than verbal. Almost every student of philosophy has had occasion to note and sometimes to marvel at the equanimity with which scientific men tolerate as part of their nominal equipment ideas that seem to be anachronisms, ideas that a little reflection would throw into the discard as quite inconsistent with scientifically established facts. In most cases, the explanation, I fancy, is quite simple. These ideas do not actually function, and it is easier to let them alone and devote the time thus saved to some research. Scientific men generally, in fact, stigmatise as "metaphysical" those of their brethren who show any disposition to get excited over such of their current notions as do not directly affect the conduct of experimental inquiry.

But, as has been already suggested, the sciences also carry along with them foreign ideas that are not innocuously imbedded like boulders from another stratum. There are some ideas picked up and assigned scientific standing that do harm; they conventionalise and restrict inquiry. They direct it into unfertile fields and favour a misconception of the results reached in fruitful fields. Naturally we cannot tell offhand just what and where they are in the science of today. But even mathematics has only very recently got round to substituting a scientific determination of an axiom for the old popular "self-evident truth." The biological sciences on account of their recentness are probably quite infested with unfortunate borrowings and transfers. Almost any critical person could pick out in the still newer social sciences highly influential ideas which are at least subject to arrest as suspicious characters, intellectual vagabonds without legitimate means of support.

NOW WHEN THE PHILOSOPHER DEALS with such concepts he is quite on his own ground. Frequently, indeed, he is occupying himself with the

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products of prior philosophic industry when he considers such notions. The outcome of his examination may have a liberating effect upon science: not because the ideas dealt with are categories of science—not even because they are categories of unscience, but because his examination may place the ideas in their proper universe of discourse, and by putting them in their own social context, relieve science of an incubus.

The criticising work of philosophy need not terminate abruptly at this point. Various terms characteristic of scientific inquiry are also employed in other callings of life. A comparison of the meanings they possess in these different contexts may well be illuminating, and at times is necessary as a policing against ambiguities. If, however, one determines the meanings of such a term as "cause" in science and in practical affairs, there is no sense in concluding that the scientific conception is *the* conception to which that of daily life must be made to square. The conclusion is that the scientific notion is the meaning of causation for purposes of knowledge and that the practical fact is the fact for purposes of practice. Beyond the clarification that may come from such a distinction, the criticism may be of further value, for the distinction of meanings condensed and put in more manageable form the general question of the relation that science bears to practical occupations.

TO MY MIND SUCH CONSIDERATIONS as these exhaust the scope of one of the conventionally proper things to say about the relations of science and philosophy: namely, that each special science presupposes, assumes without inquiry, some special conception or group of conceptions, building itself thereon. Philosophy then comes in—so it is said—to examine and criticise these uncritical assumptions, having the further task of organising the purged conceptions into an intellectual system. Without such a work, we are told, the sciences indeed may get on very well as specialised pursuits, but after all get on only by begging their own premises which remain unsanctioned and obnoxiously open to sceptical queries. I waive the miracle that the sciences should be able to get on so well if they really were using ideas which are not clearly understood and which are without adequate justification. I shall take the simpler method of dogmatic denial and dogmatic assertion. I do not believe this orthodox view has anything to commend it save the ease with which it may be uttered.

Geometry does not take an unexamined notion of space as its basis and then rear its scientific superstructure. Geometry takes certain facts and their qualities as its starting point and then arrives at its conception of space by dealing with these facts. Its conception of space is a highly critical result and a highly systematised one. It would be truer to say that the system of geometry *is* the critical and organised conception of space than to say that geometry is derived from, or is built upon, some hastily snatched notion which remains at the end still unexamined as to its inner meaning and ultimate validity. From the standpoint of knowledge, of intellectual inquiry, testing and organisation, the science of geometry says all there is to say about the notion of space, instead of leaving it over for a philosopher to say the fundamental things about it. If the philosopher suspects that in the *current* system of geometry there are unexamined and unsystematised notions his sole recourse is to criticise the current geometrical results and improve the science—in short, engage in the very business the geometers are themselves endlessly engaged in. When the philosopher takes it upon himself to regard the conceptions of space, time, energy, matter, motion with which the sciences deal as untested, haphazard notions which it is his privilege to sanction and arrange, the chances are about *n* to one that the result will be neither science nor philosophy.

THE KERNEL OF TRUTH in the orthodox view lies in the two points already noted. The sciences after all still retain some infiltration of popular traditions, prior philosophic or theological enterprises with respect to which philosophy may have a purging work to do.

The facts that are employed in arriving at the scientific conception appear in other contexts than that of science. Space qualities function, for example, aesthetically, as well as mathematically. Motion and force are qualities of effort as well as terms of knowledge. To compare the respective ways in which the same facts are utilised in their different contexts for different purposes may well be an important part of the philosophic undertaking.

But only confusion arises when this task is regarded as either a rectification or an extension, from the standpoint of knowledge, of the scientific conception. The confusion and the resulting scandal to intelligence are as great whether we pit the scientific definition of motion against the practical, the vital, qualities (of which, after all, it is the intellectual definition), denying the reality of their existence because they are not the same as the scientific content, or assign to the scientific result a low intellectual place because it isn't the same as the vital qualities themselves. Why should time for example present itself in exactly the same form in mathematical physics and in the context of waiting for Theodore

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Roosevelt to make up his mind whether or no to become a candidate for the Presidency? Finding that time presents different traits in the two contexts why insist that one presentation is alone the real one, and the other an imitation or a make-belief? The obvious fact seems to be that in the region of knowledge, for the purposes of science, the scientific conception is the *only* conception; and in the sphere of action and aesthetic appreciation where qualities are the essentials, quality is the *only* quality. Accept this point of view, and we shall have done with the idea that philosophy must revise or sanction a scientific idea.

UNLESS THE FOREST has disappeared in the trees, it will be apparent that what I am trying to say is that philosophy is not concerned at all with science *as* science, and that when it ventures in that direction the result, unless overruled by a special providence, is poor science. But something positive is implied in this negation.

Philosophy is concerned with the places where science touches life, the points at which it borrows and at which it lends, where it is generated and where it operates. There are vital, there are constructive interactions of the practice of knowing with other concerns of our common life. These nodal points, these junctures, give philosophy its problems. History teems with examples of ideas first worked out and made at home in industry and commerce that found their way into science for its animation and direction.

Take, for instance, the origins of mechanical science. Greek inquiry made some marvellous advances in the direction of modern scientific methods. The human body was held in high esteem; physiology and medicine flourished.

The stars retained the dignity of their divine elevation; astronomy made headway. There has almost always been a close, probably a logical, connection between the literary-dialectical method and pure mathematics; geometry was elaborated. But the Greek gentlemen felt himself demeaned by contact with the productive crafts and their tools. The problems, the fruitful suggestions, the means, the physical appliances of experimentation were thus excluded save in exceptional cases. But as the arts developed in less aristocratic neighbourhoods, and the artisan became a social figure of greater dignity, experimental and mechanical science became inevitable. The questions, the technique, the apparatus of its inquiry were all evolved in the control of nature brought about by industries aiming to satisfy the needs of daily life. The logic of Descartes and Bacon were but halting attempts to transcribe the operations of the once despised mechanic into the language of science.

The biological conception of evolution affords another instance. Today the layman can hardly read with understanding the contributions that are [in the] making. But the earlier hours of this idea of evolution were spent in the company of political idealists proclaiming the indefinite perfectibility of man, and of social interpreters trying to resist the dissolving tendencies of a purely individualistic rationalism by conceiving history as the progressive development of one continuous whole—humanity. It is also pertinent to note that Malthus's theory of population was the chief document in the reaction against this optimistic perfectionism, and that Malthus was still sufficiently imbued with deistic piety to wish to justify the scantiness of the board which nature set for her own children on the ground that this niggardliness was a needed providential spur to work and to invention—the sources of human progress. It is all the more pertinent because Darwin has recorded his personal indebtedness to this doctrine of political economy for his conceptions of struggle for existence, selection and survival, as keys to understanding the origin of species.

Science is itself a vast cooperative social endeavour, impossible save where conditions make possible the dividing of tasks and the bringing together of the distributed results. Without the modern appliances for publication and exchange and intercourse modern science would be an idle dream. In more ways than one it is the offspring of the industrial revolution as in more ways than one it is its parent. For science gives as well as takes. What is called the conflict of science and religion is not a conflict of two abstractions, two Platonic entities, but of social groups and forces. In spite of what literary critics say, literature is written by men and women and not by imagination and abstract faculties, and men and women are subject to the influences of their times. No matter what coop an artist may build to shut himself in (and it is generally the critics, not the productive artist, that build and label these coops) his work is inwrought with scientific influences. Not that he does or should post himself upon the last scientific discovery before he writes, much less that he should write with the latest novelty of science upon his penpoint (the scientific romance being a strong contender with the historic romance for ineptitude), but that the life which solicits him, that presents to him the problem life puts to life, has itself sucked avidly in the differences in belief and practice that science makes.

ONE MORE INSTANCE and these illustrations conclude. Under the influence of certain vested, institutionalised traditions, the relation of science and morals has been conceived in a negative

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spirit, as a matter of protective insurance. How shall we save some scrap of freedom, of the ideal, of responsibility, from the devastating influence of the conceptions of natural science?

This way of feeling and putting the question is, however, itself a mark of a social life in which science has made little headway, and where the procedure of intelligence is not thought of as open-minded inquiry, competently fitted out with the needed apparatus, but as the dialectical elaboration of antithetical concepts—an eternal intellectual law-suit. What is now beginning to show as the significant point of contact of modern science with our moral life is the carrying over into behaviour, individual and collective, of the way of thinking, of questioning and testing characteristic of experimental inquiries, into natural events. For the most part moral standards are still thought of as dogmatically, as rigidly, as if the inductive conception of law and its importance as a tool of inquiry had never been heard of, or else, in irritated reaction against the unreasonable and external constraint of any morality dogmatically conceived, there is recourse to a deification of individual inclination, that again completely ignores the discovery in science of a method of intelligence that is watchful, exacting and obeying no law but that of its own end.

IT IS NOT TOO MUCH TO SAY that the philosophy of a period always focuses in the science of the time. Whatever of significance and scope seems to some to be lost in refusing to philosophy licence to burrow below science or to round out its ragged edges is more than made up for by holding philosophy to its own business of reinterpreting human concerns in the light of the advances in the method and outcome of intelligence that we call science. Housekeepers become in time acutely conscious of the extremely limited number of animals that may be drawn upon for food. Persons experienced in the larger economy of life become aware of the small number of interests that make it up and of their comparative stability—almost monotony. Left to themselves they change but little, or change as do sand dunes on a wind-swept shore. The forms gave way to one another with great rapidity, but the "more they are different, the more they are the same."

Significant differences in politics, morals, religion, art, industry are all due to changes in the temper and outlook of the imagination. Were we gifted with capacity of observation but lacking in the community of mind due to intercourse, what a drearily monotonous scene the actions of our fellow beings would present! We have just so many muscles and there are just so many combinations and coordinations possible—more, indeed, than the number of motions that may be made by a horse's legs but hardly enough more to take account of. But these external movements are fraught with meanings that vary, that grow, that take on hue after hue of idea and shade after shade of discrimination. Intelligence, reflection, knowledge permeate them, and each act is uniquely alive with import.

I do not think the case is markedly different with those massed motions of mankind that constitute our government, our loves and hates, our rites and cults, our business. It is their penetration by the discoveries and the adventures of intelligence, the hypotheses and the conclusions of science, that confers upon them significance of contour and of movement.

No wonder that the eternal symbol of intelligence is light. But the value of light for man is the visibility, the splendour, and the variegated colour it confers upon things that are not light. So the significance of science is what it does for things that are not science. To speculate upon this significance, to clarify it, to promote educational intercourse so as to help embody this significance in the actual practice of living will give philosophy quite enough to do.

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MEMOIR

Anthony Crosland & Socialism

Michael Young

"Our society will look quite different when we have carried through the changes . . . and the whole argument will then need to be re-stated, and thought out afresh, by a younger generation than mine."
C. A. R. CROSLAND, **The Future of Socialism** (1956)

I AM, as a friend, hardly a good person to talk about the response to the death of Tony Crosland. But it certainly seemed to me that there was at the time a sense that his death was a public tragedy, and hence a cause for sadness felt far beyond the people who knew him personally. Yet barely one of the many notices I read had the tone which Hugh Gaitskell used in his introduction to the report that Crosland wrote on the Co-operative Movement (1958):

> "Finally we would like to pay a special tribute to our secretary, Mr C. A. R. Crosland, who has made by far the most important contribution to the preparation of our Report. He has worked untiringly over a long period with great energy, exceptional ability and complete intellectual integrity. . . . "

The same, in substance, was said in February of many other things he did, and even as a summary of his whole life. But, generally, the manner was not stiff; there were few standard epitaphs and not, I think, only because the fashion has changed along with plumed horses and black clothes.

What was it that made his death an exceptional public as well as a private tragedy? I mean, given that he had not made his mark as a great public personality, like Bevan or Churchill or even, "Fight, Fight, and Fight Again" Gaitskell? Partly, just that he had *not* as much of the actor about him, no see-through flamboyance on the platform or in the studio. Partly, I would also say, that he was cut down in full might rather than waiting in death's ante-room. Partly, like a much younger man, he was still climbing, faster indeed than at any other period of his life, on the way to the Treasury (where any decisions that can be taken about our wretched economy presumably are).

Above all, in public life he was a rare combination of man of action and intellectual, and something of this came through to many people who knew nothing, or nothing much, of the second element.

He was not a "lateral" thinker. I rarely heard him jump to a sharp judgment on a subject he had not already got up. If someone had not really studied something, he (especially if he was an intellectual) did not have an opinion worth listening to. He should do his homework instead of spouting. Crosland was a "vertical" thinker, a marvellously deep one, who drilled down into a subject with unflagging force until he was at last able to come up with the ore of his own conclusions. I was quite often frightened by this sense of power. I usually tried, when I wanted his opinion on something I was doing, to fortify my own arguments with special care

C. A. R. CROSLAND, who was a longtime and valued contributor to ENCOUNTER, died at the age of 58 in Oxford on 19 February 1977.

MICHAEL YOUNG is the author of "The Rise of the Meritocracy" and co-author of "Family and Kinship in East London" and "The Symmetrical Family." He is Chairman of the National Consumer Council and Director of the Institute of Community Studies.

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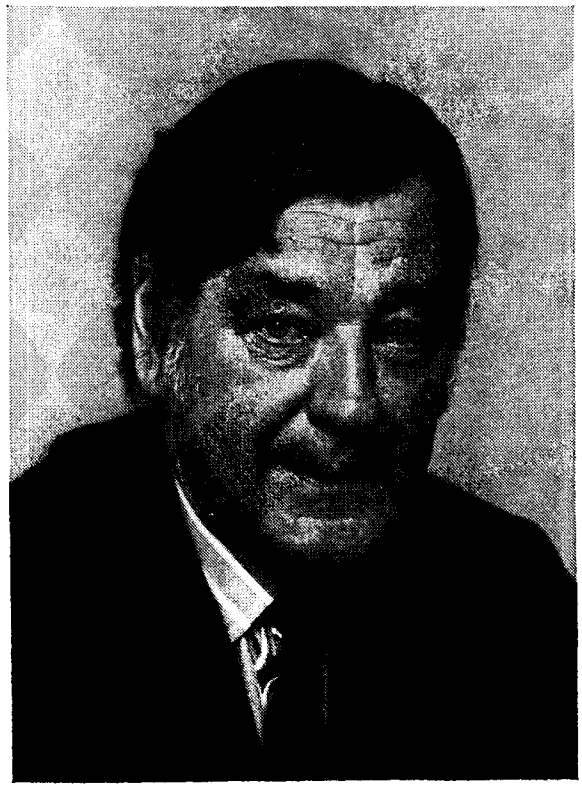
lest he scatter them all with his hammer counts of firstlies, secondlies, and thirdlies. I did this when I was writing *The Chipped White Cups of Dover* (1960), a pamphlet advocating a new Consumers' Party. For once I did not need to fear. He thought it "amusing." Anything amusing had a special dispensation of tolerance. He commented in detail on the margins of two drafts of it in his meticulous handwriting. Earlier, I discussed with him at length the general ideas behind my book on *The Rise of the Meritocracy* (1958), but I did not dare show him a draft at all in case, not being given that dispensation, it did not stand up to really close scrutiny.

But for almost all the time I knew him I was aware of him, if at a little distance, not as one or other, Intellectual or Politician, so much as both together. His ability to blend the two was his rarest quality. He did it by using that same mental power to work out his own plans of action, both on the grand and the small scale. He took hardly anything for granted. Instead, like a researcher, he went back to basic sources; and then, unlike a researcher, worked his way through to conclusions which were for action, which is perhaps why he was sometimes almost over-lucid in the analysis which led up to them. For an optimist there had to be an answer. But if one was to be found he never took it on anyone's authority except his own. His voice carried conviction because it was always the voice of someone thinking out his position for himself.



"Traditional socialism was largely concerned with the evils of traditional capitalism, and with the need for its overthrow. But today traditional capitalism has been reformed and modified almost out of existence, and it is with a quite different form of society that socialists must now concern themselves. . . ."

CROSLAND'S GRAND PLAN was set out in *The Future of Socialism*, published in 1956, before he embarked on the most active part of his political career. It turned out the most important book on socialism for 25 years. It still seems remarkable, for someone who wanted to succeed in a Labour Party which has so far always been split between its belief in a socialist utopia which is more felt than thought and its day-to-day reformist pragmatism which is more thought than felt. He tried to connect action to belief, which meant doing the almost unpardonable by wryly spelling out the success of post-War capitalism—full employment, economic growth, rising standards of life. "The first miners' Car Rally was recently held in Yorkshire. . . . Half the population now leave home for at least a week's annual holiday. . . ."

Maynard Keynes in the background seemed just as significant for the revisionist thesis as Clem Attlee in the foreground. The change since the 1930s meant that there was no need to "abolish private ownership of the means of production." But if the methods had altered there was still a very great deal to be done to achieve the main end of socialism: greater social and economic equality. Much of Crosland's book is about how to do it, and much of his programme has in fact been carried out. There is now greater equality of income, even of wealth; public spending on the social services has been increased; whatever the *Black Papers* may say, state schools have been greatly improved.

Very little in *The Future of Socialism* seems wrong to me, and much of it so contemporary that only the passing references to Lady Docker, to the power of the Beaverbrook Press, or to Karen Horney, put one back into period. The weaknesses are of omission—because society has again changed so much in two decades. Crosland in *Socialism Now* (1974) admitted his own disappointment about the economic growth which,

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in his view, was one essential key to Equality; and he accepted the arrival of Environmental politics. Perhaps his main omission was that he had so little to say about ways of "redistributing" or "equalising" the power of the State and other bureaucracies like the Trade Unions. After recognising the problem well enough in *The Future of Socialism*, he then largely left it alone. He was for the rest of his life so busy using that power to advance equality, and also to promote freedom, that he did not have much time to think about the right treatment of the one privilege which he needed for everything else he did. So far the forms of Equality have only been fostered by concentrating more power in the State. This is far more obviously now the central dilemma of Egalitarian Socialism than it was in the mid-1950s.

BUT IF THE INTELLECTUAL FORCE was not used to tackle that dilemma (to resolve it would need the political equivalent of the quark in physics), it was for every particular issue which he encountered when in office. He must have driven hundreds of British civil servants half-mad by refusing to accept what they said until he had been personally into it "in depth" and convinced himself of the policy needed.

I was close to him on only one of those issues which he had begun to go into in his famous series of articles in ENCOUNTER in the early 1960s. In 1963 he persuaded me (indeed he shamed me, as one brought up in a family of Plymouth Brethren could do so well) into acting as a mini-Crosland to his Gaitskell. I more or less gave up everything else to work nearly full-time for six months on "The Problem of the Public Schools", as secretary to a Fabian Committee of which he was Chairman and Shirley Williams a member. There was so much detail in the final report I wrote about the politics of it all that I did not publish for fear of embarrassing a future Labour Minister of Education. But when he was that Minister I could not persuade him to act because (naturally enough, in retrospect) I could not persuade him that the reform of the Public Schools was more important than the improvement of ordinary secondary schools on comprehensive lines, or the articulation of the binary system of higher education. Nor would he agree to set up a Commission of enquiry until he had had time to go into the subject once again himself; and when the Commission did come it was too late for anything to be done within that Parliament. In this instance I was the loser. Each time I argued for more priority for reforming the Public Schools I knew he had the stronger case (and also, grudgingly, that if I had been him and he me, he would probably have persuaded me).

> *"Now the time has come for a reaction: for a greater emphasis on private life, on freedom and dissent, on culture, beauty, leisure, and even frivolity. Total abstinence and a good filing system are not now the right sign-posts to the socialist Utopia; or at least, if they are, some of us will fall by the wayside. . . ."*

I HAVE NOT SO FAR mentioned the most attractive element in his socialism. A good society would be one in which people would have *more fun* as well as being More Equal, perhaps partly because they could be more amused by each other if the "barrier of class" were removed. Though an inhibited man himself, he certainly did not put barriers round his own personality. He was lovable because he did not mind whether he was loved or not. He was always so fully himself on the hundreds of occasions I have met him since 1945, without humbug but finding amusing the humbug in others. He brought the sense of fun he shared so marvellously with his wife into almost every minute of his everyday life.

That bit of revisionist socialism he lived out himself.

John Vaizey

THE EXTENT OF MY GRIEF for Tony Crosland must be measured by the stern effort I have to make to place him in perspective, in political affairs, intellectually, and in my own life as an old and dearly-loved friend. This essay is deliberately cold, even unkind. Crosland was an intensely private man, stoical, perhaps pessimistic; he thought of himself as a public man, with an objective life that was a legitimate matter for others' concern. I thought of him subjectively and I was not primarily interested in his politics, certainly not for my own career. He had my affection, loyalty and respect and I know he valued that. They were, however, of no relevance to his public life. I do not, therefore, write as a colleague.

MOST PEOPLE WANT TO DO what they are second-best at; the triumphs effortlessly won seem not worth the candle. Crosland was a good politician: excellent in the constituency; competent on the Front Bench; excellent on the back-bench up to

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1955;[1] poor because ill-at-ease in the tea-room; strong in Cabinet and extremely competent in the Department. But the achievement was willed, a result of intellectual power and disciplined personality, rather than that of the born politician (like Tony Benn). There are objective reasons why he never got on to the National Executive of the Labour Party. If he had become Prime Minister it would have been as an Attlee, because he was there (though of course I am drawing no parallel as to personality). But the real reason is that—initially at least—he cared with his mind and not with his heart about his own political achievement. He did care passionately about political ideas and, for better or for worse, about the Labour Party. His attitude to that, it seems to me, was like Evelyn Waugh's to the Roman Catholic Church: not born to it, he always took it a bit too seriously, and he had an exaggerated respect for the humble nuns and monks of the party.

His political life lasted for forty years, from Oxford to the Foreign Office. The people who admired him most, I suspect, were his active constituents, and the senior civil servants with whom he worked. I shall come, later, to what he did for my generation of politically-minded intellectuals.

IN MANY WAYS HE WAS effortlessly a don—a don of his generation, and each generation has its own characteristic patina. His study, with new books piled on a table, papers in carefully arranged layers on the floor. Crosland, writing in classic small script on a pad while lounging in a chair, wearing his red slippers, slacks, and a pullover. His listening glare, his drawl, his donnish flamboyance—a Bowra of the next generation in some respects. All this would have made him a member of Hebdomadal Council, Head of his house. A splendid Oxford man! Which is what he did not want to be. But he was a don in a way that Richard Crossman never was and could never have been. His unself-consciousness—he was shy but unselfconscious—was Oxford's gift.

SO, WHERE DID his ideas come from? (I will write later of why they mattered.) Crosland was utterly serious-minded. He cared about ideas, but only ideas of a sort. He had strongly-expressed views on wine, on food, on writing, and on manners. His intellectual formation was broken in two, of course, by the War. Of Richard Hillary's and Ian Little's generation at Trinity—and *The Last Enemy* was a key book, surely, since he loathed it so much. He read P.P.E. after an extremely good education; his mother knew French literature; his sister married A. J. P. Taylor. He was in many respects a highly cultivated man of his generation. He knew other things than C. M. Bowra; different things from Bernard Williams. He read Politics, Philosophy and Economics when it really mattered. And, after the Army, he focused on economics.

There are some competent but pedestrian articles from the late 1940s on the pricing policy of the National Coal Board—strange how coal was Harold Wilson's first theme, and Hugh Gaitskell's great breakthrough! Oxford economics was derivative in many ways from the great Cambridge revolution; it was more eclectic and more directed to applied questions. Ian Little—Crosland's successor at Trinity—was doing original work on the frontiers of philosophy and economics, though that was less original than J. de V. Graaff's contemporaneous thesis at Cambridge. The Oxford economists had been—and were to remain—influential in Whitehall. The man whom Crosland revered most was Robert Hall (later Lord Roberthall), whom Crosland succeeded at Trinity. Hall had made an important contribution to economic theory before the War in a famous article written with Charles Hitch (friend of Oliver Franks and later head of the University of California) on the "kinked demand curve." But this insight was not followed up by any major theoretical work; that was left to Robin Marris at Cambridge.

The economics, then, that Crosland learned was of a relatively simple kind—an elementary knowledge of market-theory; some modern welfare economics (without knowing the background) from Ian Little, though at heart a Pigovian; and a great deal about so-called Keynesian demand-management from Hall and others, like Donald MacDougall, who were actually doing the job. Strangely enough his two political mentors, Hugh Dalton and Hugh Gaitskell, both knew far more economics than Crosland. Dalton had learned it from Alfred Marshall and A. C. Pigou, and kept up with Lionel Robbins; he acquired Keynesianism late in life, but from the man himself on the basis of a shared Cambridge understanding. Gaitskell was very highly trained, especially in Swedish monetary theory (mostly through Brinley Thomas), which also gave him a theoretical insight into Keynes. I do not think Crosland ever had a deep knowledge of, or interest in, pure economic theory.

[1] He made a big impression between 1950 and 1955; he was out of the House from 1955 to 1959; and on his return had obviously "lost interest" and so was not successful. He got the reputation of only turning up when he wanted to speak, which is a Parliamentary sin.

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He kept up his reading of applied economics, in the macro-economic field. But it is clear, from his approach to pollution when he was at the Environment, that he remained at heart convinced of relatively simple price theory (which is what his articles on the pricing policy of nationalised industries were about); and from his approach to economic policy-making, the way Robert Hall sought to manage the economy in the 1950s seemed to him to be based on sound intellectual lines, though badly directed by Conservative chancellors. He believed in demand management and not at all in monetarism.

For that sort of reason, Crosland was convinced, in *The Future of Socialism* (1956), that the problem of output had been largely solved and that we were in the era of distribution. That is, the problem had been largely solved . . . provided the economy was well-run. He was a great believer that if the *thinking* was got straight and the *facts* got right, then the machine could be made to deliver the goods. In essence, this is what his version of Socialism became. He was a Fabian in the true tradition—that is, not what it is erroneously supposed to be, right-wing moderate gradualism, but social enquiry followed by social action.

FROM HIS PHILOSOPHY TUTORS Crosland had come to think that moral values, though they could be reasoned about, were decided independently of theory about society; the impact of A. J. Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic* was clearly powerful. His own somewhat complex value system relied heavily upon the sort of egalitarianism about the distribution of income which is to be found in Professor Abba Lerner's book of 1944; and to it he added a libertarianism, based ultimately on John Stuart Mill (and currently resurgent in John Rawls, whom he had not read about but whom he heard about), but which he felt passionately, especially on sexual humbug.

Beneath these arbitrarily determined (though strongly argued) principles, Crosland constructed a mental map of the social universe in which, it might be said, economics was well-charted and all that now remained was to organise the territory. And he started on a journey through strange seas alone into sociology.

At the end of the War sociology was virtually non-existent in Britain. A few heroic souls—Morris Ginsberg, Jean Floud, D. V. Glass, W. H. J. Sprott—were soldiering on. Crosland wanted to know, however, why British society, although it was becoming economically more egalitarian and prosperous, still remained (as he thought) class-ridden and inefficient. I shall come later to the reasons why I believe he thought this; but, right or wrong, he unquestionably did think it. He set out, therefore, on a steady reading-course in sociology, a subject held in contempt at that time by those who were not interested in it, but held in contempt by him, later, for the reason that on reading it much of it seemed to be (and probably was) drivel. At that time he was living in the Little Boltons, S.W.10, and his laments and groans were loud.

One close friend was Michael Young; and his brand of empirical observation and positive institution-building Crosland found immensely attractive. Michael Young was, I suspect, his principal touchstone on social study and indirectly therefore, also Edward Shils, whom he greatly admired.

IT WAS CROSLAND'S HABIT to defer to expertise, especially academic expertise, but also to anyone who actually knew something, rather than just held opinions about it. He made his own judgments as to who were the best-informed chaps in a particular field—Wilfred Beckerman on pollution, Michael Young on society, Robert Hall on the economy, Bill McCarthy on industrial relations, Nicholas Kaldor on taxation—and, as it were, put himself into a very demanding tutorial relationship with them. It was this aspect, particularly, that the more able and competent civil servants in Whitehall liked.

These choices of chap, if I may so term it, rather puzzled me. Obviously chance played a part. There were several people who were ruled out, despite great knowledge and ability, because they were judged frivolous or lightweight. I must emphasise that some of these judgments seemed to me arbitrary and wilful. Apart from Kaldor, the people I have mentioned are not greatly given to theorising in public (and, in Kaldor's case, the talk is largely of nuts and bolts) while the extremely powerful theory is a matter for the study. The Titmuss case, however, is to me explicable, but more lengthily explicable.

To be an expert that he trusted, you had to be committed to the radical side. Neutrality bored him. You had to be strong on facts; and you had to have proposals for actual, takable steps that the Labour Party could put in a programme and enact. And you had to lack what the Welsh call *hwyl*—he was always uneasy in the face of a prophet.

By the time he got to know Richard Titmuss, that remarkable man had himself become (by circumstances too complex to spell out here, but perhaps on a later occasion) a prophet. Titmuss, moreover, knew no economics whatsoever; he both feared and distrusted it. Crosland's respect for the man's work was considerable; his respect for the man fell short of what was customary. I remember that at my wedding

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reception, Tony (for some reason stretched full-length on the floor) said words which were so consciously forgiven that a subsequent relationship with Richard was impossible.

That, then, was the set of ideas—elaborate, detailed, but in essence simple—and now as old-fashioned as '60s gear.

WHY WERE HIS IDEAS important? The exact sequence of events is usually the explanation of most things. It is more important to know a man's year of birth than anything else about him.

The War was won. The first years of peace from 1945 to 1950 were hard and long, and contained some magnificent things—full employment, the National Health Service, the withdrawal from India—but some disillusion. The Cold War broke out; we were soon once more on a war footing; and Labour's expected and hoped-for abundance never seemed to come. In 1947 *The Economist* began—and intellectual circles soon adopted—a nagging criticism that the government's controls were a war-time legacy; that the free market, once restored, would bring prosperity. The Labour Government began to age, to crumble; and in 1951 it collapsed.

There was no Marxist alternative (as there was, with Sartre, in France). The usual Communists and fellow-travellers blamed the Cold War on Harry Truman; said what a good chap Stalin was and how much the Poles and everybody loved him; and Mrs Monica Felton (*amie* of Lord Silkin and chairman of Stevenage New Town) proved that "the Americans had invaded North Korea" and used "germ-warfare." As usual, the Communists represented hardly anybody, and the *Keep Left* group seemed pretty much infiltrated.

But the tone of the new Conservatism was, to those of us born in the late 1920s and early 1930s, utterly repellent. At Cambridge the scene changed. The ex-soldiers went; and there came the little sports cars, the ex-National Service officers in cavalry twill, flapped sports jackets and flat caps, the debs and near-debs, the braying voices. The Black Market seemed to come over the counter. It all culminated in the Coronation in 1953. "The New Elizabethans"—the return, not just to the 1920s, but to the most preposterous sub-Kiplingesque parody of an Imperial Age—the betrayal of social idealism. It would end, we assumed, in unemployment and the dismantling of the Welfare State. (Crosland never thought this; but we did.)

That, at least, is how I think I saw it.

Tony Crosland, the ex-paratrooper, spoke with the authority of a generation who had fought not merely to defeat fascism but to replace the pre-War society with a different one. Crosland, the ex-don, set out to analyse what was wrong with his country and what to do about it. Crosland, the brilliant young MP, could do something about it.

That, I think, is why we read *The Future of Socialism* with such excitement; it was prefaced by four years or so of articles and speeches which taught us to expect much.

In the event, the excitement soon passed. A new generation came, not over-impressed with War records, and not remembering the heady days of Coal Nationalisation and the introduction of the National Health Service. Suez marked a watershed—because, as a result, in the late 1950s, the New Left was invented, the young Marx was discovered, and the Cold War gradually began to end with the Khrushchev speech about Stalin, which proved (at least to us) that we had been right all along.

But the Crosland years, the Crosland boom—roughly 1953–1957—was very real while it lasted. Hugh Dalton got rid of the old men in the Labour Party (except Manny Shinwell) by his resignation which precipitated the others; Nye Bevan was defeated by Hugh Gaitskell; and Gaitskell was the political embodiment of what Crosland stood for.

THERE IS NOTHING so tedious as the recounting of recent political battles. Stories of days long gone by have an interest of their own; but the recent past is like warmed-up porridge.

I still feel that the death of Hugh Gaitskell was the greatest single post-War blow the country suffered. Gaitskell's death (in January 1963) in a fundamental way relegated Crosland's brand of democratic socialism to the place of a theory rather than to that of a tested experiment.

In retrospect, the argument that a sociological basis for a scientific socialism was at all a possible basis for a moral crusade seems a bit thin. In the chaos of a failed economy, a collapsing incomes policy, a tattered National Health Service, an education system that institutionalises ignorance, it is hard to think that we ever thought the problems so simple and the solutions so easy. Was the old order held up merely by obscurantism—*The Conservative Enemy*, to use one of Crosland's book titles, which was to the right and to the left? But we might have felt otherwise if Gaitskell had won in 1959; or even if the 1964 Government had turned out differently.

CROSLAND'S POLITICAL ACHIEVEMENT, then, was built upon a substantial, though transient, intellectual achievement. His political career consisted not of putting his ideas to the

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test, but of doing exactly what he had sought always to avoid, trying one expedient after another in a Cabinet lacking any intellectual coherence on the most fundamental issues—economic policy, moves to equality and, ultimately, foreign economic policy.

Yet how was it that his ideas still had great power? The source of that power undoubtedly was the man. Personality is a strange thing. Dick Crossman never had a real idea in his life, but the world remains convinced that he was a great intellectual. Crosland, whose life was to be a Fabian one, of ideas followed by action, was condemned to one of ideas followed by office, which is not the same thing.

In office he exhibited two vestigial tendencies of his earlier life. He persisted in setting up expert committees to find things out; and he grew steadily more crudely "political", because he was acting a part.

Crosland's influence sprang from the man and his ideas were important, not so much for what they were, as for what they represented. Let me try to explain.

His background (civil service, Plymouth Brethren, school success) explains some of his character. He was a puritan seeking to be a hedonist. His striking good looks—allied to his (at least to me) attractive, drawling, affected donnish tone of voice—explained a great deal of the rest. He exuded a genuine integrity. Wherever he went his mood affected the company, driving it to gaiety or to gloom and strife. He was, in other words, powerful. Dalton, drawn to him even more by political realism than by romance or by sensuality, was correct in assessing the young man as a politician of enormous potential. Gaitskell, like so many of the rest of us, loved him and his wife, Susan, and found in Crosland the intellectual force that explained and justified a certain political stand.

That political stand was one of moderate, firm radicalism—against the Romantic Left (which extended then, as now, to sedition); and against the immobilism of the Right (including the immobilism of the Labour movement).

In this context, both Hugh Gaitskell and Tony Crosland were egalitarians, and they thought "class differences" lay at the roots of England's problems. Much has been written about this view, which I now think to be incorrect; and I do not want to go over it again. Crosland never had the opportunity seriously to confront the massive evidence of the difficulties, probably insurmountable, that have faced all serious attempts to erode the "inequalities" that social studies have revealed. "Equality" is not only not enough as a basis for socialism, it is inachievable. He certainly came to the view that much social expenditure, on education for example, which was intended to promote equality, actually operated in the opposite direction.

I CANNOT END WITHOUT my recollection of him at his most characteristic: sitting at his kitchen table; grumbling at Susan because the food was too elaborate, or too late; launching a dart at a guest for a disreputable, slack argument; all in an atmosphere of great warmth. I shall always remember the blank eyes that preceded a devastating jibe, followed by a chuckle, with a characteristic downward turn of the head and the eyes, followed by a wide smile. To his friends he was a very nice man indeed, and he had a wife and stepdaughters who loved him. Not such a bad life.

Daniel Bell

ENGLAND'S intellectual as well as political life is diminished by the death of Tony Crosland.

I had seen him last just a week before his fatal stroke. The occasion was a small formal dinner party that he and his wife Susan had given at Carlton Gardens for Mrs Anne Armstrong, the American Ambassador, and her husband, as a farewell before their return to the United States. Crosland had been up the night before until 5 a.m. in Brussels, chairing the EEC Committee of Ministers. As he said, ironically (which was his wont), at 11 p.m. that previous evening all the other foreign ministers had slipped away, leaving their deputies behind to carry on the business at hand; but as chairman, he had been bound to the seat. He had flown back to London that morning, had had only two hours sleep, had put in a full day's work, and then, without a break was presiding at the dinner. In his talk, praising Mrs Armstrong, Tony had a text which had been prepared by the Foreign Office, yet after each sentence he would interpolate a brief, or even long, extemporaneous comment that was witty and even hilarious, and sent gales of laughter through the room. It was an extraordinary performance.

The formal party broke up soon after 10 p.m. and Tony circulated about the room chatting with various persons. He waved me to a chair and, with a drink in hand, said to me: "Tell me about Gramsci. What do you think his influence has been on Berlinguer?" He was trying to assess Euro-Communism, he explained, and had had the Foreign Office prepare a study on the intellectual evolution of Italian communism; and he

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was trying out some of the conclusions on me. After a while, he turned to another question—why some of the Social Democrats in the Labour Party were becoming rigid and even pious. "The trouble is", he said with an ironic snort, "that they have forgotten Max Weber's 'ethic of responsibility', and adopted the rigid 'ethic of ultimate ends', just like their opposition. . . ."

We had been talking for about ten minutes in this fashion when an aide came up to whisper that someone was leaving to whom the Minister had to say a formal goodbye. I looked around the elegant, historic room. With any other person, in this setting and amidst the protocol, the conversation would have been incongruous. But not with Tony, for he did not "compartmentalise" his life. He had a restless intellectual curiosity that infused all his activities: he disliked pompous and formal ceremony and held these to a minimum; and he was natural in everything he did.

This is how I have always known Tony Crosland. We had met about twenty-five years ago. He had then lost his first seat in Parliament and was debating with himself whether or not to return to academic or to non-political life. It was Hugh Gaitskell who had dissuaded him. Gaitskell had got him a job doing a study of the Co-operative movement, to tide him over, but his real enthusiasm was his book, *The Future of Socialism*, for which Gaitskell had high hopes. I had earlier edited a book on American politics, including essays by Richard Hofstadter, S. M. Lipset, and myself, which argued that *class* was an insufficient dimension to explain the swings of American politics and that certain periods could be explained better in terms of status and cultural conflicts; that the axis of tradition and modernity was, for these periods, more important than the axis of economic-interest divisions.

Crosland had been intrigued with the notion for a number of reasons. He was reading widely in the social sciences (one of the early—and perhaps few—English economists to do so). He had a keen interest in the complexities of American life (again, one of the few Englishmen, especially among politicians, to take that trouble); and he wondered whether the distinction would have relevance for British politics—especially with the expansion of a "modern" UK technical and professional class. It was a theme he had begun exploring with Mark Abrams and Michael Young. But what attracted Crosland to the United States was its relative lack of class stodginess (though he recognised its class structure), and his belief that the future of Britain lay in breaking down that oppressiveness of class which he felt had been stifling the national life.

It was a belief that he maintained throughout his life, and it was exemplified in his own natural behaviour. In the press, Crosland was sometimes deemed to be arrogant, a statement that always puzzled me. He was not. But he did not care to dissemble and would not put up with the false *bonhomie* that suffuses the political milieu. Even more puzzling was the occasional statement that in his job he was sometimes "unprepared." Crosland was one of the hardest workers I have known. But, again, he refused to dissemble or pretend to more knowledge than he had; if he was not thoroughly briefed or prepared, he preferred to be quiet (and occasionally seethe); but he would not apologise for refusing to talk when he could not offer a reasoned or relevant opinion.

THE SADDEST THING about Tony Crosland's death is that—and as a recurrent American visitor to England with a continuing opportunity to judge could clearly see—he was finally coming into his own. There was a growing public apprecation and recognition of his talents. There was the realisation that he did have the qualities of a coming leader of the Labour Party, and indeed, of a future Prime Minister. In that last conversation with me, Tony Crosland said something which had great significance for him (and his sense of the future of European politics), and clearly it was a view that he wanted to share with his friends. Apropos of the growing tensions in the Labour Party, he said: "You know, I don't think of myself any longer as a Social Democrat, but as a democratic Socialist. . . ." It was a distinction that he felt was of growing importance to him and would be the commitment of his remaining life.

WHAT HE MEANT by this distinction was not entirely clear. In the context of the Labour Party, he was saying that he had moved to the centre and that he no longer felt comfortable with the existing right wing. Yet historically, and intellectually, it is a blurred distinction. For, as a thinker within the Socialist tradition, Crosland was a "revisionist", and this revisionism was derived, historically, from the reformist wing of Marxism.

The first revisionist was Eduard Bernstein, who was one of the literary executors of Marx and had edited the *Nachlass*, a posthumous selection of Marx's unpublished writings. Bernstein, together with Karl Kautsky, had been one of the authors of the *Erfurt Programm*, the statement of principles of the German Social Democratic Party that had been adopted in 1891. The Erfurt Programme, supervised by Frederick

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Engels, was presumed to be the "mature" statement of German Marxism, superseding to some extent *The Communist Manifesto* since it had the hindsight of more than forty years of capitalist development. Yet over the years Bernstein grew more and more critical of that crucial document.

The reasons derive in large measure from Bernstein's subsequent residence in England for more than a dozen years. He came into contact with the leaders of English Socialism, principally Graham Wallas, the Webbs, Steward Headlam, and Keir Hardie. He wrote a book on Cromwell and the English Civil War. Most importantly, he was impressed by the tolerance of English life, the respect for law, and, particularly astonishing to him, the polite behaviour of the police during strikes. (By contrast, as E. P. Thompson has recently written, "Engels had lived for 50 *years* in England; and yet inside his residence in Regent's Park Road, he might have been living inside some time-warp in the Tardis".)

Bernstein's revisionism was fourfold. On the theoretical side, he disputed Marx's law of value, feeling that the third volume of *Capital* was inadequate. On the ethical side, as a Kantian, he argued that socialism was not a science ("*No 'ism' is science*"), and that socialism is a "piece of the beyond" (*ein Stück Jenseits*), a moral conception whose desirability rests not on some presumed law of history but on a necessary utopianism. Empirically, he said that the Erfurt Programme, which foresaw the disappearance of the middle class and the increasing immiseration and exploitation of the proletariat, was wrong; and practically, he said that a socialist movement must be more than a workers' party and should seek political equality by democratic means. And this has remained the ground of social democratic thinking.

Crosland was squarely in that tradition. His immediate forebear, however, was not Bernstein but E. F. M. Durbin, the talented socialist economist whose career was cut short by a tragic accident. In *The Politics of Democratic Socialism* (1940) (which would have been succeeded by *The Economics of Democratic Socialism* had Durbin lived), he wrote:

> "The extremists in the Labour Party often succeed in creating the impression that their views are derived from a more comprehensive analysis of history, and a longer tradition of scientific thought than that available to their moderate opponents.
>
> ". . . it is the contention of this book that the moderates are in no sense inferior in this matter, but that, on the contrary, their position is more firmly grounded in the evidence of history, psychology and economics. . . . The Marxist citadel has become a prison for those who inhabit it."

Durbin's intellectual targets were John Strachey (of *The Coming Struggle for Power*) and Harold J. Laski (of *The State*). There is a withering analysis of the dictatorship of the proletariat, and a remarkable appendix (prepared by Jane Samuel) of trials, persecutions and concentration camps in Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union. But the bulk of the book deals with the structural changes of capitalism—the growth of the middle class, the divorce between ownership and control, the ossification of the labour market owing to the rigidity of money wages, and the need for an incomes policy. On the basis of his analysis, Durbin concluded:

> "We wish to use the power of the State to establish expansionist policies within the growing socialized sector of the economy; to restore and maintain a high level of active accumulation; to moderate insecurity still further; to curb the cyclical oscillations of economic activity by a control of the income and investment position of the community; and to secure much greater equality in the distribution of the product of industry. . . .
>
> "The problem of policy can thus be defined as the search for a method whereby the virtues of capitalism—rationalism and mobility—can be combined with democratic needs—security and equality—by the extension of the State upon an ever-widening and consistent basis."

LITTLE OF THIS NOW SEEMS radical, yet in the context of socialist thought it was extraordinary. For one thing, few Marxist economists, including Social Democrats, believed that one could intervene, democratically or otherwise, to reverse the impact of capitalist crisis. When socialists were in power, as in Germany, with the outstanding Marxist theoretician, Rudolf Hilferding, the chief economic strategist, or in England, with Ramsay MacDonald, the "orthodox" theory was that a Depression "had to run its course", since there was no conception of fiscal policy or government management. Moreover, socialists were fiercely debating the wisdom of entering "bourgeois" governments, and just before World War II the Socialist International was almost split by the Bauer-Dan-Zyromski resolution against such coalitions. It took the practical wisdom of the Swedish socialist economics minister Ernst Wigforss and the theoretical prescription of John Maynard Keynes to show that Marxist economic orthodoxy had not understood the possibilities of interventionary economic management and policy.

CROSLAND'S *Future of Socialism* (1956) completed the theoretical analysis and policy proposals of social-democratic revisionism. Given the fact that he was writing in the stream of Bernstein and Durbin, the general opinion

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(*i.e.* of those who read *about* a work, rather than the work itself) was that Crosland had simply refurbished the social-democratic critique of Marxism, and this was reinforced by the political fact that Crosland's book became the main theoretical tract in Hugh Gaitskell's argument against the dogma of nationalisation of industry (in the famous fight over Clause 4 of the Labour Party constitution). But Crosland's book was much more than an "updating" of Bernstein and Durbin. He introduced an urgent sociological and cultural dimension that had been lacking—and, to a great extent, still is—in socialist argument.

He insisted, to begin with, on the centrality of equality. Now, equality has had a long history in socialist thought. (As the refrain of John Ball's time had it: "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the Gentleman?") R. H. Tawney wrote a famous book with that title. But Tawney's *Equality* (1952), with its attack on privilege and its enhancement of "function"—the argument that economic reward should be based on "function," not property—is a curious meritocratic and even technocratic book, reading like a background text for Michael Young's later sociological fiction. Crosland's idea of equality was twofold. One was the breaking of the class system through the expansion of schooling—long before the present modishly Marxist notion, Crosland argued that the stratification system in society was "reproduced" not through property but through the educational system. The other was the idea that equality, as Tocqueville saw it, was a process whereby what the few had today, the many would want, and have, tomorrow.

Socialism, thus, was not just a matter of economic and social policy but the enlargement of the personal and cultural spheres of life. His inspiration (as he pointed out directly in the last section of his book) was William Morris, not the Webbs. "We have all, so to speak, been trained at the LSE, are familiar with the blue books and white papers . . . the time has come for a reaction." We need, he wrote, "more open-air cafés, brighter and gayer streets at night, later closing hours for public houses. . . . " (It should be admitted, of course, that Tony liked a glass of whisky, and before ministerial responsibilities weighed him down he was an ardent jazz *aficionado*—one more reason why he liked the United States, since no British combo could ever play good jazz.)

> "Total abstinence and a good filing-system are not now the right signposts to the socialist Utopia; or at least, if they are, some of us will fall by the wayside. . . . "

Quite startling words, at a time when the Labour Party was still haunted by the humourless images of Stafford Cripps and Edith Summerskill—advocates of austerity who thought that all kinds of cheeses could be sold, if they were all chalk.

Another problem of which he was keenly aware, though it played a lesser role in his analysis, was the "issue of managerial and bureaucratic power." Socialism, he pointed out, has been concerned principally with the economic power of private business, with capitalism. But in the present-day and tomorrow's world, "it is a political and sociological problem of large scale, which now presents itself as strongly in the state bureaucracy, the trade unions, the nationalised industries, and the political parties, as it does in private industry."

HOW MUCH OF ALL THIS now stands up? This was a question about which Crosland, deeply proud of his intellectual achievements, was very sensitive. The opening lines of his last book *Socialism Now* (1974), a collection of essays, immediately pose the issue: " . . . whether the revisionist thesis of the 1950s and early 1960s, to which I contributed in *The Future of Socialism* and *The Conservative Enemy*, itself now needs to be drastically revised; and . . . if not, what this thesis would suggest as the political priorities for the 1970s."

The tone is defensive, but aggressively so. "There is, at least, no need for revisionists to revise our *definition* of socialism. Socialism, in our view, was basically about equality." Yet in detail after detail, there is a retreat—understandably so, since Crosland, as he realised better than his critics, knew that the real world of myriad interests and embedded historic encrustations is not to be changed by the boldness of mere programmatic pronouncements. (There is an old joke about the lad drafted into the Israeli Navy who when asked: "Do you know how to swim?" replied: "Well, I know the theory of it.")

The idea of equality was no longer the dream of careers open to talent or the widening of the areas of society, but a reliance on John Rawls's "distributive principle", which, in practice, might mean more administrative intervention. Crosland was sceptical about the enthusiasm for industrial democracy: "One must not expect revolutionary changes from union participation in management [for] worker-directors may become as remote from their rank-and-file as some local councillors or members of regional boards are now. . . . " And he was fearful of Inflation, "more and more our central problem—the problem which, along with lagging productivity, sometimes makes the British economy seem unmanageable."

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His answer remained faster economic growth. He was scornful of "the intelligentsia, always prone to the liberal rhetoric of catastrophe", and argued that "planned and controlled growth up to the limit of our productive potential—say 4% per annum" was possible without damage to the environment and without inflation. His argument went back to socialist fundamentals: "... we owe strong moral obligations to the ordinary people who support us. The dilemma will be more easily resolved if we have a faster rate of growth."

BUT THEREIN LIES the knot. The entire premise of socialism has been that abundance is the solvent for dissolving all social antagonisms. Crosland began his last essay with the statement: "The fundamental divide between Left and Right, socialists and non-socialists, has always been about the distribution of wealth, power and class status, and would continue to be so until the economic problem of scarcity disappeared and social relations assumed a utopian character." One of the reasons why socialists almost invariably eschewed the difficult questions of distributive justice was the argument, which Marx used, that these were problems derived from scarcity and would not exist in a socialist society.

But the basic fact is that the "divide" will inexorably remain. It is not that economic growth cannot be achieved; it can. But the brute fact remains that scarcity—not just of goods, but of information, time, and limited social positions —will always exist, and it is that very fact which makes socialism problematical. The novelty of John Rawls's book, as a social-democratic work, is its implicit recognition of the permanent character of scarcity, and the effort to find a distributive principle that could be defended as just and fair to all.

THE PARADOXICAL FACT ABOUT modern socialism is that the "democratic" argument —in theory—has been won. It is those who have lived through the grotesque world of Soviet socialism—Kolakowski, Tibor Déry, Julius Hay, Dubcek, the initiators of the Czech Charter of 77, and even the theoreticians of Euro-Communism—who now argue most strongly for the necessity of democracy in creating a socialist society. It is the economic and sociological claims, with which the movement began, that are most open to question and debate. And it is this debate that is only now beginning again.

It is at this point that Crosland, the socialist thinker, will be missed. His was a unique career: a reflective mind of great intellectual power and curiosity who also lived the active life of the socialist politician. He was free of dogma and free of cant, ready to rethink the premises of his belief, for "revisionism was a thesis about means as well as ends."

In terms that I think Crosland would have appreciated, his was a genuine "ethic of responsibility", within the realisation that such an ethic risks degenerating into opportunism, just as the "ethic of ultimate ends" too often became a flag for zealotry and self-righteousness. He lived, thus, within the tension of the two, the tension which, as Max Weber said, was the genuine "calling" of politics.

Pension

Love songs in old age
have an edge to them
like dry leaves. The tree
we planted shakes in the wind

of time. Our thoughts are birds
that sit in the boughs
and remember; we call
them down to the remains

of poetry. We sit
opposite one another
at table, parrying
our sharp looks with our blunt smiles.

R. S. Thomas

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LETTERS

The Manna Machine

AS ONE OF THE AUTHORS of "Deus est Machina?" (*New Scientist*, 1 April 1976), I was naturally interested to read Helmut Gumnior's article "Däniken and his Flying Machines" in ENCOUNTER June 1977.

"Däniken and his Flying Machines" seems to be a paraphrase of the review of Erich von Däniken's *Beweise* which appeared in *Der Spiegel* (21 February 1977), and contains the same errors—but perhaps both pieces are from the same hand.

I would like to be allowed to make three observations, since the further the material gets from its source the more distorted it becomes.

1. Gumnior says that the "chapter" about the Manna Machine is the *pièce de résistance* (*"Prunkstück"—Der Spiegel*) of the whole book. In fact, it takes up about 10 pages of a chapter of 65 pages of a book of 427 pages.

2. You quote a sentence as follows:

> "One is tempted to speculate [Däniken writes] that about 3,000 years ago the earth was visited by creatures from space and that these visitors brought the machine with them."

However, this sentence (or at least, a very similar one) was written by *us* in "Deus est Machina?", and *quoted* by Däniken. Moreover, it is salutary to note Däniken's introduction and postscript to his account of our work. He starts:

> "It has never been properly explained what this inexhaustible foodstuff [manna] in fact was. Perhaps for this puzzle a solution has been found. I can give the following report."

He then goes on to report on "Deus est Machina?", and concludes:

> "I do not claim that the report of the Englishmen is valid to prove my astronaut theories. . . . "

And yet, from "Däniken and his Flying Machines" one would suppose that he accepted our conclusions unreservedly.

3. Why is it supposed that anything published on 1 April must be an April Fool's Joke? I have been working on this project since May 1975; George Sassoon, who discovered the material, has been working on it even longer.

If we had wanted to play an April Fool's Trick, would anyone seriously believe that we had nothing better to do than spend over two man-years preparing it?

If we had been playing a trick, would George Sassoon have learned Aramaic (as he has done) in order to find out for himself what our ancient texts really say?

And would we have continued, as we have to the present, to work on the project? No. Our work is serious. The *New Scientist* hedged its bets by offering publication on 1 April; we accepted that since we thought that to publish on that day would be better than not publishing at all.

Our book, *The Manna of the Lord*, will be appearing soon (Panther)—Helmut Gumnior and your readers will then be able to judge our work for themselves.

RODNEY DALE

Bar Hill
Cambridge

HAVING NOW (after ENCOUNTER'S critique) read the article in *New Scientist* (1 April 1976) by George Sassoon and Rodney Dale I am in no doubt that it was intended seriously, even though the Editor chose to publish it on April Fool's Day. The article was based on genuine passages of the *Zohar*, the chief text of Jewish mysticism.

However, the authors' ingenious interpretation, in terms of a manna-making machine, presumably from Outer Space, does not bear much scrutiny. To begin with, the *Zohar* is not an ancient work. It was composed in the 13th century in Spain, by Moses de Leon, as conclusively proved by Gershom Scholem. Its language is not true Aramaic, but a medieval pastiche, containing many errors and many medieval idioms. The ideas in it do not go back further than 200 AD at the earliest, to the Gnostic and Neoplatonic sects. The notion that it contains information about the time of Moses and the wanderings in the desert is absurd.

The passages used for the manna-making machine have in fact an entirely different meaning. They express a mystical anthropomorphism, by which the parts of the human body become clues to the nature of the Divine. The *Zohar* expresses the general principle of this as follows:

> "Inside man there is the secret of the Heavenly Man. . . . Everything below takes place in the same manner as everything above. This is the meaning of the saying that God created man in his own image."
> (*Zohar* ii. 76a)

The passage chiefly quoted by Sassoon and Dale describes in mystical terms the head of Adam Kadmon, the divine primordial Man who mediates between the Infinite and the Creation. The expressions used—*e.g.* the Great Face, the Little Face, the Field of Apples—all have mystical meanings in the doctrine of Emanations, and are found in many other parts of the *Zohar* in different contexts.

It is much more relevant to look into the literary sources of these passages than to build theories upon them in isolation. The chief source is the *Shi'ur Komah*, a 3rd-century work of mystical anthropomorphism. There are some parallels in Christian Gnosticism too (especially the *Body of Truth* of Markos).

Behind this, again, are certain Biblical passages which were made the focus of mystical speculations. These passages are:

> (1) *Daniel* 7: 9–13: " . . . one that was ancient of days did sit: his raiment was as white snow, and the hair of his head like pure wool." This is where the *Zohar*'s "Ancient of Days" comes from, and

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also the "white head" which Sassoon and Dale interpret as one of their machine parts.

(2) *Ezekiel*, 1: 26ff: "... upon the likeness of the throne was a likeness as the appearance of a man...." The whole chapter about God's Chariot was a favourite theme for mystics.

(3) *Song of Songs*, 5: 11–15: "... his head is as the most fine gold, his locks are curled, and black as a raven.... His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as banks of sweet herbs; his lips are as lilies, dropping with flowing myrrh." The whole passage was applied to God by mystics. It is probably from the *Song of Songs* too that the "apples" came.

So I am afraid that, after one has taken up all the literary and mystical allusions, there are no parts left from which to build a machine.

HYAM MACCOBY

Leo Baeck College
London

ED. NOTE: In subsequent correspondence with the author of the *New Scientist* article, we were informed: "... After [sic!] our *New Scientist* article, George Sassoon set to work to learn Aramaic in order to examine the original material."

Superbly Outrageous Idea

As I WAS largely responsible for perpetrating the April Fool's joke about manna from heaven, I hope it is not too late to add the following comment.

"We were delighted with Dale and Sassoon's article proposing that manna was possibly *Chlorella* manufactured by single-cell protein equipment. There was, however, only one conceivable day for publishing such a superbly outrageous idea. The authors not only agreed but allowed us also to make the key alteration to the text which appears in the penultimate sentence of the article written in *New Scientist* in the issue of 1st April 1976. [*" ... This raises as many problems as it solves, and we would prefer not to propound such a hypothesis today."] Of course, if Messrs Dale and Sassoon actually believe in this hypothesis, then that's an entirely different matter and their own business...."

I still think it was a superb stunt, and we have been looking ever since for one as good to run on each April Fool's Day.

NICHOLAS VALERY
DEPUTY EDITOR (TECHNOLOGY)

New Scientist
London

"D. H. Lawrence's Own Myth"

GEORGE WATSON is so resolutely intent on outraging admirers of Lawrence in his article "D. H. Lawrence's Own Myth" (ENCOUNTER, December 1976) that it would be churlish to resist. Perhaps the easiest way of coping with his parade of innuendoes, sneers and factoids is to use, or adapt, the three epigraphs that Dr Leavis, another of Watson's victims, though he seems to have survived Watson's previous attacks on him remarkably well, provided for his *D. H. Lawrence, Novelist*. The first, from Frieda's *Not I, But the Wind,* concluded:

> "Critics indeed! Had they been able to *take* instead of criticizing, how much richer their own lives might have been!"

Anyone who undertakes a debunking of Lawrence along Watson's kind of lines—"his fabled interest in savages, animals, and the Holy Ghost" being entirely characteristic—would do well to reflect on Frieda's words, though the whole tenor of his article suggests a spiritual impoverishment beyond any hope of saving.

It isn't easy to see any other purpose than outrage in Watson's small piece, since he has so little to say, which may account for the strange formulations, such as that Lawrence, after the outbreak of War in 1914 "adopted" a "taste for dictatorial over-assertion", or his comment on Bertrand Russell's "I did not then know that [Lawrence's obsession with blood-consciousness] led straight to Auschwitz", that "The verb 'to lead' is evidently *incautious* here" (my italics). And it is strange to find Watson saying "Lawrence plainly viewed the coming national revival in Germany with a gloating expectation", and immediately quoting a passage that powerfully conveys recoil, if not horror. Odder still is this:

> "A Nietzschean rhetoric of life-affirmation (*Lebensbejahung*), [Thanks] which he had found in the Croydon Public Library of 1908–9, if not earlier, was belatedly to re-enter the bloodstream of English criticism in the *Scrutiny* of the 1940s."

That defeats critique. The suggestion of meticulous scholarship ("1908–9, if not earlier"), going with the paralysingly inane assertion, should come as no surprise after the crass nonsense that Watson has so confidently trundled out about whether Lawrence was or was not a "working-class author", nonsense that shows once again that those who come to England only relatively late in life are ill-advised to express opinions on the class-structure they find here, since it depends on so many factors which an antipodean is unlikely to take account of. Here Leavis's second epigraph (from Eliot) comes in handy, supposing he could have made it about Watson:

> "Had he become a don at Cambridge his ignorance might have had frightful consequences for himself and for the world, 'rotten and rotting others'."

I would have taken it as no cause for concern had not ENCOUNTER, with its prestige and international circulation, printed such a piece of palpable rubbish. Like Lawrence, "I am English, and my Englishness is my very vision", to use the third of Leavis's epigraphs. And perhaps it is my Englishness which, faced with Watson's malignity, makes me feel that though to react to his article is a duty, to argue against it would give it a dignity it is comically far from deserving. With enemies like Watson, Lawrence doesn't need friends.

MICHAEL TANNER

Corpus Christi College
Cambridge

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The Quest for Unity Mitford

"The Hidden Sore"—By LIONEL BLOCH

IN HIS COMMENTS on David Pryce-Jones's book *Unity Mitford; A Quest (Feb.)*, *R* treads quite firmly on some of the more venomous critics of the author and his publisher; but, paradoxically, his own strictures are not entirely free from a certain serpentine quality.

Take for instance his startling conclusion that it would have been better if Unity's sad shade had been allowed to rest in peace—unless a "truly illuminating book" had been written. The trouble is that unless one is a writer of exceptional conceit, endowed with an unfailing gift of clairvoyance, it is a little difficult to know in advance if the book one plans to write will satisfy the standards of illumination of this-or-that commentator.

Is the degree of excellence acceptable to *R* (or to, say, Dame Rebecca West) really necessary for the kind of extended sketch that Mr Pryce-Jones has offered us? Let us suppose for the sake of argument that there is such a thing as an objective standard of "illumination" and that in his quest, David Pryce-Jones fell short of it. Should that be a valid reason for not writing about a semi-public figure who became a legend of sorts in her lifetime, just because the unflattering portrait that emerged was bound to upset the Mitford family and their vocal coterie? Had such considerations been allowed to prevail, many murky backwaters of modern history would have remained unexplored.

Censure by excessive gentility is unacceptable in a free society. Those who write about contemporary figures should not have to look over their shoulder and worry about the aggravation they may cause to their subject's nearest and dearest.

Whether the converse attitude is equally indefensible is a matter of some doubt. One could put forward a strong argument that those who suffered from the kind of persecution which Unity preached about and practised (for example, when she went around selecting for herself a flat in Munich while the Jewish families who were about to be thrown out were still in occupation) have also a right to claim that the worthless lives of the Unity Mitfords of this world should indeed be exposed to scrutiny as a lesson to the fanatics of today.

R lists three alleged mistakes in David Pryce-Jones's book. Firstly he claims that Unity's importance is exaggerated. But any reader will see that a great deal of Unity's active life was spent in silly posturing and that her influence on Hitler was negligible. The Holocaust would have taken place even had "Bobo" not met the *Führer*. If Unity was not important, she was certainly interesting precisely because—with her gift for exaggeration—she brought into the open one of the most despicable aspects of what *R* calls the "generation game" of the Thirties, the "peculiarly native variety of anti-Semitism in this country." Can we be so certain, that given a chance—this anti-Semitism would have been less virulent than its counterpart in some of the Continental countries occupied by the Germans?

As evidence for Pryce-Jones's "lack of preparation" for his quest, *R* mentions the unreliability of evidence collected from some 200 people who knew Unity. Reminiscences are admittedly an inadequate—if indispensable—source for biographical studies. They can become even less reliable if those who volunteered them find themselves caught in the cross-fire that preceded publication and the various attempts first to suppress the book and then to discredit the author. A truly illuminating study could, and should, be made of the embattled rearguard action fought by family and friends after *Unity Mitford: A Quest* appeared.

What other "sources" of information could David Pryce-Jones have used in this case? I doubt whether Unity left behind her any significant papers which—if available—could have altered in any material respect the image of the Waltzing Valkyrie that emerged from Pryce-Jones's research. In any event it is absurd to apply to this extended sketch the standards of criticism appropriate to grand biography in the manner of Lord Blake or Henry Troyat.

This brings us to what *R* describes as a major mistake, *i.e.*, the reference to anti-Semitism in England, the dwelling on the "ugly sore" and "hidden irritant." Worse, he has "re-opened old scars and wounds" and reminded us of "forgotten memories of hatred and ill-will." Forgotten—if so, what was wrong with refreshing memories? Hidden—if so, why not reveal the truth, however uncomfortable? For how long should these nasty attitudes remain under the carpet where they had been swept by the last world war?

I SUGGEST THAT *R* has missed some of the real forces behind the rumpus caused by David Pryce-Jones's book; we are entering a period where two convergent revisionist tendencies are at work. In the context of a resurgence of German righteousness—often sensible and well-intentioned in terms of European solidarity—there is also a trend which departs from the standard complaints about showing Germans in a bad light in various War films. Thus, there are pleas for an "objective" re-appraisal of Hitler—all in the name of reconciliation, to heal the wounds of the last War, *etc.* *Unity Mitford—A Quest* is seen as offending against this trend: a highly personalised evocation of a period can be so much more effective in its impact than a work of monumental erudition.

The other convergent trend is a noticeable attempt to re-establish the acceptability of anti-Semitism under the guise of impartial criticism and freedom of expression. Here again, Pryce-Jones's work has touched on a very raw nerve, for there can hardly be a better illustration of the destructiveness and sheer irrationality of the "hidden sore" than Unity's wasted life.

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Imperative or Indicative?

CONCERNING James P. O'Donnell's "Conversations with Speer" (October 1976, p. 16), it was some 2,000 years *before* Michelangelo that the dictum "Man is the measure of all things" was enunciated. According to Plato's *Protagoras* it was he, the Sophist Protagoras (d. 420 B.C.), who was the author of the saying: "Man is the measure of all things, of those that are that they are and of those that are not that they are not. . . ."

It is interesting, though, in view of the context (the article on Speer) that Michelangelo is quoted as having used the imperative—"Man *must* be . . ." whereas the Protagorian original was in the indicative —"Man *is* . . . ."

Is it by coincidence that, in the same issue of ENCOUNTER, a few pages further on, one reads in an article by Ferdinand Mount, "The Dilution of Fraternity" of "the well-known German refrain": very imperative:

Willst du nicht mein Bruder sein,
dann schlag ich Dir dein Schädel ein

(if you won't be my brother, I'll smash your skull in).

Man measures all things, and evidently cuts some of them down to size.

DEREK T. HEALEY

Department of Economics,
University of Adelaide

AUTHORS

V. S. Pritchett's most recent collection of short stories is *The Camberwell Beauty* (1974), published by Chatto & Windus, who have just brought out his study of Turgenev, *The Gentle Barbarian.*

Leszek Kolakowski was dismissed from his Chair of Philosophy at Warsaw University in 1968, during a wave of cultural and academic repression. He is now a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. His articles in ENCOUNTER include "Can the Devil Be Saved?" (July 1974) and "My Correct Views on Everything" (April 1975).

F. A. Hayek was Professor of Economic Science and Statistics at the University of London (1931–50), and has held chairs at the Universities of Chicago (1950–62), Freiburg (1962–70), and Salzburg (1970–77); he is now once again associated with the University of Freiburg. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1974. Among his articles in ENCOUNTER are "Types of Mind" (September 1975) and "Nature v. Nurture Once Again" (February 1971).

Walter Laqueur is Chairman of the Research Council for Strategic International Studies in Washington and Director of the Institute of Contemporary History and the Wiener Library in London.

Martin Cooper was for over twenty years Music Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*. He is a member of the editorial board of the *New Oxford History of Music*, editor of *The Modern Age* in that series and the author, among other books, of *Ideas and Music* (1966) and *Beethoven: The Last Decade* (1970).

Michael Holroyd, who is the author of biographies of Hugh Kingsmill, Lytton Strachey and Augustus John, and a volume of essays, *Unreceived Opinions*, was Chairman of the Society of Authors from 1973–74.

Laurence Lerner is Professor of English at the University of Sussex. Among his publications are *The Uses of Nostalgia* (Chatto & Windus, 1972).

Anthony Thwaite's latest volume of poems, *A Portion for Foxes*, recently published by Oxford University Press, is a Poetry Book Society Recommendation.

William Treharne Jones is a journalist, with a special interest in German affairs. He was BBC correspondent in Berlin from 1970–74; and is now a Senior Producer with the BBC World Service, working at the moment in TV Current Affairs.

Kenneth Minogue is Reader in Political Science at the London School of Economics, and author of *Nationalism* (1967) and *The Concept of a University* (Weidenfeld, 1972). His many contributions to ENCOUNTER include "The Guru" (August 1976), "Dr Spock Thinks Again" (July 1975).

John Dewey, philosopher, psychologist, and educator, was one of the founders of the philosophical school of Pragmatism, and a pioneer in functional psychology and in the "progressive movement" in US education. Among his most famous works are *Human Nature and Conduct* (1922), *Art as Experience* 1934, and *The Theory of Enquiry* (1938). We are indebted to The Center for Dewey Studies for permission to publish this recently discovered article.

INDEX TO VOLUME XLVIII

THE INDEX to Volume XLVIII (January–June 1977) will be sent free of charge on application to ENCOUNTER, 59 St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS. However, in order to economise on postal charges, *it will be dispatched at the end of the year* together with the index for July–December 1977.

Standing orders for future indexes can be accepted. Readers who have already applied to be put on the standing order list need not apply again, as they will receive the new indexes automatically.

ENCOUNTER Magazine is published monthly in London by Encounter Ltd., 59 St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS

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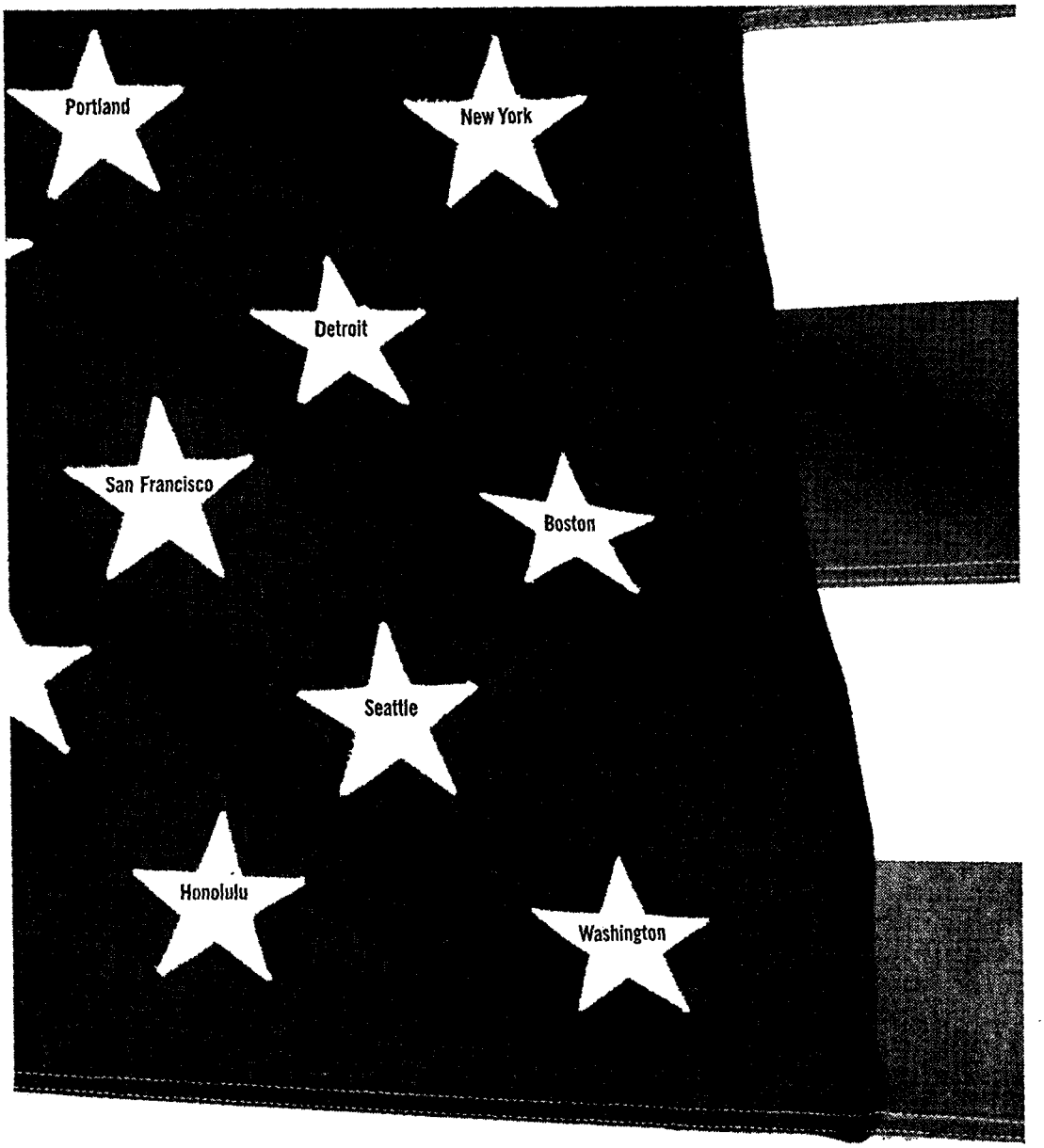

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